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THE

METROPOLITAN.

ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE TURKS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A RESIDENCE IN CONSTANTINOPLE."

A. D. 545 to 1260. Of the Hun, or Turkish race in general—Grandeur of the Seljukian Turks, &c.

An ancient and curious custom, which prevailed in Tartary, has been the cause of the suppression of the name of Huns, and the substitution of that of Turks. The horde that came to the empire, in the person of one of its members gave its name to the whole nation; and thus when the Turks, who were a small branch of the ancient Huns settled in Tartary, gained possession of a throne that had been erected by a Hunnic dynasty, the national domination was at once and for ever changed into that of Turk. Disputes have been maintained as to this descent or identification of the two people; but the Chinese historians narrate the facts; and in further confirmation, the Oriental writers of a posterior date knew the Huns only as under the name of Turks, while the Byzantine historians always consider the Huns and the Turks as the same race.

It is my intention to pass hastily over the history of the great mass of the Turkish people, to dwell more particularly on one of its separate hordes which eclipsed the fate and fame of all the rest, substituting its name, as the Turks collectively had done theirs, for that of the Huns, and which remains to our days as a vast though a decaying empire.

About the year 545, the name and nation of the Turks first became known to the civilised world. Like Romulus, the founder of that martial people was suckled by a she-wolf.*

"At the equal distance of two thousand miles from the Caspian, the Icy, the Chinese, and the Bengal seas, a ridge of mountains is conspicuous, the centre, and perhaps the summit, of Asia; which in the language of different nations has been styled Imaus, and Caf, and Altai, and the Golden Mountains, and the Girdle of the Earth.

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* Gibbon. He adds, that the Turks, to preserve the fable, had the animal worked in their banners of war; but De Guignes, (Histoire des Huns,) who is more likely to be correct in this trifle, says that the heads of the lances, to which the banners were attached, were worked into the figures of a wolf.

The sides of the hills were productive of minerals; and the iron forges, for the purpose of war, were exercised by the Turks."

The historian De Guignes relates, that one of the most famous mountains of the Altai chain had the figure of a casque or helmet, which was called, in the language of the country, "Turk," and hence a Hunnic colony, skilful in the manufacture of iron instruments, that dwell at the base of that mount, derived their appellation. At first despised by neighbouring and more noble clans, and oppressed by the great khan of the Geougen Tartars, the condition of these Turks was that of humble mechanics, if not of slaves. But they did not long delay turning the arms they manufactured against their masters; and about the sixth century, after a series of victories over different Tartarian hordes, they might pretend to the rank of a nation; and the chief of these Turks esteemed himself one of the most powerful princes in the world. A solemn embassy from an emperor of China increased their pride and confidence; and shortly after the Turkish chief, who had successfully lent the succour of his arms to the great khan of the Geougens, whose supremacy he still recognised, presumed to ask in marriage a daughter of his haughty master. "What! does one of my slaves—a blacksmith, working in my forges—dare pretend to my daughter?" was the despot's reply. The Turkish chief killed the envoys of the khan as they delivered it, and sought a still higher alliance; and the emperor of China, less difficult or proud than the sovereign of the Geougens, granted the Turk a princess of his blood. Supported by so powerful an alliance, the Turks were prompt in their vengeance; the Geougens were almost annihilated; their ambitious and insulting khan slew himself in despair, and the blacksmith ascended his throne.* Yet, in after-times, and when at the head of a powerful empire, the Turkish princes did not blush at their origin, but celebrated it with an honourable and reasonable pride; for, at their national festival, held annually, the khan himself heated a piece of iron in the fire, and the hammer of the blacksmith was handled successively by the prince and his nobles.

The court of the Turkish khan was established on Mount Toukin, in the shadow of the vast Altai, and towards the sources of the river Irtish, "that descends to water the rich pastures of the Calmucks, which nourish the largest sheep and oxen in the world;" and here, with the advantages of a fruitful soil and temperate climate, it long remained. The royal throne, placed under a tent, was always turned towards the east, and before the principal entrance waved a banner, surmounted by the head of a wolf, rudely worked, but in gold.

The religion of the Turks appears to have been interwoven with that of Zoroaster, and the tribes that dwelt towards the Persian frontier adhered to the Magian worship, whilst the doctrines of Christianity, which penetrated at a very early period into Tartary, could not be quite unknown to some of them. But the mass of the nation followed the worship of their pastoral ancestors, who adored the fire, the air, the water, and the earth, reserving for a Supreme Being, the acknowledged Author of the Universe, the sacrifice of camels, oxen, and sheep. A priesthood that pretended to the gift of prophecy existed among them.

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* De Guignes, Histoire des Huns. D'Herbelot, Bibliothèque Orientale.

Their oral laws were just and rigorous, and courage in war being essential to their existence in the midst of enemies, they declared that no punishment could be too severe for the guilt of cowardice. In the description of the peculiar customs, which the Turks inherited from their ancestors, the Huns, we may trace a resemblance to some which obtain to the present day among the Osmanleys, their descendants.

On the election of a grand khan, he was elevated on a feltre and carried on certain chieftains' shoulders nine times round a circle, amid the acclamations of the assembled nation. The prince was then mounted on a horse, and a piece of silk thrown round his neck, which was drawn so tight as almost to cause strangulation. The first words he pronounced on the removal of the cord, and whilst in a sort of faint, were superstitiously interpreted, and from them they judged whether their new prince's reign would be long and fortunate, or brief and otherwise.*

Attention must be paid to the enormous distances and innumerable physical obstacles of rivers and lakes, mountains and deserts, while we relate that in a few years the military or predatory expeditions of the Turks reached from Mount Altai to Kamtschatka—to China; and from Bokara and Samarcand to the regions of the Caucasus, and the frontiers of the Roman empire.

As early as the year 548, a fragment of a subdued nation, the Ogors or Varchonites, who falsely assumed the name of Avari, had fled before the Turks, and, appearing at Constantinople, sought refuge and employment from the aged Emperor Justinian; but the Turkish ambassadors pursued the steps of the fugitives, and at length appeared in the capital of the Roman empire, to request or exact from Justin, the successor of Justinian, that he should not espouse the cause of rebels.

The first war of the Turks against the Persians, and their first treaty with the Romans, were simultaneous, and sprang from the same causes. It may elicit some surprise to observe that interests of trade, so apt to be the scorn of the barbarous conqueror, were the causes both of the rupture and the alliance. The conquests of the khan brought him in close contact with the Persian states, and the Sogdoites, a comparatively civilised people, in possession of a Scythian alphabet and a love for commerce, were his tributaries; and as such supplicated that he would permit them to send an ambassador to the king of Persia, in order to establish between that kingdom and the nations more to the east a trade in silk. The permission was readily granted, and Maniak was charged with the important negociation. At once, perhaps, a merchant and a diplomatist, Maniak carried with him to the court of Persia a great quantity of silk; and he implored of the king liberty of transit and trade in that article between his subjects and the different tribes that dwelt in Turkistan. But the vast states of the Persian contained ports on the Red Sea, on the Persian Gulf, and even on the shores of the Indian Ocean, through which those parts of Asia received their silks from China direct; an advantageous trade was nearly monopolised by his subjects, and the king, anxious that they should retain those advantages, contemptuously refused an answer to the Sogdoit ambassador. The Turkish khan, not repulsed by a first refusal, despatched a more splendid embassy, composed of Turks of rank, whose instructions were to demand the same freedom of trade from the Persian king. The Persians were obstinate, and affecting to regard the Turks as an inconstant and perfidious race, with whom a treaty would be a disgrace and a folly; and wishing, perhaps, to disgust them with the negociation, they most perfidiously poisoned their ambassadors, and circulated the report that their deaths had been occasioned by the heat and siccity of the climate of Persia, which must be fatal to a people like the Turkish, accustomed to live in cold and humid countries. But the robust constitution of four Turks of the ambassador's suite resisted the force of the traitors' poison, and they returned to Tartary to rouse the khan to revenge. War was declared against the Persian king, who sought an alliance in the remote east with the Chinese emperor, a known enemy to the khan. And then it was that the Turks looked to the west and the city on the Bosphorus.*

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* This superstition still exists, and has at all times existed among the Ottoman Turks. The following passage is translated from D'Ohsson, the most elaborate and correct describer of their beliefs and customs.

"It is a prevailing opinion that the first words which issue from the mouth of a new monarch must prognosticate the happiness or misery of his reign. Mourad III., secretly informed of the death of his father, departed at the instant from Magnesia, where he commanded, arrived by night at the Seraglio, where he received the homages of all the officers of his household, who, ranged round the throne, expected in silence and anxiety the first words of their sultan: these words were, '*I am hungry—give me to eat.*' Fear and horror overcame the minds of all present; and they inwardly groaned at the evils which threatened the reign of the prince. The event accredited more and more the ridiculous belief. That very year a famine afflicted Constantinople, as well as different provinces of the empire, and this calamity was followed by wars and horrible dissensions, that rendered this reign most wretched."—Tom i. p. 1.

The existence of the Roman empire was already known; the commercial Sogdoites, moreover, had traded with it, and learned its wants, and Maniak, their envoy, represented to the khan how advantageous it would be to establish with the Romans a trade in silk—an article of which they were great consumers. The Turk relished his suggestions, and Maniak was despatched on another embassy. With greater satisfaction than we mark the progress of a desolating army, we may follow the footsteps of this missionary of commerce, and admire the spirit with which he traversed the vast dominions of Tartary, the desolate and interminable plains, steep and snow-covered mountains, forests, and marshes; until, descending from the lofty Caucasus, and crossing Asia Minor, he arrived at Constantinople. The Emperor Justin II. courteously received the Sogdoite prince and his companions, who appeared before him in splendid garments, and with rich presents. Their project of opening a new road, by the north of the Caspian Sea, for the introduction of Chinese silk, met the imperial approbation, and a treaty of alliance against their common enemies was effected between the Romans and the Turks. As a return of courtesy, and for the ratification of the treaty, the Emperor Justin deputed one Zemark to accompany the Turks on their return, and to present himself at the court of the khan as the ambassador of the Roman empire. After a long journey, of which history has left us no particulars, they arrived in Sogdiana; where, on descending from his horse, the European envoy saw several Turks approach him, each presenting a piece of iron. Presently another troop advanced to him and his suite, and made them pass between fires that were ready lighted in the open air.* The Turks pronounced certain words in a mystical tone, burned odorous woods or gums † in the fire, to the sound of wild musical instruments, and then feeling, or affecting, a species of madness, they obliged the Roman ambassador (who might be excused, if he fancied they were about to roast him) to walk several times round the flames. These extraordinary rites were held as indispensable, and esteemed of efficacy, not only to purify his person, but to preserve the foreign envoy from whatever misfortune might menace him in their territory. After they were performed, the journey was resumed and happily completed at a valley in Mount Altai, the sojourn of the great khan.

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* Klaproth.

When introduced to the Turkish monarch, whose name of Mokan-khan, or Ti-teou-pou-li-khan, the Romans changed into the more euphonious appellation of Disabul, they found him in his tent, ornamented with various coloured silks, and seated in a chair with two wheels, to which, as occasion required, a horse might be harnessed. His reception of Justin's presents, and of his ambassador, was polite, and he listened with respectful attention while Zemark delivered his presentation speech.

"Chief of so many nations," said the envoy, "you who love the Romans and rejoice in their success, our great emperor wishes you every happiness! May you conquer all your enemies! The prayers we address to heaven for you are sincere, and we regard the Turks, (was there no spirit to predict their conquest of Constantinople, and the bloody oppression of ages?) as well as the nations who are subject to them, as our good friends—act, then, great king, towards us, as we to you!"

The khan, when he had answered in the same style, entertained the ambassador and his followers, seating himself with them. Their feast was as splendid as it could be made; it lasted the greater part of the day; and in the absence of wine, which the country did not produce, the Romans drank of an intoxicating liquor, which was probably the *cosmos*, or fermented mare's milk, still used by the Tartars. But the entertainment of the morrow was yet more magnificent. The envoy was ushered into another tent with splendid silk hangings, on which were painted figures of good design, where they

* This rite (*see* Plan Carpini) was found to exist among the Monguls, after the time of Gengis-Khan, and it is said to be still observed among some Tartar tribes.

† On the reception of guests or visiters they wish to honour, the Turks of our days still cause them to be incensed by their slaves, and sprinkled with odorous waters.

found the khan seated on a bed of massy gold, and surrounded with innumerable golden cups and vases. Hence the Romans were conducted into an inner tent, which seemed to have been an approach to a house or palace, for it was supported by columns of wood, carved and finely gilded. Here was another royal bed of pure gold, raised on four peacocks of the same metal. Around this tent were several others, studiously thrown open, whence their eyes were dazzled with other golden vases, precious furniture, and figures of animals wrought in silver, and as good in design and execution as any things of the sort the Romans had seen in their own country. These were, indeed, "the monuments of valour rather than of industry,"* for all these riches were the spoils that the Turks had taken from their enemies, either on the side of China or towards the west."†

A. D. 570. The khan, departing with a powerful army, carried the Roman ambassador, and twenty persons of his suite, with him to the frontiers of Persia, where he was met by Persian ambassadors, who came to deprecate his wrath. But the flattering circumstance of his recent alliance with the western monarch, and the memory of the murder of his envoys by the eastern, were fresh in his mind; he was not to be turned from his hostile purposes; and when he invited the Persians to a festival in his camp, the Romans enjoyed precedency over the envoys of the great king, and were treated with every respect, while the latter were loaded with reproaches.

The khan took dreadful vengeance on the Euthalite Huns, a nation tributary to the king of kings, but, on the approach of the Persian monarch himself, proposals for reconciliation were listened to, and peace was consolidated by the Turk giving one of his daughters in marriage to the Persian. An alliance, however, though at times interrupted by the immediate and separate interests of the distant parties, continued to exist between the Turks and the Romans. The Emperor Justin's envoy, Zemark, returned to his master by a very interesting route. When he left the Turks, the khan, to distinguish him from his suite, in addition to his presents, added that of a handsome young woman, a Kerkis, or Circassian. This is the first time we hear of these renowned beauties of the East, and it is worth while adding what information is given of them. The Kerkis were a people of Siberia, then established near the river Angara; they afterwards emigrated towards Georgia, where they settled and are still known, under their original name, which the Europeans have changed into that of Circassians. Their women were then as now, in the days of the Khan Disabul, as in those of the Sultan Mahmoud, preferred for their beauty to all the women in the world."‡

It would not be profitable or amusing to follow the Turks in their remote wars with China, over which country they maintained their superiority for the space of two hundred years. After the death of the powerful Disabul, the strength of the empire was weakened by internal divisions, and several khans reigned at the same time, though one of the number retained a nominal superiority, and was called the great khan.

* Gibbon. † De Guignes. ‡ Ibid.

While these princes and the Turkish nation were occupied with the sumptuous funerals of their last great khan To-Po, another Roman embassy arrived in Tartary. It came on the part of the Emperor Tiberius II.; it had left Constantinople about the year 580, and was headed by Valentine, who was accompanied by one hundred and six individuals of the Turkish race—messengers sent by their nation at different times to the Byzantine court. The new khan heard with impatience the Roman envoys, who proposed an invasion of Persia, and his reply was energetic and insulting. "Are ye not Romans?" cried the haughty barbarian; "of those who only speak ten different languages the better to impose on us?" And he put both his hands in his mouth, and added—"As I put my fingers into my mouth, and withdraw them from it, even with the same facility, O Romans, do you employ your ten tongues to deceive us. You endeavour by your artifices to seduce all nations, you lead them to the edge of the precipice, and then abandon them, to take possession of their property, and acquire from their loss your own profit. You, and he who sends you, have no other design than to impose on us. I will not dissimulate—for it is not in the character of the Turks to lie—and I tell you I shall know how to take vengeance on your prince. In the very time that he speaks to me of peace, he is united with the Varchonites, who have fled from *my* slaves, *their* masters: but learn, if I deign to send my cavalry against those fugitives, they will flee at the mere sound of our whips, and if they dare to resist, they will be killed and trampled like ants under my horses' hoofs. You tell me in vain that there is no other road to you than by the Caucasus; you only endeavour to avert a war with me; but I am not ignorant of the courses of the Danube, the Niester, the Hebrus; I know the road that my slaves the Varchonites have taken to penetrate into the Roman empire, and I am informed of your military force. All the earth, from the extremities of the East to the remote West, is submitted to me. The nations of the Alani, and the Outrigours, all valiant as they are, have not been able to resist the invincible arms of the Turks."*

Domestic affliction may have added to the barbarian's asperity, and when the ambassador pleaded the privileges of his rank and office, the Turk told him he was mourning for the recent death of his father, and that he and all his suite, to conform to the customs of the country, must cut off their beards. Valentine and his Romans obeyed and attended at the funeral, which was celebrated with bloody rites, for they saw four Huns, prisoners of war, and all the horses that the prince had used in his life, butchered over his tomb.† In spite, however of their misunderstanding, the causes of which are not sufficiently explained, unless we suppose that the Emperor Tiberius had given refuge and employment to the Varchonites, "a sense of mutual advantage soon renewed the alliance of the Turks and Romans; but the pride of the great khan survived his resentment, and when he announced an important conquest to his friend the Emperor Maurice, he styled himself the master of the seven races, and the lord of the seven climates of the world."‡

For a considerable period the Persian empire was pressed on one side by the Roman and on the other by the Turkish power, and the arms of the two latter were not unfrequently united against it as a common enemy. The power and ambition of the Persian king, Chosroes, strengthened the bond of their union. In the year 626, and in the neighbourhood of Tiflis, the Emperor Heraclius took his diadem from his head, and placed it on that of the gallant Khan Ziebel; nor did he stop here: he promised his daughter Eudocia in marriage, but the death of the prince prevented the mixture of imperial and christian with Turkish blood, which, however, was effected seven centuries after.

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* De Guignes. † Ibid. ‡ Gibbon. Klaproth.

From 626 to 884, European history rarely makes mention of the Turks; but at the later period, the Onigar or Magyar Turks, issuing from the heart of the solitudes of Tartary, and advancing by the great northern rivers and the Russian territories towards the frontiers of the Roman empire, overran and temporarily occupied a considerable portion of our continent. Europe was even then threatened with a general Turkish conquest; but the Turks were not yet amalgamated by a fervent religious faith, or inspired by one and a novel fanaticism. The princes of Saxon blood, Henry the Fowler, and Otho the Great, in two battles broke the invaders' lance, and Europe, at least as far as the Turks were concerned, was left to breathe for a few centuries. In this interval of time, however, other tribes of Turks had achieved great conquests in the East, and it might be said, that "the thrones of Asia were occupied by slaves and soldiers of Turkish extraction;" and about the year 721 we find their great khan making a reiterated demand of the hand of a princess of China. With the Chinese they had some obstinate wars, but periods of peace and alliance succeeded. In 727 a free permission to trade with his subjects was granted to the Turks by the celestial emperor. The emporium was fixed at a large city to the north of the country of Ortous; and the Chinese, in return for their silk and cotton stuffs, and other productions of their ingenuity and industry, drew vast supplies of fine-bred horses from the pastoral and warlike Turks. Within this same important interval also the Arabian prophet Mahomet had lived, and taught those doctrines which were to infuse a new life into Asia. The Turks, who were destined to give a new edge to his sabre, made conquests on Persia, where his doctrines already obtained, and his fanatic code was embraced also by some of their tribes who occupied the eastern provinces of the Persian empire, whilst their widely-scattered brethren still wandered in the darkness of a tolerant paganism, in regions where the arms of victory had not yet carried the korân of the prophet. (A.D. 997.) "Slave of the slave of the slave of the commander of the faithful" was the humble title assumed by the Turkish Prince Sebegtagi, who, however, with a merely nominal allegiance to the caliph of Bagdad, reigned as a sovereign in the vast provinces of Transoxiana and Chorassan. But his son Mahmoud was more ambitious: "he extended his kingdom by conquest from Transoxiana to Ispahan, from the borders of the Caspian to the mouth of the Indus," and took (the first of his race) the title of sultan. His ferocity in the field was forgotten in the mildness of his government, his impartiality, and love of justice; and the following well-known tale is one of many in which the Orientals have recorded the virtues of Mahmoud the Gaznevide.

A.D. 1028. "As he sat on the divan, an unhappy subject bowed before him, to accuse the insolence of a Turkish soldier, who had driven him from his house and bed. 'Suspend your clamours,' said Mahmoud, 'and inform me of the next visit, and ourself in person will judge and punish the offender.' The sultan followed his guide, invested the house with his guards, and extinguishing the torches, pronounced the death of the criminal, who had been seized in the act of rapine and adultery. After the execution of his sentence, the lights were rekindled, Mahmoud fell prostrate in prayer, and, rising from the ground, demanded some food, which he devoured with the voraciousness of hunger. The poor man, whose injury he had avenged, was unable to suppress his astonishment and curiosity; and the courteous monarch condescended to explain the motives of this singular behaviour. 'I had reason to suspect that none except one of my sons could dare perpetrate such an outrage, and I extinguished the light that my justice might be blind and inexorable. My prayer was a thanksgiving on the discovery of the offender; and so painful was my anxiety, that I had passed three days without food, since the first moment of your complaint.'"*

Yet this great sovereign was the direct cause of the ruin of his tribe and dynasty, by the increased encouragement he gave to another branch of the vast Turkish family, the Turkomans or Eastern Turks, to migrate within the dominions of the caliph.† Mahmoud saw his political mistake, but it was too late, when, in reply to his question of how many men he could furnish in case of need for the support of the Gaznevide family, Israel of the Seljukian Turks, his dangerous neighbours, informed him that one of the arrows of his bow sent into their camp would summon fifty thousand warriors, that a second arrow would raise an equal number, but that his quiver, circulated among the kindred tribes, would put in motion two hundred thousand horse. It was a useless breach of faith and hospitality to command the perpetual imprisonment of his guest, as Mahmoud did; but the nephew of Israel, the grandson of the fortunate Seljuk, Togrul-beg, drove his son Masoud from his throne, and finally, the Gaznevides beyond the Indus. A.D. 1038.

As, horde after horde, the Eastern Turks or Turkomans crossed the Oxus and the Mahometan frontiers, they seem successively and rapidly to have become Mahometans. Indeed their ancient paganism was of a loose, yielding nature, and influenced by the faith practised in the countries on the borders, or among which their pastoral or military migrations threw them. As, when encamped with their flocks, and herds, and breeds of horses, in the plains of Transoxiana and Karésmé, they sympathised with the religion of their neighbours and embraced the faith of the Arabian prophet; so, on the frontiers of China, had the doctrines of Confucius gained favour among them, and in earlier ages, as we have already mentioned, they mingled the worship of the followers of Zoroaster with the simpler rites of the Tartars, their own ancestors.

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* Gibbon.

† The first emigration of the Turkomans took place before the time of Mahmoud, in the tenth century.

Three centuries before the conquests of the Seljukian Turks, the fanatic and rapacious Arabs, under the caliphs, had invaded and conquered Korasm and other territories occupied by different branches of the great Tartar family. The koran was expounded in Samarcand, a city deep in the Scythian plains, from whose inhabitants the Arabs learned the art of manufacturing paper. The subjects of the caliphs diffused this invaluable art, of the advantages of which the civilised world must be constantly reminded; and thus the Arabs have been rewarded with our gratitude, whilst few have known or suspected our obligations to the illiterate Turks or Tartars.*

From the city of Samarcand, a Mahometan embassy reached the borders of China, and the pride and cupidity of the Arabs were gratified by the timid emperor with deference, compliments, and gold.† But since those days the power of the caliphs had been crippled, and now the Seljukian Turks, who had displaced the Gaznevides, held the caliphate at their discretion. Togrul-beg, however, was devout; perhaps, too, he was politic. Instead of rudely wrenching the territories still occupied by the spiritual sovereign of the Mahometans, he released him from a most humiliating thraldom, in which he had been kept by the Borvides, the Fatimite caliphs of Egypt, and the Syrian emirs. Nay, Togrul-beg did more: he carried his victorious arms into Syria; he re-established the rights of the caliph; and merited and received from the commander of the faithful at Bagdad the title of temporal vicegerent of the Moslem world.

Historians have drawn a parallel between these events in Mahometan countries, and those which took place in the Catholic world, when Charlemagne released the Roman pope from the Lombards, and humbly received at his sacred hands the imperial investiture and the style of "Protector of the Church." This parallel indeed may be continued even in the minuter details of the two transactions.

A.D. 1057. Togrul-beg embarked on the Tigris, landed at the gate of Racca, where he mounted on horseback and made his public entry into Bagdad. At the palace he dismounted, and on foot, and preceded by the emirs without arms, he walked to the hall of audience. The caliph was seated behind his black veil: on his shoulders was the black garment called bourdà, and in his hand the staff of the prophet Mahomet. As he approached the throne Togrul-beg kissed the ground, and stood some time respectfully before the caliph, after which he approached the caliph's throne, followed by a chief minister and interpreter. The sultan of the Turkomans then seated himself on another throne, and listened to the act, read in his presence, by which the caliph recognised him as master of all the states that the Almighty had confided to his care, and the temporal governor of all Mussulmans. He was next clothed with seven successive robes of honour, the one being placed over the other; seven slaves were given to him from the seven different countries which formed the empire of the caliphs; his head was covered with a golden veil strongly perfumed with musk, and he received two crowns, one for Arabia, the other for Persia. The caliph gave him with his own hands a sword splendidly ornamented with gold. After this ceremony Togrul-beg returned to his place, ere which he would again have kissed the earth, but he was prevented, and kissed twice the hand of the commander of the faithful. A second sword was given to the Seljukian prince; he deposited them both in his girdle: this was the mark of investiture, and he was proclaimed king of the East and of the West."*

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* Mill's History of Muhammedanism. The Tartars received the art of making paper from China, but substituted cotton for the silk, bamboo, and other substances used by the Chinese.

† D'Obsson. Tableau général de l'Empire Ottoman.

Even the year before these solemn rites, Togrul-beg had given a fair sister in marriage to the commander of the faithful, his spiritual lord: three years after his investiture, he rescued the caliph from the hands of his enemies, who supported a usurper, and "devoutly on foot led his mule by the bridle from the prison to the palace;" but in the year that followed the last important event, when he asked in marriage the daughter of the caliph, the honour was refused him, and the commander of the faithful, though he had received a Turkish wife, would not degrade the daughter of the successor of Mahomet. Entreaties and negociations were followed by menaces, and a year's poverty reduced the pride of the caliph, who delivered his child on condition that the Turkish sultan would renew the payment of his pensions, which he had suspended. The contract was signed at Tauris, the marriage was celebrated at Bagdad, but the old conqueror did not long enjoy his young bride—he died in the territory of Rei, at the age of seventy-two, and with the reputation of a clement, wise, and skilful prince, as much beloved by his subjects as he was feared and respected by his enemies.

Alp-Arslan, his nephew, who, in default of progeny, ascended the powerful throne of Togrul-beg, was already versed in the arts of government, having for ten years commanded the provinces of Khorassan, as the lieutenant of his uncle. He soon showed himself a greater sovereign than his predecessor.

Under the reign of Togrul, the Turks had again come in contact with the Roman empire, but since the period of their last-mentioned friendly collision, that empire had waxed weaker and weaker, and the Turks were now its declared foes, and made destructive incursions on its territory. At this period we may date the commencement of that struggle between the Greeks and Turks, which was not to terminate until the horse-tails of the latter should cross the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, and the crescent supplant the cross on the towers of Constantinople. Where Togrul looked but for plunder, his nephew aimed at permanent conquest, and Armenia and Georgia, whose Christians changed their collars and bracelets of gold for an iron horse-shoe hung to their ears, fell beneath his sabre. The Emperor Romanus Diogenes was aroused, and would contend with these Tartar savages.

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* De Guignes, cap. x. He adds what may explain their preceding weakness, and their approaching extinction. "C'est ainsi que le khalif se donuoit un maître. Depuis que l'on avait établi anciennement un Emir-el-omara, ou Lieutenant-général de l'Empire, les khalifs étaient accoutumés à se depouiller eux mèmes de toute leur autorité, en faveur de cet officier, et réduits en quelque sorte à une pension, ils se contentaient des respects que le peuple leur rendait comme au Souverain Pontife de la Religion Musulmane. Togrul-begh succedait dans cette charge aux Bouides qu'il venait de detruire." See also Mignot, Histoire de l'Empire Ottoman.

He was successful in three campaigns; some dismembered provinces were reunited to his empire; but then the "Brave Lion"* took the command from his feeble emirs or lieutenants, and marched himself into Armenia against the emperor. Though far inferior in number, the Turks beat the Christians, and Alp-Arslan, who had vowed, as he tied up his courser's tail for the fight, either to prevail or perish,† made Diogenes prisoner. His generous treatment of the captive emperor, whom he restored to liberty on the written promise of a ransom, has merited and obtained the world's admiration. When he had successfully terminated his war with the empire, Alp-Aslan burned with the impatient desire of conquering all Turkestan, the country of his forefathers, and he departed on that expedition, which was destined to be his last, at the head of two hundred thousand horse.

Twenty days were employed in constructing a bridge, and in passing this formidable cavalry from the southern to the northern bank of the Oxus, and when the conqueror advanced among the Turkomans, he found not an effeminate enemy like the Greeks, but men resolutely attached to liberty, and equally brave with his own troops. His very first military operation, which was to take a castle called Berzem, cost him an immense number of lives; and Yusuf, the captive governor of the fallen fortress, instead of soothing the emperor, wroth at his long resistance, answered him with all the pride of a freeman. The magnanimity of Alp-Arslan forsook him at the moment. He condemned his foe to a painful or an ignominious death. Yussuf, as he heard his unjust sentence, sprang forward with a poniard in his hand. Alp-Arslan, proud of the address with which he used the Scythian bow, waved back his warriors who would have intervened between him and the governor, and discharged his unerring arrow—for *once* it missed its mark, and in the next glance of the eye Yussuf's surer dagger struck him in the side as he was about descending from his throne. The Turkoman was at once despatched, but his blow had been a mortal one, and Alp-Arslan soon expired, (A.D. 1072,) it is said, with the following moral on his tongue—"I now remember two pieces of advice given me by a sage; the first was, to despise no man; the second, never to overvalue myself, nor place too much confidence in mine own strength or address. I have neglected these in the last days of my life. As I gazed yesterday from a hill, the vast number of my troops made me believe that everything ought to cede to my power; to-day, presuming too much on my strength and address, I would kill him myself, and prevent others from seizing the governor of Berzem. I now perceive that neither the power of kings, nor the strength and address of men, can resist the eternal decrees of destiny."‡

The remains of this great prince were deposited in the tomb of the

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* Alp-Arslan his name. *Alp*, in the Turkish language, means *brave*, and Arslan, *lion*.

† "If I am conquered, this place shall be my grave." De Guignes, lib. x.

‡ D'Herbelot and De Guignes. These writers profess to give their story in the words of the oriental historians. Gibbon and Mills (History of Muhammedanism) prefer the more rhetorial, if not the more spirited, Latin version of Elmacin.—Hist. Saracen.

Seljukian dynasty, in the city of Meru in Khorassan, where his epitaph was raised, with this admonitory inscription: "O Ye, Who Have Beheld The Glory Of Alp-Arslan Exalted To The Heavens, Come To Meru, And You Will Behold It Buried In The Dust." And the historian of the Roman empire adds a deeper moral still when he says, "that the annihilation of the inscription and the tomb itself more forcibly proclaims the instability of human greatness."*

Besides the name of the great or brave lion, that designated the warlike part of his character, the sultan merited from his own subjects the more amiable appellation of Saad-ed-doulet, or "The Bliss of the State." He was just, yet merciful, scrupulous in the observances of the Mahometan religion, whose prominent doctrine is charity, and the giving of alms he interpreted in the most liberal sense. More civilised than might have been expected from his Turkish race, and the age he lived in, Alp-Arslan was attentive to the better interests of mankind, and "while he was extending the limits of his dominion, his minister, Needham-il-Moulk, so highly celebrated in Asiatic histories, enlarged those of the human mind. He became the protector of the learned, and founded colleges in the great cities of Syria and Persia, where the name of Alp-Arslan was heard with reverence and submission."†

As explaining the extent of his power throughout Asia, it is asserted that twelve hundred sovereigns, or sons of sovereigns, were at once seen assembled in the shadow of his throne. His personal appearance and attire accorded with the dignity of his character, and he wore a beard of great length and thickness, and on his head a lofty turban, fashioned in the shape of a crown.‡

When alive, and in the midst of his victories, Alp-Arslan had obtained from his emirs, or chiefs, a pledge of their allegiance to Malek-shah, the youngest of his sons, whose merits were appreciated by an observing father, who fondly foresaw his future greatness. At his death the young prince was proclaimed sultan at the head of his armies, the caliph—in whom was vested the right similar to that of Roman popes, whose recognition was held essential on the accession of each new emperor of the West—recognised Malek-shah, inserting his name in the public prayers of the faithful; and, more fortunate still, Needham-il-Moulk, the able minister of his great father, survived to direct his councils and guide his youthful steps. An ambitious uncle, governor of the province of Kerman, who took up arms to dispute his title, was defeated in Persia, in one of the greatest and most sanguinary battles ever fought in that country, and made prisoner by his nephew, who shut him up in a strong castle in Khorassan. A revolt of the insolent troops of that vast province or kingdom might have terminated more fatally. They demanded that their high pay should be doubled, and on refusal or delay they threatened to remove the prisoner from a dungeon to his nephew's throne. The grand vizir, Needham-il-Moulk, appeased their first fury, and promised to engage the sultan to comply with their demands; but they had scarcely retired (eastern writers never express horror at crimes like this) when the captive prince was secretly poisoned, to remove the rallying point of the seditious. The next day, when the chiefs of the Khorassans returned for their answer, the vizir informed them of the sudden death of the uncle—an event which had plunged the sultan, Malek-shah into such deep affliction, that he could not listen to business! The troops, seeing their chief strength gone, dispersed forthwith, and from that time Malek knew no rival. If Alp-Arslan had surpassed the deeds and the hopes of his uncle Togrul-beg, Malek-shah eclipsed the glory of both, and was justly esteemed the greatest prince of his age. By adding to the territories he acquired by force of arms, those that paid him tribute, and were governed by his emirs, we shall find the Seljuk sultan possessed of an immense portion of Asia. In fact, his name was prayed for in his own mosques, from the city of Jerusalem to the frontiers of China, and from Yemen to regions in the remote north. His untiring activity was equal to the vastness of his empire, which he traversed twelve different times in the course of his reign; and wherever he went mosques and hospitals, fountains and bridges, roads and canals, testified to his visit and the glory of his name.*

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* Gibbon, c. lvii.

† Mill, c. iv.

‡ It is recorded, moreover, that his beard was so long, and his turban so high, that from the point of the one to the apex of the other measured four feet. I can easily credit the measurement, having seen it at Constantinople exceeded by the long beards and towering caouks of some of the Oulemas.

* To be continued.

THE VIOLETS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

The violets I send thee were gathered in the shade,
While the early dews of morning yet lingered on the glade,
They will quickly lose their fragrance, their beauty, and their bloom,
In the dark and crowded city, in the close and heated room.

Yet I send them thee in hopefulness—those sweet and silent flowers
May tell thee of thy native home, its meadows, streams, and bowers;
And thou may'st turn fromMammon's shrine, and proud Ambition's maze,
To the quiet roof and loving friends that blessed thy youthful days.

How soon the world's communion to the heart a chillness brings;
Daily we strive for earthly goods, we think on earthly things;
And when sciences and arts to our thirsting minds are known,
Too often we regard them as the works of man alone.

But the wild flowers on the mossy bank, the mountain's heathful breeze,
The birds that sing within the woods, the blossoms on the trees,—
These brace our languid nerves anew, our early joys recal,
And thankfully we praise the God whose bounty gave them all.

Thou dost not trace those pleasures now, or wish those haunts to reach,
Yet these few and simple violets may boast the power of speech;
Nor shall their passing sweetness on thy way be vainly cast,
If they waken in thy heart one remembrance of the past.

HABITS AND OPINIONS OF THE POETS.[1]

DRYDEN AND SWIFT.

Dryden and Swift. "Alike, yet, O, how different!" Alike in boldness of character and imagination—in the great influence which each exercised over the literature of his country—in energy of mind—in clearness and sagacity of understanding—in unequalled powers of satire—in perfect mastery over English thoughts, English feelings, and English words. In the art of ruling his fellow-men and bending them to his purpose, Swift was the greater: in the power of delighting, persuading, and convincing them, Dryden bore off the palm. Both were great reasoners, but Dryden only was the great poet. Swift scarcely ever soared beyond those *vers-de-société*, which he flung off without labour as a relief to his dark, melancholy, or bitter thoughts. He looked upon literature as a pastime—as a means of gratifying his desire for personal distinction—or as part of his system of *vive la bagatelle*, which he propounded as a rule of life. To Dryden, literature was daily bread. It brought him his laureateship and its butt of canary, and it compensated for their loss when they were taken away. His little puritanical patrimony of Blakesley would have confined him for life to his suit of drugget, but for his rhyming plays, his prologues, epilogues, dedications, and translations. Dryden wrote hurriedly—painfully; pandering too often to a depraved taste and corrupt passions. Yet how gloriously at times did he lift himself above that stagnant and pestiferous atmosphere! The image of the old poet composing his majestic Ode, his gray hairs waving round his inspired features, tremulous with mental emotion, and lighted up with the fire of genius, forms one of the noblest pictures of which our literary annals afford a glimpse. Nor is the scene less striking or affecting when we recal him, in advanced life, pausing amidst his toils, his vanities, and his controversies; repenting that his youth had been "winged with vain desires," or repeating in all the fulness of conviction—solemn as autumn winds or rivers in solitude—his deep and awful soliloquy—

"Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul: and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light as here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When Day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
So dies and so dissolves in supernatural light."

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[1] Continued from vol. xxiv. p. 378.

The life of Swift presents no such exalted moods as these. He could wither with his irony and invective—excite to mirth with his wit and invention—transport us with wonder at his marvellous powers of grotesque and ludicrous combination, his knowledge of human nature, (piercing " quite through the deeds of men,") and his matchless power of feigning reality and assuming at pleasure different characters and situations in life. But he wielded the rod of empire chiefly to throw down and deface, not to build up or embellish. He hurled some indignant philippics at the abuse of power, breathing the utmost scorn and defiance of oppression: but this was not his usual vein. To strip the world of all its pleasant drapery and disguises, its romance, its morning and twilight tints of fancy, was his constant object. He was like the Puritans, who painted the walls of their churches black to remind them of their sins. His birthday he kept by reading the chapter of Job, in which the patriarch curses the day on which he was born. Yet he had risen from the dreary level of poverty and dependence, to sit at good men's feasts and ride in the coaches of prime ministers; he had a nation at his beck, and was a prosperous and wealthy gentleman. Deep in his haughty soul must have been seated that recollection of youthful wrongs, contumely, and disappointment, which could make all these things, like the book of the angel, as honey in the mouth, but bitter in the belly!

Dryden, when stricken in years, toiled incessantly; his fortune was wrecked; he was brow-beaten by coarse and insolent booksellers—troubled with disease—attacked and vilified by literary rivals—and far from enjoying ease or happiness in his domestic relations. Notwithstanding this load of depressing circumstances, the aged bard " bated not a jot of heart or hope." He continued writing, translating, and battling to the last. His fancy was brighter and more prolific than ever: it was like a brilliant sunset, most varied and gorgeous at its close; or like a river that expands in breadth, and fertilises a wider tract of country, ere it is finally engulphed in the ocean. The " Fables " of Dryden require no detail of circumstances to palliate defects or heighten beauties, yet let it ever be remembered that when they were written the great poet was at least in his sixty-eighth year. His immortal ode was produced two years previous.[*]

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[*] " Without the ambition, which I own, of desiring to please the *judices natos*, I could never have been able to have done anything at this age, when the fire of poetry is commonly extinguished in other men. Yet Virgil has given me the example of Entellus for my encouragement; when he was well heated, the younger champion could not stand before him. And we find the elder contended not for the gift, but for the honour—*nec dona moror*: for Dampier has informed us in his Voyages, that the air of the country which produces gold is never wholesome." *Dryden's Dedication of the Æneid.* The poet, however, was not unwilling to expose himself to this tainted atmosphere! Swift makes a less amiable, but, perhaps, more sincere declaration. " All my endeavours, from a boy, to distinguish myself, were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord, by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong it is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue riband, or of a coach and six horses. To be remembered for ever on the account of our friendship is what would exceedingly please me; but yet I never loved to make a visit, or be seen walking with my betters, because they get all the eyes and civilities from me."—*Letter to Bolingbroke,* April 5, 1729.

Dryden and Swift were relations, but they could scarcely be called *friends*. The dean has many a sarcasm on his illustrious kinsman. He makes Dryden ironically appeal from "an understanding and a conscience threadbare and ragged with perpetual turning." It is true, Dryden had turned from the praise of Cromwell to the praise of Charles the Second—from the Puritans to the players—and from the Protestants to the Papists. But Swift himself was not a steady politician, and his turn from Halifax, Somers, and Addison, to Harley and the Tories, involved not only a change of political party, but something like an abandonment of private friendship. He was rewarded with an Irish deanery—a specious banishment, as he ever considered it. Dryden's change of religion happened at a time that suited his interest, and such conversions are always looked upon with suspicion. Yet no person can read his *Religio Laici* without perceiving that his mind was previously prepared for this step. He had been tossed in doubts and difficulties—unsettled by the practice of a loose age—and borne away by the current of the times that ran so strongly in high places in favour of the imposing ritual and creed of the Catholics. Satisfied or overpowered by the prospect of an infallible guide, he closed in with the ranks of the court, and gladly exclaimed—

"Good life be now my task—my doubts are done."

He felt the attacks of his opponents on this tender subject, and in his *Hind and Panther* has some noble lines that may be considered expressive of his secret feelings.

"If joys hereafter must be purchased here
With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
Then welcome infamy and public shame,
And last, a long farewell to worldly fame!
'Tis said with ease; but O how hardly tried
By haughty souls to human honour tied!
O sharp convulsive pangs of agonising pride!"

He had previously described the source of all his hopes and his reliance in a strain of impassioned warmth and piety.

"But, gracious God! how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And search no further than thyself reveal'd;
But her alone for my director take
Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires,
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Follow'd false lights, and, when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am,
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame!

The candour evinced by Johnson on this subject, and the patient inquiry of Scott, have settled the point. We may lament the fall of the great poet, but his notions are not fairly open to the charge of sordid and unprincipled selfishness. Now we cannot trace any other motive than this in the political change of Swift. He considered that he was neglected by the Whigs, and he was determined to be revenged on them, as well as resolved at all hazards to gratify his personal ambition. He was received with open arms. "I stand with the new people," he writes to Stella, "ten times better than ever I did with the old, and forty times more caressed." He carried with him shining weapons; irresistible and unscrupulous satire, steady hate, and a dauntless spirit. Swift's misanthropy must have rendered him gloomy and disappointed; but there was another source; a worm was gnawing at the bud of his greatness—a secret sorrow penetrated the core, and blasted all his future peace. He might have forgotten or forgiven the downfal of his party, the exile of his new friends, and even the loss of an English bishoprick, had not the names and destinies of STELLA and VANESSA been inseparably entwined with his being. These "inborn stains" on his reputation can never be washed away, and the *conscience* of Dryden was at least free from such a pollution. Human nature has, perhaps, never before or since presented the spectacle of a man of such transcendent powers involved in such a pitiable labyrinth of the affections. His pride or ambition led Swift to postpone indefinitely his marriage with Stella, to whom he was early attached, whom, he said, "he loved better than his life a thousand millions of times;" yet he kept her hanging on in a state of hope deferred, injurious alike to her peace and reputation. Did he fear the scorn and laughter of the world, if he should marry the obscure daughter of Sir William Temple's steward? He dared not afterwards, with manly sincerity, declare his situation to Vanessa, when this second victim avowed her passion. He was flattered that a girl of eighteen, of beauty and accomplishments, sighed for "a gown of forty-four," and he did not stop to weigh the consequences. Thus his first error led to one still more fatal, and

"Dire misfortune followed close behind."

The removal of Vanessa to Ireland, as Stella had gone before, to be near the presence of Swift—her irrepressible passion, which no coldness or neglect could extinguish—her life of deep seclusion, only cheered by the occasional visits of Swift, each of which, with a pleasing and graceful fancy, she commemorated by planting with her own hand a laurel in the garden where they met—her agonising remonstrances when all her devotion and her offerings had failed, are touching beyond expression.

> "The reason I write to you," she says, "is because I cannot tell it to you should I see you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful, that it strikes me dumb. O! that you may have but so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity! I say as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me, and believe I cannot help telling you this and live."

To a being thus agitated and engrossed with the strongest passion, how poor, how cruel, must have seemed the return of Swift!

"Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit:
But books, and time, and state affairs,
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs;
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love:
His conduct might have made him styled
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy."

The tragedy continued to deepen as it approached the close. Eight years had Vanessa nursed in solitude the hopeless attachment. At length she wrote to Stella to ascertain the nature of the connexion between her and Swift: the latter obtained the fatal letter, and rode instantly to Marley Abbey, the residence of the unhappy Vanessa. "As he entered the apartment," to adopt the picturesque language of Scott, in recording the scene, "the sternness of his countenance, which was peculiarly formed to express the stronger passions, struck the unfortunate Vanessa with such terror that she could scarce ask whether he would not sit down. He answered by flinging a letter on the table, and, instantly leaving the house, mounted his horse, and returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet, she only found her own letter to Stella. It was her death-warrant. She sank at once under the disappointment of the delayed yet cherished hopes which had so long sickened her heart, and beneath the unrestrained wrath of him for whose sake she had indulged them. How long she survived this last interview is uncertain, but the time does not seem to have exceeded a few weeks."

Even Stella, though ultimately married to Swift, dropped into the grave without any public recognition of the tie: they were married in secrecy *in the garden of the deanery*, when, on her part, all but life had faded away. Why do we recal these circumstances familiar to so many readers? Simply, we suppose, because they are indelibly imprinted on the memory, and rise in the mind whenever Swift is remembered. The fair sufferers were deeply avenged. But let us adopt the only charitable—perhaps the just—interpretation of Swift's conduct: the malady which at length overwhelmed his reason might have been then lurking in his frame—the heart might have felt its ravages before the intellect. A comparison of dates proves that it was some years before Vanessa's death that the scene occurred which has been related by Dr. Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts." Swift was walking with some friends in the neighbourhood of Dublin. "Perceiving he did not follow us," says Young, "I went back, and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upward at a noble elm, which in its uppermost branches was much decayed. Pointing at it, he said, 'I shall be like that tree—I shall die at the top.'" Truly and beautifully has Scott said—"The stage darkened ere the curtain fell." Swift's almost total silence during the last three years of his life (for the last year he spoke not a word) appals and overawes the imagination.*

Swift, like Dryden, loved the country. The willows which he and Stella had planted at Laracor were often recollected. He mentions them often in his journal when he was in London, pursuing his schemes of politics and ambition. This feeling had in it a touch of poetry, and is felt as a relief to the sterner part of his character. Byron has introduced a similar contrast in describing old Lambo in Don Juan—perhaps the best sustained of all his characters.†

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* It is perhaps worthy of remark, as a trait of personal and literary history, that Sir Walter Scott, in his last days, when, like Swift, he was a living wreck of humanity, never spoke of his literary labours or success. At times he seemed to be busy preparing Abbotsford for the reception of the Duke of Wellington; at other times he was exercising the functions of a Scottish judge, as if presiding at the trial of members of his own family. His mind never appeared to wander in its delirium towards those works which had filled all Europe with his fame.

† Swift might have sat for the following portrait, though less "Ionian" in his tastes.

"He was a man of a strange temperament,
Of mild demeanour, though of savage mood,
Moderate in all his habits, and content
With temperance in pleasure, as in food;
Quick to perceive, and strong to bear, and meant
For something better, if not wholly good;
His country's wrongs, and his despair to save her,
Had stung him from a slave to an enslaver.

* * * *

Still o'er his mind the influence of the clime
Shed its Ionian elegance, which show'd
Its power unconsciously full many a time,—
A taste seen in the choice of his abode,
A love of music and of scenes sublime,
A pleasure in the gentle stream that flow'd
Past him in crystal, and a joy in flowers,
Bedew'd his spirit in his calmer hours."

The resemblance of Swift's character to that of Shakspeare's Cassius has been pointed out by Sir Walter Scott, and is strikingly obvious.

Swift's willows, his canal, and rural improvements at Laracor are no longer to be seen. Dryden, in his visits to the country, often stayed for some time with his cousin, John Dryden of Chesterton, that fine old sporting bachelor country gentleman, to whom the poet addressed one of his best poetical epistles, and was rewarded with 500*l*. At Chesterton House he is said to have written some of his poems, and on a pane of glass in one of the windows were inscribed, in the poet's hand writing, the opening lines of his translation of the Æneid. The house was pulled down (we believe by the present Marquis of Huntly, then Earl of Aboyne) in 1807—an act of Gothic barbarism which is said to have been prompted by some difference or dispute. The spot is close by the inn called Kate's Cabin, on the North Road, on the confines of Huntingdonshire. We have often paced the site of the old mansion house with mingled feelings of regret and reverence. The squire of Chesterton survived the poet about seven years, leaving 16,000*l*. to different towns and villages for charitable purposes. His liberality during his life was the boast of the country. Well might Dryden say—

"No porter guards the passage of your door,
To admit the wealthy, and exclude the poor;
For God who gave the riches gave the heart,
To sanctify the whole by giving part."

The squire would seem to have been a great peacemaker among his neighbours, Swift's regard for Pope, Bolingbroke, Gay, and a few other of his friends, was ardent and lasting. His wish to serve Ireland was also one of his ruling passions, yet it was something like the instinct of the inferior animals towards their offspring; waywardness, contempt, and abuse, were strangely mingled with affectionate attachment and ardent zeal. Kisses and curses were alternately on his lips. Ireland, however, gave Swift her whole heart. He was more than king of the rabble.

The poetry of the dean is perfect, exactly as the Dutch artists were perfect painters. He never attempted to rise above this "visible diurnal sphere." He is content to lash the frivolities of the age, and to depict their absurdities. In his too faithful representations there is much to disgust, and much to admire. Who has not felt the perfect truth of his "City Shower," and his "Description of the Morning?" Or the humour of his "Grand Question Debated," in which the knight, his lady, and the chambermaid, are so admirably drawn? His highest flight is his "Rhapsody on Poetry," and even this is pitched in a pretty low key. Its best lines are easily remembered.

"Not empire to the rising sun,
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound,
So large to grasp the circle round,
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.
Not beggar's brat on bulk begot,
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot,
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews,
Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
Of gipsies littering under hedges,
Are so disqualified by Fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus, in his ire,
Hath blasted with poetic fire."*

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saving them from litigious lawsuits; for the lines of the poet commemorating this part of his character are engraved on his monument in Chesterton church. Part of the Æneid was also translated at Burghley House, the magnificent seat of the Marquis of Exeter.

* In this poem Swift has another hit at Dryden.

"Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in,
(Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.")

This is in reality the highest compliment that could have been paid to the poet; for where else can such prefaces be found? If these dissertations of Dryden—always lively, critical, acute, or profound—literally overflowing with thought and information, conveyed in inimitable idiomatic language—were merely written for *filling*, how rich and various must have been the intellect that produced them! Dryden is said to have been shown some of Swift's early verses, and to have remarked—"Cousin Swift, you never will be a poet." This was with the dean an unforgiven and unforgivable offence.

Swift's verses on his own death are the finest example of his peculiar poetical vein. He predicts what his friends will say of his illness, his death, and his reputation, varying the style and the topics to suit each of the parties. The versification is easy and flowing, with nothing but the most familiar and common-place words. There are some little touches of homely pathos, which are felt like trickling tears; and the effect of the piece altogether is electrical—it carries with it the strongest conviction of its truth; and we see and feel (especially as years creep on) how faithful a depicter of human nature, in its frailties, and its variety, and weakness, was the misanthropic Dean of St. Patrick's. If we were required to point out the most characteristic specimen of Swift's prose style in limited space, (for "Gulliver" and the "Tale of a Tub" must ever be the chief corner-stones of the temple,) we should select that inimitable piece of grave irony, "A modest proposal for preventing the children of poor people in Ireland from being a burden to their parents or their country; and for making them beneficial to the public." The *modest proposal*, it is well known, is, that the infant children of the poor in Ireland should be offered in sale "to persons of quality and fortune" as an article of food!" It is not merely the idea of such a project—an idea, however, which instantly takes possession of the mind like the first sight of a new country, or of some strange monster—but it is the gravity with which it is propounded, and the business-like calculations by which it is supported. He estimates how many dishes a good child would make—when infants' flesh would be in season and most plentiful—how it would benefit the poorer tenants, *their corn and cattle being previously seized, and money a thing unknown*—how the national funds would be thereby increased—an inducement held out to marriage, and an honest emulation excited among the married women, which of them could bring the fattest child to market. He concludes with a solemn declaration—"I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavouring to promote this necessary work; having no other motive than the public good of my country, by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich. I have no children by which I can expect to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past child-bearing."

No man but Swift could have written this: it has all his bitterness and his pleasantry—his moist poignant sarcasm and his wildest wit.

Swift seldom smiled, and was never known to laugh. Dryden con-

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[*] One sentence in his "Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome" (the last in the fourth chapter) is perhaps more eloquent, and of a higher order of genius than any of his verses. It concludes with a beautiful simile—"Although most revolutions of government in Greece and Rome began with the tyranny of the people, yet they generally concluded in that of a single person. So that an usurping populace is its own dupe; a mere underworker, and a purchaser in trust for some single tyrant, whose state and power may advance to their own ruin, with as blind an instinct as those worms that die with weaving magnificent habits for beings of a superior nature to their own." The Drapier's Letters also contain some fine indignant bursts. We must, however, candidly own that we cannot view Swift's conduct with respect to the mighty affair of Wood's copper coinage, as so very patriotic as it has been represented. The circumstances of the case were grossly exaggerated. But Swift hated Walpole and loved victory.

fessed that he himself was "saturnine and reserved." At Wills' coffee-house (which he frequented daily) the poet "laid down the law" to his inferior admirers—sitting in summer near the balcony, and in winter by the chimney side. Unlike Byron, who stimulated his genius with gin and water, Dryden prepared for study by *taking physic and letting blood*, a recipe which is admirable ridiculed in the *Rehearsal.* He seems, like Milton, to have had great faith in the *divinus afflatus*, and conceived that he could only compose at certain times. "We who are priests of Apollo have not the inspiration when we please, but must wait till the god comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury which we are not able to resist; which give us double strength while the fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent at its departure." He composed rapidly: "we must beat the iron while it is hot; but we may polish it at leisure." Dryden's social temperament perhaps contributed, as in the case of Thomson, to render him "more fat than bard beseems." Rochester nicknamed him "Poet Squab," and the *sobriquet* stuck by him. This great reasoning poet was, strange to say, a devout believer in astrology, and a diviner of dreams! Like Addison, he had been unfortunate in marrying a lady of noble birth, and he revenged himself on the fates by constantly inveighing against matrimony. When his wife wished to be a book, that she might enjoy more of his company, he is said to have replied—"Be an almanac then, my dear, that I may change you once a year." In the *Spanish Friar* he most ungallantly states that "woman was made from the dross and refuse of a man;" upon which his antagonist, Jeremy Collier, remarks, with some humour and smartness, "I did not know before that a man's dross lay in his ribs; I believe sometimes it lies higher." In one of his last poetical epistles he congratulates his "honoured kinsman," John Dryden of Chesterton, on being "lord of himself, uncumbered with a wife." He adds—

"Minds are so hardly matched, that e'en the first,
Though pair'd by Heaven, in paradise were curst:
For man and woman, though in one they grow,
Yet, first or last, return again to two:
He to God's image, she to his was made;
So farther from the fount the stream at random strayed."

But perhaps the most amusing instance of this peculiarity breaks out in his dedication to the Earl of Abingdon. The earl had lost his lady, and Dryden (whose adulation was as servile as his gratitude was lasting and sincere) was ready with an elegy. "Few there are," he says, "who have either had, or could have, such a loss; and yet fewer who carried their love and constancy beyond the grave. The exteriors of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the usual stints of common husbands; and perhaps their wives deserve no better than to be mourned with hypocrisy, and forgot with ease." The licentious coarseness of Dryden helped to foster this depravation of taste. To the same cause we must impute his dislike of the clergy, which he is at no pains to conceal, and which must have been with him a settled aversion; as in one of his letters, addressed to his son, (who had remonstrated with him on the subject,) he calls them *a degenerate order*. At the conclusion of his long dedication of the "Æneid" he says, slily, "Neither will the learned reader think it tedious, because it is *ad clerum*. At least, when he begins to be weary, the church doors are open." Such was the profligate cant of the times—of the Rochesters and Villierses, among whom Dryden made sport like Samson among the Philistines. Never did a poet so completely violate the sentiment inculcated by a later minstrel,

"KNOW THY OWN WORTH, AND REVERENCE THE LYRE."

His genius was not more debased by the false taste of the age than it was vitiated by its bad morals. The manner in which Dryden has mangled the natural delicacy and simplicity of Shakspeare's *Tempest*, seems little short of blasphemy. He was radically deficient in pathos and tenderness; but no person reading his critical prefaces could anticipate that their writer would ever fall into the indecency, the rant, and fustian that abound in his plays. The naked grossness of Swift is repulsive: Dryden's sins are calculated to seduce and inflame.

One of the highest compliments paid to Dryden was the resolution laid down by Charles James Fox, that he would not admit into his historical work any word that had not been sanctioned by the authority of the great poet. Dryden's vocabulary was extensive, and the historian could not have been (to use a well-known phrase of the poet) *cursedly confined*. Yet the rule was an absurd one, and if Fox used only Dryden's *words*, he failed in giving to them his vivacity, airiness, grace, and vigour. No man seemed to write so completely from a full mind: hence his prose is for ever new, forcible, and various. The rapid stride he had made *as to style* is best seen by comparing him with Milton. He did not object to borrow occasionally from the Latin or any other language a word or epithet which he thought could not be conveyed by our old Teutonic monosyllables, but this was a license sparingly used; for "if," says he, "too many foreign words are poured in upon us, it looks as if they were designed not to assist the natives, but to conquer them." His words, like the sibyl's prophecies, must be read in the order in which they lie. The dicta and opinions of Dryden are often rash and unsound; and we have confined our admiration to his language, and to the incidental lights he has scattered along his path. Some of his sentences are exquisite. For example:—

> "An intrepid courage is at best but a holiday kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity: affability, mildness, tenderness, and a word which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue, I mean good-nature, are of daily use. They are the bread of mankind and staff of life: neither sighs, nor tears, nor groans, nor curses of the vanquished, follow acts of compassion and of charity; but a sincere pleasure and serenity of mind in him who performs an action of mercy, which cannot suffer the misfortunes of another without redress, lest they should bring a kind of contagion along with them, and pollute the happiness which he enjoys."

The high genealogy he has here assigned to good nature he maintains in his dedication to Dorset.

> "Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good nature (by which I mean beneficence and candour) is the product of right reason; which of necessity will give allowance to the failings of others, by considering that there is nothing perfect in mankind; and by distinguishing that which comes nearest to excellency, though not absolutely free from faults, will certainly produce a candour in the judge."

This candour, he elsewhere complains, had been grievously violated in his own case. The author of some of the most merciless satires in the language was a fair subject for literary attack, but Dryden complains that his enemies had gone further.

> "More libels have been written against me than almost any man now living, and I had reason on my side to have defended my own innocence. I speak not of my poetry, which I have wholly given up to the critics; let them use it as they please: posterity will perhaps be more favourable to me; for interest and passion will lie buried in another age, and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my morals, which have been sufficiently aspersed; that only sort of reputation ought to be dear to every man, and is to me. But let the world witness for me, that I have been often wanting to myself in that particular. I have seldom answered any scurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have exposed my enemies; and, being naturally vindictive, have suffered in silence and possessed my soul in patience."

Congreve confirms this, and states that the poet was humane and compassionate, easily forgiving injuries. Other parts of the same essay, however, show that Dryden was sore enough under the castigations of his lampooners; and his flagellation of Shadwell and Settle proves the truth of his own maxim, that when a poet is thoroughly provoked he will do himself justice, however dear it cost him: *animamque in vulnere ponit.* The difference is, that a master of satire only strikes at the vulnerable points, and this was well known to both Swift and Dryden.

> "Rail at me abundantly," says Dryden to the Whigs, "and, not to break a custom, do it without wit: by this method you will gain a considerable point, which is wholly to waive the answer of my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, for fear they should be treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of government; for if scandal be not allowed, you are no free-born subjects. If God has not blest you with the talent of rhyming, make use of my poor stock and welcome; let your verses run upon my feet; and, for the utmost refuge of notorious blockheads reduced to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and, in utter despair of your own satire, make me satirise myself. *Some of you have been driven to this bay already,*" &c.

When Bishop Burnet thwarted or opposed Dryden, the poet took ample revenge in his famous portrait of "King Buzzard" in the *Hind and Panther*, the satire of which is fully equal to that of *Absalom and Achitophel*. The satirical portraits of Pope in the *Dunciad* are feeble compared with those of Dryden, whom he acknowledged to be the master from whom he had learned versification. The bard of Twickenham is too subtle, polished, and generalising. Dryden drew from the life, and hit off strong likenesses.

Pope, like Sir Joshua Reynolds, refined in his colours, and many of his pictures are faint and vanishing drafts. Dryden, with his tried and homely materials and bold pencil, was true to nature; his sketches are still as fresh as a genuine Vandyke or Rembrandt.

The tone of querulous and pathetic complaint in which, in the above extract, Dryden alludes to his libellers, finds expression also in his epistle to Congreve—that generous though overcharged tribute to genius.

"Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage.
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on his providence:
But you, whom every grace and muse adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you;
And take for tribute what these lines express;
You merit more, nor could my love do less."

The cheerful and natural spirit of the poet is seen in the following observation:

"Rural recreations abroad, and books at home, are the innocent pleasures of a man who is early wise, and gives fortune no more hold of him than of necessity he must. It is good on some occasions to think beforehand as little as we can; to enjoy as much of the present as will not endanger our futurity; and to provide ourselves with the virtuoso's saddle, which will be sure to amble, when the world is upon the hardest trot."

The dramatic unities, which have puzzled and perplexed English genius, and, by enslaving its free motions, deprived it of half its worth, are happily condemned by Dryden.

"There is no such absolute necessity that the time of a stage action should so strictly be confined to twenty-four hours, as never to exceed them; for which Aristotle contends and the Grecian stage has practised. Some longer space, on some occasions, I think may be allowed, especially for the English theatre, which requires more variety of incidents than the French. Corneille himself, after long practice, was inclined to think that the time allotted by the ancients was too short to raise and finish a great action: and better a mechanic rule were stretched or broken, than a great beauty were omitted. To raise, and afterwards to calm, the passions—to purge the soul from pride by the examples of human miseries which befal the greatest—in few words, to expel arrogance and introduce compassion, are the great effects of tragedy; great, I must confess, if they were altogether as true as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours' warning, and radical diseases so suddenly removed? A mountebank may promise such a cure, but a skilful physician will not undertake it."

Consistent with this just and rational preference of nature over the formal restraints imposed by the criticism of the schools, is Dryden's unrivalled character of Shakspeare, in which he anticipates the taste of his country as much as Bacon did the true spirit of philosophical inquiry.

"To begin then with Shakspeare: he was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously but luckily; when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerates into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him. No man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets, *quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.*"

It has become the fashion to print the works of some of our poets in the order they were written, not as arranged and published by themselves. Cowper and Burns have been presented in this shape; and the consequence sometimes is, that light, ephemeral trifles or personal sallies are thrust in between the more durable memorials of genius, disturbing their symmetry and effect. In the case of Dryden, however, such a chronological survey would be instructive; for between the *Annus Mirabilis,* and the *Ode to Saint Cecilia,* or the *Fables,* how varied is the range in style and taste! It is like the progress of Spenser's Good Knight, through labyrinths of uncertainty, fantastic conceits, flowery vice, and unnatural splendour, to the sober daylight of truth, virtue, and reason. Dryden never attained to finished excellence of composition, nor to the higher emotions of love and tenderness; the absence of the latter is partly atoned for by wide surveys of nature and mankind, by elevated reasoning and lofty declamation, and by the hearty individuality of his masculine satire. The "brave negligence" of his versification has an indescribable charm. It is, like his own *Panther,* of the "spotted kind," and its faults and virtues lie equally mixed; but it is beloved in spite of blots and blemishes, and pleases longer than the versification of Pope, which might sit for "the milk-white *Hind,* immortal and unchanged." The young student should never forget that all the triumphs of Dryden and of Swift were achieved in the simple, natural language of their country: their highest thoughts were clothed in a familiar diction. In better times, and with more careful culture, Dryden's genius would have avoided the vulgar descents which he seldom escaped except in his choicest lyrical odes. As it is, his muse was a fallen angel, cast down for manifold sins and impurities, yet radiant with light from heaven.

"So poised, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismission from the sky."

THE TREE OF DEATH.

Let the king of the grave be asked to tell
  The plant he loveth best,
And it will not be the cypress tree,
  Though 'tis ever the churchyard guest;
He will not mark the hemlock dark,
  Nor stay where the night-shade spreads;
He will not say 'tis the sombre yew,
  Though it springs o'er skeletons' heads;
He will not point to the willow branch,
  Where breaking spirits pine beneath,
For a brighter leaf sheds deeper grief,
  And a fairer tree is the Tree of Death.

But where the green rich stalks are seen,
  Where ripe fruits gush and shine,
"This, this," cries he, "is the tree for me—
  The vine, the beautiful vine;
I crouch among the emerald leaves,
  Gemmed with the ruby grapes;
I dip my spear in the poison here,
  And he is strong that escapes."
Crowds dance round, with satyr bound,
  Till my dart is hurled from its traitor sheath;
When I shriek with glee, no friend to me,
  Is so true as the vine, the Tree of Death.

O the glossy vine has a serpent charm,
  It bears an unblest fruit;
There's a taint about each tendril'd arm,
  And a curse upon its root;
Its juice may flow to warm the brow,
  And wildly lighten the eye,
But the frenzied mirth of a revelling crew
  Will make the wise man sigh;
For the maniac laugh, the trembling frame,
  The idiot speech and pestilent breath,
The shattered mind and blasted fame,
  Are wrought by the vine, the Tree of Death.

Fill, fill the glass, and let it pass;
  But ye who quaff, O think
That even the heart which loves must loathe
  The lips that deeply drink;
The breast may mourn o'er a close link torn,
  And the scalding drops may roll;
But 'tis better to mourn o'er a pulseless form
  Than the wreck of a living soul.
Then a health to the hemlock, the cypress, and yew,
  The worm-hiding grass and the willow wreath,
For though shading the tomb, they fling not a gloom
  So dark as the vine, the Tree of Death.

Eliza Cook.

THE PIRATE.[1]

BY A FRENCH NAVAL OFFICER.

Their confidence was not ill founded, for we speedily ran into a creek not much wider than the length of our brig, and so shallow that the bottom, which the clearness of the water allowed us to see very distinctly, was scarcely a foot from our keel. We coasted five or six islets through this and similarly shallow and narrow creeks, and at length reached a convenient and well-sheltered bay. Here Stamar gave orders to let go an anchor, and a boat's crew was sent to scale various neighbouring heights, to give notice of any attempt on the part of the frigate to cut us out. Our scouts soon returned with the pleasant intelligence that the frigate, after having sent two boats to sound the creeks, had veered about and was already out of sight. The audacity and coolness of Stamar had thus saved himself and crew from a most imminent danger, and had at the same time utterly deprived me of any fallacious though sanguine hopes of deliverance. Peters, to whom my countenance told all the vexation and disappointment which I felt, took an opportunity to say, as he passed by me,—"You see I was right in telling you that you did not know our captain."

It will easily be imagined that the pirates were in raptures at their narrow but very complete escape. All were loud in praise of their captain, of whom the master told tales which, if only half true, showed Stamar to be as brave and able as he was ferocious and unsparing, and that is saying not a little. While others forward were giving their attention to these startling tales, I was wholly absorbed by what was going on aft, where Stamar and the villanous Lorenzo were walking to and fro in deep conversation; the countenance of the former being lighted up by a half smile, which gave his always very sinister countenance an even more sinister expression than usual.

Lorenzo, on his part, seemed to speak with great animation, and as they both at length directed their footsteps towards the cabin, I had no doubt that an interview was about to take place between the pirate and his lovely and unfortunate prisoner. And, in fact, my conjecture proved to be only too correct, for Stamar entered the cabin, and Lorenzo resumed his promenade on the quarter-deck.

Urged by an irresistible desire to know the result of this ominous interview, I went aft, and, under pretence of being engaged in splicing a rope, took up my position, so that I could hear whatever might be said.

At first, no sound struck my ear except heavy and stifled sobs. Suddenly these ceased, and were replaced by the hoarse voice of Stamar. "*Soubrette*," said he, "you may go!"

"O sir," rejoined the fair captive, "I entreat you—I implore you to allow her to remain with me."

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[1] Concluded from vol. xxiv. p. 251.

"O pray, mademoiselle, let us have no scenes of grief and sentiment, and all that. They are not at all to my taste, I assure you; and you, *soubrette*, do you know that I am a person by no means accustomed to having to give the same order twice?"

The fierce tone in which the pirate spoke so completely deprived the faithful servant of all her small stock of courage, that she left the cabin without further attempt at disobedience, and sat down, in a perfect agony of tears, close to the spot at which I had taken up my station.

"I have had pity upon you, madam," said Stamar, "and have saved your life. The sacrifice that I have thus made of the hatred I bear towards all of your nation is worth some reward, I think. No doubt you can guess at the nature of the reward I expect?"

No words answered this speech, but the unhappy lady sobbed more violently than ever.

"Tell me—is it by tears and groans that you think to repay me?"

I trembled at the short stern tones in which the pirate now spoke, for well I knew the absolute fury which possessed him whenever these tones issued from his thin and pallid lips.

"Oh, death, death would be more welcome than the horrors of this place!"

"Death, my beauty! Well, death you shall have, if that is your fancy; but, mark me, death itself I will oblige you with only *after* you shall have fitly rewarded me—me, Stamar the Pirate!"

As he thundered out his horrible threats, the savage grasped the hand of the poor prisoner so rudely and so violently that she uttered a long, loud, and piercing shriek. I was on the very point of rushing to her assistance, when I was felled by a violent blow from behind. I turned round, and saw that it was Cardic, the master, by whom I had been struck. My sworn enemy would not lose so good an opportunity of spiting me, and a second and a third blow, each more severe than its predecessor, almost deprived me of consciousness, as well as of power. As I endeavoured to retreat towards the forecastle the infernal laugh of Lorenzo sounded in my ears, and the jeers of the two tyrannical wretches pursued me as long as I was within hearing of them.

"You are a fool," said Peters, when I joined him forward; "why the devil do you thus run yourself into danger? Why risk yourself for these women? You will surely finish by getting a bullet through your brains if you go on so; and that, too, without having it in your power to be of the slightest use to the prisoners."

"What matters it?" I replied; "do you suppose that death can have any terrors for a man in my situation, cooped up here among a set of infernal ——; but I will not say all I think, for your sake. As regards these females—yes! I am interested in their fate, and I will try by every possible means to serve and to save them. Do you not know that the ship from which they were taken, and which that vile Stamar so wantonly destroyed, belonged to my father?"

"Why, even that seems to me doubtful; but, if it were so, what connexion is there between your father's ship and these poor women?"

"What a question! *What* connexion? While they were on board that ship, they were, so to speak, under my father's protection; and now they have an equal claim on mine. I consider that I shall merely discharge a sacred duty in restoring to them the protection of which they have been so infamously deprived, and I will, at whatever risk, do all that I can to save them."

Peters shook his head with the air of a man who listened to sentiments which he could by no means understand.

"My poor Daumont," said he; "I see how it is—you are in love! If, instead of being young and pretty, our lady-prisoner were old and ugly, the devil a bit would you run any risk to save her. And what can you do for her? Just thus much—cause Stamar to put her to death, or get yourself put to death, without even the consolation of letting her know that you die for her sake! Queer love this! and for a woman whom you have scarcely seen for a single minute."

"Well, Peters, let us say no more about it; I am fully determined to do all I can towards saving her. You can do me a service—will you do it? Listen! You have the charge of the binnacle. Go aft' as if to clean the compass, and call me to help you."

"Well—and what then?"

"I'll tell you that by-and-bye. Will you do what I ask?"

"Poor foolish Daumont," muttered Peters; and then went aft as I had requested. Going below for a few moments, I hastily scrawled the following brief note.

"My name is Daumont—I am the son of the owner of the vessel in which you were a passenger. A terrible fate has driven me, as well as you, here. I will save you if my efforts can do so, even should my own life be the forfeit. In striving to aid you, I believe myself to be only fulfilling a sacred duty. Tear this the moment you have read it.

"EUGENE DAUMONT."

On returning upon deck I perceived, to my great delight, that the servant still remained on the poop; but to my equally great vexation I saw that Lorenzo, too, was lurking about there, and I well knew that certain death would be the consequence to me of his finding the note in my possession. Peters was already busying himself about the binnacle, and hailed me to assist him. Mustering up all my courage I went to him, and endeavoured as I passed near the young servant to throw my note upon her knees, while Lorenzo's back was turned. Unfortunately it fell on the deck at some distance from her, and I had scarcely time to put my foot upon it when Lorenzo turned towards me; and when he had again turned away, I contrived, with some difficulty, to attract the girl's attention, and to get the note safely into her hands. Scarcely was this important point accomplished when Stamar came out of the cabin and ordered the girl to go below to her mistress.

"I repeat," said Peters, when we went forward together, "that you have risked your life like a perfect madman!"

Soon afterwards I saw the young servant of our fair prisoner

soner softly mounting to the poop, where she promenaded for a few minutes, as if to breathe the fresh breeze, as some relief from the comparative closeness of the cabin. Watching my opportunity, I approached her nearer and nearer, though by slow degrees, and I could see, by her intelligent glances towards me, that she had some communication, whether written or verbal, to make to me. It was by this time very nearly night, the after part of the ship was quite clear, and, indeed, the majority of the pirates were assembled below, and deeply plunged in their usual riotous orgies.

Zelia, the young servant, on my approaching sufficiently close to her, handed me a letter. I seized it hastily, and, without a word being spoken on either side, I then hurried forward to devour the contents of the precious scroll.

" Sir," wrote the fair prisoner of the ferocious Stamar, " you surely cannot deceive an unhappy girl. Nay! even if you could do so, what have *I* to fear, situated as I am?"

" I am a creole, and an orphan; and when it was my sad destiny to encounter this most hateful ship, was on my way to France, to rejoin an aged and most beloved relative. Oh! if you will indeed save me, my whole life will be insufficient to testify my gratitude. For the rest, I am perfectly prepared to second you with my best efforts in any way and at any time that you may judge most convenient.

" Ermance de Linneville."

I literally leaped with joy, and kissed the precious note. Behold us, then, in regular correspondence. And she, pretty and hapless innocent, she left me master of her destiny, dictator of her course. Save her! O yes, I *would* save her, or perish in the attempt; and the remainder of that night I devoted to the most extravagant projects, and the most delicious dreams. Alas!

At daybreak on the following morning we made all preparations for sailing, and left the bay by the same passes by which we had entered it. Nothing was to be seen or heard in the horizon, and we took a westrely course. We were returning, then, to the fatal latitude of Bahama.

I was at the helm at the moment of our sortie. Creeping silently and cautiously past the various isles of the little archipelago, we had advanced so far as to be in the very act of clearing the last point, when a man forward shouted, at the very top of a very stentorian voice—" A ship! a ship, close upon us!"

And, in fact, the words had scarcely parted from his lips when we saw a brig, which the land had previously hidden, luffing up at a very short distance from us. That she was a vessel of war was evident at a glance; but it was no less evident that she was, in fact, by no means an overmatch for us. The instant that the Shark emerged from the rocky pass, the new-comer hoisted English colours, and bore down upon us.

" Go it, my hearties!" said Stamar, tranquilly, " it seems that there's no means of avoiding the game this time. Well, you grog-drinking *God-dams*, we shall shortly see who can play best—you or we. Hurrah for a good fight!" And then, in tones of thunder, he shouted to his crew, "To work, to work, my sharks. It's not the first time, by many, that we have amused ourselves with the claws of these *God-dams*; and I think if you only play the game cleverly and with a will, these particular fellows will pay *rather* dear for the honour of our acquaintance."

As the pirate spoke these encouraging words to his crew, an expression of the most implacable and extraordinary hate seemed to illuminate his usually sombre features. His eyes flashed, and his nostrils dilated; and it was evidently with perfect rapture that he perceived that a combat was perfectly inevitable.

The ardour of Stamar passed like an electric shock into the hearts of the other pirates, consisting almost entirely of Americans and French. Impatient, and brandishing their formidable cutlasses and boarding-axes, they rushed to their respective posts, uttering loud and savage cries. Already the blood-red flag floated at our stern; the Englishman could therefore no longer have any doubt as to our identity, if indeed he had ever entertained any such doubt, and he ranged himself broadside to, at about half cannon-shot distance.

"Down all—flat upon the deck," said Stamar, in low but very distinct tones; and you, Lorenzo, take the helm. Ah! it's very odd that you cannot accustom yourself to a few trumpery shots!" added he, as he saw Lorenzo turn pale and tremble, on hearing the unwelcome order. "*Mort Dieu!* it's a queer want of taste that of yours, master barber!"

"Well, well!" said Lorenzo, hurriedly, and in a troubled voice; and that worthy then, most unwillingly I guess, took my place at the helm.

On being thus set at liberty, I, as a mere matter of course and of necessity, went forward, where the master, my inveterate enemy, Cardic, delivered me my arms, saying, in an ironical tone, "Ah, M. Daumont, you seem anxious to make use of these pretty playthings! Remember your friends, however, and do not aim in the wrong direction, because you will find such compliments very speedily returned."

Well knowing that silence would mortify this wretch more than any retort, however bitter, I answered not a word. Brissac, probably guessing at my thoughts, and desirous of aiding me, now broke in with—"*Sangdieu!* master, are we to lie here, with our noses to the deck, like hounds, trying after a lost scent, *very* much longer? For my part, I have had almost enough of it."

"Have a little patience, boy," replied Cardic; "it's just possible that you may even be spared the trouble of rising again at all."

Before Brissac could make any rejoinder to this consolatory remark, Stamar's powerful tones rang upon our ears. "English dog!" he shouted, "how much longer are you going to keep us waiting? Up, my sons, up!—Take good aim—level low—let them have it—fire!"

The word was well obeyed—the whole of our larboard guns making but one report. Scarcely had the ear time to recover from the stunning effect of that tremendous peal, when our broadside was returned by the English. A perfect shower of heavy metal swept our decks, and was followed by a frightful shock; and in another minute we saw the bowsprit of the English brig entangled in our mizen shrouds.

"Forward all!" shouted Stamar, giving force to his command by his example.

At the voice of their chief the pirates rushed forward. They arrived, with all their zealous haste, only just in time, for a party of the enemy's boarders was already clinging to our shrouds, but a terrible and well-aimed fire destroyed almost every man of them. Nothing daunted by the fate of their messmates, another party of the enemy's boarders presented themselves.

"Throw away no shot upon them," said Stamar, in a tone of calmness frightfully in contrast with the murderous scene around us; "let them come on!"

And accordingly the English boarders were allowed to leap, unopposed, upon our deck. As soon as they had done so, the pirates, in an overwhelming number, rushed between them and the bulwarks, drove them against the mainmast, and there butchered them to a man.

In this truly terrible *mêlée* I found myself close to Brissac and Peters. The former seasoned each of his blows with the most energetic of even Gascon oaths; the latter fought like a madman, and yet contrived to watch over me—I being, from first to last, rather a spectator of the scene than an actor in it.

An English midshipman, a fair-haired and handsome youth, driven to utter desperation at seeing nearly all his gallant followers lying dead and mangled around him, threw himself furiously into the very midst of his opponents, and endeavoured to fight his way to the bulwarks, and regain his own ship; and I, chancing to be directly in his way, he gave me a blow with his cutlass which severed two fingers from my left hand. The pain of this wound roused me to fury, and I attacked the inflictor of it with an impetuosity and violence equal to his own. Poor youth! all hopes of his escape were now, indeed, at an end; in a very few minutes he was hacked to death and his head rolling upon the deck.

So frightful had been the carnage, that even the English, gluttons as they most unquestionably are at this sort of thing, hesitated in renewing their attack, although their bowsprit was still firmly fastened in our shrouds.

Stamar, who was himself rather badly wounded, perceived the impression he had made upon the spirit of the enemy. "It's our turn now," he shouted; "on, messmates—on with you—board!"

"Huzza, huzza! board!" was the loud and eager reply of the pirates; and in less than five minutes our deck was almost completely deserted. Unhappily for our gentlemen, however, they met with a very ungracious reception on board the enemy. In despite of their utmost efforts and of their most obstinate fury, they were twice repulsed, baffled and bleeding, after having actually reached the after gallery.

Stamar, on witnessing these repulses, ground his teeth, and actually foamed with rage. "English dogs!" muttered he, "oh, I will pay you my debts, notwithstanding all this."

There was a match still burning beside an abandoned piece. He seized it, leaped upon the bowsprit of the Englishman, and in a few minutes a long and livid flame was curling and crackling up the mast, and sending out its fiery offsets upon every rope, shroud, and spar to windward of it. This new occurrence alarmed even the pirates, who, merely warding off the blows and thrusts that were aimed at them by the English, hastened to regain their own vessel, and to cast her loose from her now more than ever dangerous neighbour. Stamar, alone and bleeding, was thus for an instant apparently in the power of the English, without hope or possibility of escape. Even in this perilous and appalling crisis, he did not lose a jot of his accustomed audacity and presence of mind. Brandishing his formidable boarding-axe, he speedily cut himself a road, and threw himself into the sea, after his clothes had been pierced by no fewer than three balls. The instant that he had reached the deck of his own vessel he made sail eastward, for St. Thomas's, where he reckoned upon repairing whatever damages the Shark might have sustained. He had nothing more, for the present at least, to fear from the enemy, who, too much injured to be very eager to renew the strife, was, in fact, just at that moment, thinking of nothing less.

For my part, I went below, to get my wounded hand dressed; and our skilful but very odd surgeon amused himself by fairly laughing in my face as he applied the dressing. "Pooh!" said he; "why, this is a mere scratch! I undertake to promise you that in the course of a week, you will be quite well enough to go and get the other fingers off!"

While the facetious gentleman thus amused himself with what I, I must confess, regarded in by no means so comic a light, poor Peters came down, with his head streaming with blood, a splinter having grievously wounded him. After his established fashion, in case of being in any way annoyed, he swore most awfully, and made a strange *olla podrida* of the worst oaths of a dozen or so of languages. *Par parenthèse,* it may here be noticed that the seamen of every nation under heaven learn to use the *oaths* of the divers people they visit with a fluency surpassing that of even the natives themselves, even though they do not learn enough of the language to ask for bread, tobacco, or grog! It seems strange, but it is true nevertheless.

"Come, come," said Doctor Mathore, by way of consolation, "don't go on in this way, my fine fellow. Why, this is really nothing at all; it will merely cost you a trifling operation."

On hearing this word, so especially hateful to seamen, Peters swore more loudly, more furiously, and more polyglotically than ever; but, in the midst of his rage and his oaths, he contrived to find time to tell me the welcome news that I was for ever delivered from my implacable enemy, the master. Master Cardic had, in fact, at length received the due reward of his crimes. A ball had laid him dead in the midst of his ferocious companions.

Notwithstanding the importance of these events and the pain of my wound, my thoughts soon returned to the unhappy Ermance, to whom the clamour of the battle could not but have caused the most cruel agonies. Seeing the boy about to enter the cabin, I advanced and stopped him; but before I could put a single question to him, I saw glaring between him and me the hateful and sardonic countenance of Lorenzo. "*Parbleu!*" said he, jocosely, "you seem to take a vast deal of interest in our signoras here! But, game-cock though you be, you would do well to take care that you do not get your comb cut, if you become too troublesome!"

For this time, at all events, it was quite clear that I could not hope for any tidings of poor Ermance, whose broken sobs I plainly heard from the cabin; and with a heavy heart, and without a word of reply to Lorenzo, I went forward, and was greeted by Peters with a new piece of intelligence. "I am appointed to succeed Cardic, as master," said he; so you have no more blows or insults to fear, provided that my wound does not end badly."

I endeavoured to banish the gloomy notion from his mind, and the assurances which I gave him, merely at hap-hazard, proved prophetic, for in four-and-twenty hours he was visibly and considerably better, and pronounced by our facetious doctor to be quite sure of a cure.

By the close of this day we let go our anchor in the road of St. Thomas, and on the following day saw our example followed by the English brig of war, still black with the fire which had menaced her existence, and from which she had only with great difficulty escaped.

St. Thomas being a well-known neutral port, the flags of all nations, whether allied or at war with each other, met together in its road. Of old, this was a favourite sheltering-place of the buccaneers, and it is still the rendezvous of the boldest free-traders and pirates.

During the brief sojourn here that was rendered absolutely necessary by our damages, Lorenzo took very effectual means to prevent me from giving him and his worthy compeers the slip; for, on the day of our arrival I was put in irons, and never liberated for a single moment until the day of our departure. Well, it was only one more added to the many debts I owed him.

Peters, who was now almost recovered, did all he possibly could to soften the pains and annoyances of my situation. Of Ermance he continually gave me all the intelligence he could procure. Alas! he at length had to inform me that she had been conveyed to a lonely habitation in-shore, and that there the vile, the hateful, the worse than brutal Stamar——I *cannot* write it! O wretch, wretch! How I prayed for the day of vengeance! With what savage fervour of righteous horror did I not pray to Heaven that to me it might be given to be the avenger!

However much the slave of his passion—and he was so as far as such a man could be—Stamar did not allow his unholy amour to make him neglectful of his hatred of the English, which he seized every opportunity to gratify. Frequently his men, led on by himself, maintained the most furious and obstinate combats with the sailors of the English ships of war. Scarcely a cabaret but was the scene of one or more of these fierce affrays, in which many men on both sides lost their lives, or were desperately wounded; the wily schemes of Stamar, however, generally gave the advantage to the pirates.

An English frigate that was at anchor in the road, resolved to employ every possible means to capture Stamar, and take a signal vengeance for his various acts of brigandage and murder. But Stamar had many spies, and he was faithfully served. He learned that the refitting of his vessel was carefully watched; and that the English commodore, constantly in readiness to sail at a minute's notice, expressed the utmost impatience to see him betake himself to the open sea.

On this, as on so many other occasions, Stamar's fortune, admirably seconded by his skill and audacity, defeated the projects of his enemies. In the middle of a dark and rainy night, the Shark slipped her cables, and sailed with such silence and promptitude that she was far out at sea before the English had the slightest suspicion of her movements. In truth, even had the English commodore been ever so well acquainted with all that was going on, he would have been little better than a madman had he ventured to follow the Shark in such a night, when it required all the hardihood, confidence, skill, and knowledge of the coast that even Stamar possessed, to pass with impunity among the perilous rocks of that archipelago.

We directed our course to the westward, and I did not long remain in suspense as to our new destination, for, two days after, we cast anchor in a bay of the Isles of Abaco.

Stamar ran no trivial risk in again venturing into these latitudes, for there were two American vessels constantly on cruise there, which had a fashion of making extremely short work with gentlemen skimmers of the sea; the day of whose capture was also invariably the day of their execution.

The crew of the Shark well knew the fate that was in store for them, in the event of their being unlucky enough to be captured. Their knowledge upon this particular subject made them all the more hearty in boarding and dealing broadsides when it was really necessary; but it, at the same time, made them proportionally unwilling to come to blows without occasion. Stamar well knew this, and it was rather this consideraion than his own personal prudence that had caused him to make it his maxim always to retreat before a superior force, if retreat was by any means practicable.

Without fear, as without pity, our worthy pirate chief had adopted a system of command perfectly conformable to his own character. In the divisions of spoil his caprice alone guided his awards, which, once uttered, were irrevocable. It was a rule known to all. A single word of insubordination to him was punished with instant DEATH; if the offender could hide himself until the day of his offence had passed over, the offence was cancelled, unmentioned, as though absolutely forgotten or never known.

Offences against any of his subordinate officers were punished merely by *cobbing;* but such were the number and the severity of the blows, that to be sentenced to this punishment was almost equivalent to being sentenced to death.

Finally, Stamar was prodigal of his purse to his followers, demanded nothing from theirs, and permitted them to commit whatever excesses and outrages they thought fit on board their prizes. When to this we add an intrepidity which seemed to be absolutely ignorant of the very existence of danger, imperturbable coolness, and, in their highest perfection, all the qualities and attainments of a thorough seaman, it will be at once conceded that he well deserved his bad pre-eminence among the most noted pirates. Twenty times, at least, Stamar had escaped from cruisers of superior force by perfect miracles of audacity or cunning. Moreover, in the latitudes which he usually scourged with his presence, he could pick and choose among the boldest and ablest of a host of adventurers who crowded around him to offer their services. Stamar, however, though well aware of his power, and of the fearful influence of his name, was too well acquainted with the nature of the ferocious beasts of whom he was the leader, not to take the most minute precaution against treachery or surprise; and it was no secret to his crew at this time, that a concealed panel gave admission from his state apartment to the powder room, and that the least attempt upon his life or liberty would be the signal for blowing up himself, the ship, and all hands on board.

On the day following our arrival at the Isles of Abaco, Stamar adopted the most careful means to prevent our ship from being discovered. In addition to her very superior qualities as a sailer, the Shark possessed the almost inestimable advantage of drawing very little water. Her captain, consequently, could choose a narrow creek, entirely hidden by lofty rocks, where it was impossible to discern us from the offing, and where the passes wound in such a way that we could go in or out, blow the wind in what quarter it might. Thus situated, the Shark could dart out upon any merchantman that might heave in sight, or return to perfect shelter and security if chased by a war ship of superior force. And, finally, if boats and launches were armed and sent in to surprise us, a passage opened to the west, by means of which we could in less than twenty minutes put the whole group of islets between us and our enemies. Stamar had made choice of this anchorage with a perfect knowledge of all its manifold advantages; but after having traversed the arid rock, blackened by the fierce sun of the Antilles, chance gave him still another advantage; his people accidentally discovered a deep and hidden cave, where, if even compelled to abandon their vessel, they would find a sure refuge. To this cave, immediately on our arrival, a great portion of our provisions and water was conveyed.

From the description I have already given of our situation, it will easily be perceived that we had it in our power to inflict much evil upon others, without running the risk of experiencing much ourselves. The Isle of Abaco, which is commonly known by the name of *La Roche Percée*, was visited by nearly all vessels arriving from the east; thus offering the most tempting prospects to our pirates. Three sentinels, furnished with excellent telescopes, were placed on the most elevated points of the isle, and a set of signals concerted, by which they could communicate with Stamar and the main body of the pirates. All these precautions having been taken, the band impatiently longed for some new windfall, in the shape of a rich merchantman; and to console themselves under the necessity of waiting for such a piece of luck, gave themselves up in the mean time to their orgies, even more frantically than ever. For my part, I was left pretty much at my own disposal, for Lorenzo deemed my escape so impossible, that he neither confined nor even watched me, and the rest of the crew were far too busy enjoying themselves to bestow any thought upon me.

Ermance very rarely left her chamber, and even when she did occasionally go forth to breathe the fresh air, she was invariable accompanied by the monster Stamar, who treated her in the most brutal manner. Her countenance was thin and pinched, her eyes were glassy and sunken, and she was to all appearance fast hastening to her end. Frequently we exchanged glances; glances which, on either side, spoke only of grief and despair.

Fortunate, indeed, might we consider ourselves that even this dumb league, even this brief and pantomimic sympathy, was not discovered by our watchful and ruthless tyrants. The discovery would probably have cost me my life. Peters, whose friendship for me became more firm and lively every day, did all in his power to throw a veil over the imprudences of which, unconsciously, I was daily and hourly guilty: and even Brissac saw with affright the perils to which I exposed myself.

"Do you know," said Brissac one day, "do you know, Daumont, that it is the common talk in the forecastle that you are overhead and ears with the captain's mistress? It is so; and but for Peters protecting you, the same tale would have been told to the captain himself long before now. Pray take care of yourself, for the captain, as you know, is no trifler, and, *par Dieu!* I don't think that he is particularly partial to you."

I thanked the Gascon for his advice, and, as is usual in such cases, paid no sort of attention to it. Filled with my love of Ermance, a love to which the very horror of her situation every day added new strength, I verily believe that I could cheerfully have sacrificed my own life, if, even without substantially serving her, my so doing could convince her of my passionate devotion to her, and of my indignation against her merciless tyrants and torturers.

The "luck" for which the pirates so impatiently waited, and, after their peculiar fashion, so loudly prayed, at length made its appearance. One of the look-outs gave the welcome signal, "Ship in the offing!" and Stamar, on glancing in the direction indicated, at once perceived by her build, rig, and trim, that she was a merchantman.

Even amidst their most frantic orgies the pirates were always so far disciplined as to be ready for business at a moment's notice; and such was the expedition used on the present occasion, that in ten minutes after the sail in sight was signalled, the Shark was sweeping swiftly, yet stealthily, along the rocky passage, as the marine monster, whose name she very appropriately bore, watches the imprudent bather, and darts upon him while yet unseen and unexpected.

The breeze at this time was soft and very gentle, the tranquil waves broke peacefully, and with a murmur, upon the shores of the surrounding isles; and seaward a deeply azure sky mingled with the blue line of the far horizon.

The Shark, lightly balanced, drifted swiftly on the current, which in a few minutes carried us full in view of the unfortunate stranger. The manœuvre of the poor merchantman was sufficient proof that our character was discerned; for, taking a wide offing, he let go all sail, and took to flight.

"Ah! you would make a run of it, would you?" said Stamar. "Well, friend, we shall make you pay for it—that's all." And in an instant the Shark crowded all sail, and stood out in pursuit.

We were scarcely in motion when the unfortunate merchantman, lost to all hope of escaping, lay-to in obedience to the shots with which we intimated our worshipful pleasure, and then hoisted American colours.

"All in good time!" said Stamar, as he looked upon the stars and stripes; "this is just what I wanted, and when I have settled accounts with this fellow, perhaps fortune will take it into her head to oblige me with another *God-dam* English."

We now sent a boat on board the prize. Lorenzo, who went in the boat, returned in about a quarter of an hour, bringing the information which Stamar required; viz. that the American vessel was from Bourdeaux, and her cargo silks and other French merchandise.

As soon as Stamar received this information he luffed and laid us alongside the stranger; and then through his speaking-trumpet resounded the terrible cry, "Death and Plunder!" The words were spoken to men who never needed two invitations to so congenial an employment of their time and talents. In an instant our ruffians swarmed like bees upon the deck of the American; and if I were to live for centuries, I should never forget the horrible butcheries which I then saw perpetrated. The fate of the male passengers, bad as it was, seemed positively enviable when compared with that of the females. These unhappy persons were both old and ugly; but that did not prevent them from being abused with the most brutal violence. The scene was indeed truly horrible. One might have supposed that the pirates were hell-begotten and hell-born; for surely never could human mother have been looked upon by these brutal wretches, who only wearied of the commission of one horrid crime, to commence and complete that of murder on these miserable victims.

The captain and mate of the merchantman fought, in defence of their unfortunate passengers, with the courage of true sailors, roused to a still higher pitch by a generous and manly indignation; and had their crew been more numerous, and all equally brave with themselves, our ferocious *sharks* might probably have been worsted. As it was, the gallant fellows, after cutting down a few of the brigands, were overpowered by numbers, and almost literally cut into inch pieces.

Of all the crew of the merchantman, only two escaped instant massacre. These two were saved, temporarily, by a refinement of cruelty of which Stamar first conceived the idea. When sufficiently gorged with blood, the pirates commenced the work of destruction and pillage.

Brissac, who in the first instance had followed his fellow pirates, returned almost directly, his countenance bearing evident tokens of his mind being in a perfect tempest of mingled horror and indignation.

"I would far rather," said he, "never put another dollar in my purse, than procure the wealth of the world in company with such infernal cut-throats."

The scene which had so deeply disgusted me, and from which even the far less scrupulous Gascon turned in mingled horror and loathing, appeared to produce not the slightest effect upon the callous hearts of Stamar and Lorenzo, who walked the quarter-deck of the Shark with unmoved countenances, and talking as calmly as if no such thing as rapine or violence were going on within a thousand leagues of them. As for Peters, after having endeavoured to save some of the poor victims from destruction, he, too, returned from the merchantman. For some time past he had daily felt more and more disgusted with his infamous trade, and I never neglected an opportunity of increasing this disgust, and endeavouring to direct his thoughts to safer and more honourable pursuits. Already, indeed, it was at least tacitly agreed upon between us, that we should unite our efforts to get free from our worse than Egyptian bondage, and that the unhappy Ermance and her faithful servant should partake our liberty, if we should be so fortunate as to achieve it. Hitherto the intimacy that subsisted between Peters and me had not aroused any suspicion, even in the mind of the superlatively suspicious Lorenzo. On this occasion, however, Stamar expressed much surprise at perceiving that Peters did not, as usual, go forward to secure his portion of the booty. Fortunately, Peters had sufficient presence of mind to allege, as the reason, his dislike to plundering his fellow-countrymen—a reason that was so far satisfactory to Stamar that he merely shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

In the meanwhile, the pirates having thoroughly ransacked the merchantman, had, as was usual with them, quarrelled among themselves as to the distribution of certain effects; and from high words they soon passed to hard blows. Already blood began to flow, when Stamar, who hitherto had looked on in silence, sprang from his own deck to that of the American, and his dreadful tones stopped the uproar and strife in an instant. "On board all!" he shouted, and, as if under the influence of an enchanter's wand, the lately furious and noisy band were silent as the grave, and every man on the instant obeyed the order.

Oddly enough were some of them attired. One came on board us clad in *pro tempore* robes, composed of a piece of costly silk stuff, spotted with the still warm blood of some unfortunate who had vainly endeavoured to withhold it from the hands of the robber; another had his bleeding and mutilated face surmounted by a lady's bonnet in the very latest Parisian fashion; but the majority, directing their attention to more substantial pillage, staggered on, bent half-double under the weight of bags of piastres. Some few, excited by the unlimited potations of spirits in which they had indulged themselves, showed symptoms of an inclination to dispute the authority of Stamar. He had a very summary way of putting an end to all differences of this sort; and when he had coolly blown out the brains of two of the most insolent, the others showed great alacrity in exchanging their dangerous position on the gangways of the American, for the far safer one of the between-decks of the Shark.

The two poor seamen to whom I have alluded, as having been temporarily saved, were now made fast to the hatchway of the American, and some tarry sails having been arranged around them, Stamar with his own hand set fire to them. He then returned to the Shark, gave the American a wide berth, and then lay to, as if to watch and enjoy the issue of his demoniacal deed.

At first a thick cloud of smoke so completely enveloped the luckless ship, that for some minutes we could not discern any part of her; but we could distinctly hear—and, O! how terrible it was to hear—the crackling of the wood, the hissing of the curling and devouring flames, and the frightful cries of agony and terror uttered by the two unhappy victims. Here and there, amid the dense smoke, a fiery tongue leaped forth for an instant, and then was hidden; until at length, the combustion being complete, the smoke entirely disappeared and gave place to one vast and livid mass of living flame, which threw its ruddy glow far into the already deepening shadows of the night.

At this awfully interesting moment I attentively considered the aspect of Stamar. That unfeeling and unsparing wretch stood, with folded arms, calm and unmoved as though he were an incarnation of innocence; and his harsh and sinister features, as shown by the lurid light of the burning vessel, bore an expression of hate and ferocity, mingled with the delight arising from his horrible gratification of all his worst passions; and his pale thin lips wore such a smile as an imaginative painter would give to the Genius of Evil gloating over the tortures of man—man created in the image of that God whom the fiends hate and fear!

Suddenly we heard a frightful noise; a noise resembling that of an enormous mass of water plunging itself suddenly and from a great height into an abyss; then the immense sheet of flame, quitting the surface of the waves, darted suddenly upwards to a great height, and then, with a loud and sharp hissing, entirely disappeared. Dazzled by the brilliant light of the burning vessel, it was some time before my eyes became again accustomed to the comparative darkness: when they at length regained their power, I looked eagerly towards the spot lately occupied by the stately vessel—alas! nought was to be seen but a few blackened fragments of her hull tossing hither and thither upon the waves.

On the morning after this frightful tragedy we were again at anchor in our asylum, having lost in this expedition only about a dozen men,—a loss far more trifling than Stamar usually sustained on such occasions.

During the time occupied by the capture and destruction of the American, the unhappy Ermance and her servant were left on shore under the charge of some of the most devoted and tried followers of Stamar, whose infernal passion for his victim and prisoner seemed to grow more and more strong with every new day. She, poor girl, on the other hand fell, daily, into a more and more profound melancholy and despair, and it seemed pretty evident that she was rapidly sinking into the grave.

Stamar's passion for his poor victim was just now at its height; but very different, indeed, was his passion from that of other men. It was no longer of his hateful attachment that the unhappy Ermance had to complain, but of his brutal and cowardly violence. Her piercing cries were frequently heard even on the forecastle, and the more brutal of the pirates would say, " Hark! the captain is amusing himself with his dove!"

" Pretty amusement," Brissac muttered, in reply—" pretty amusement for the poor young lady. Why, I have myself seen him beat her so, as I should be ashamed to beat an unruly hound."

And Brissac spoke the truth. It was thus that the wretch avenged himself upon Ermance for the horror and loathing with which his own horrible and loathsome conduct had inspired her.

Posted so securely and advantageously as we were, it was next to impossible that we should fail to capture new prizes. Within a fortnight from our wanton and murderous treatment of the American ship and her truly unfortunate crew, we boarded two French merchantmen, and obtained so considerable a booty, that Brissac, whose love of gold predominated over all his better feelings, was evidently much relieved from " compunctious visitings," and well nigh reconciled to his infamous pursuit. For a wonder, Stamar seemed to be temporarily tired of useless cruelty, and after having ransacked the French ships, and removed all he thought proper, allowed them and their crews to depart uninjured. His mercy on this occasion, to say the truth, did him some mischief, for the plundered captains gave notice of what had passed to two armed cruisers, to which allusion has already been made, and these latter immediately sailed for Abaco with the determination of endeavouring to find and capture this daring and hitherto successful skimmer of the sea.

Shortly after Stamar, with such unusual moderation, had dismissed the French crews without inflicting personal injury upon them, we boarded an English vessel. To the English, Stamar always manifested a peculiar, I might almost say a frantic, hatred; and he now meditated what horrible and unheard-of tortures he should inflict upon the crew belonging to that detested nation. His meditation, however, was suddenly and disagreeably interrupted by the man at the masthead singing out,—" Three armed vessels bearing down!"

To many of the other qualities of a wild beast, Stamar added the most piercing vision; and at a single glance he perceived that two of the three vessels in question were the two American cruisers which had already, by their activity, caused him so much anxiety, and compelled him to take so many precautions. The third vessel was an English frigate which had joined the Americans in pursuit of us.

" It is to those French dogs, whom I was foolish enough to spare the other day, that I am indebted for this visit," said Stamar, " *N'importe;* they shall pay dearly for it some day. In the mean time I'll show these beef-eating and grog-drinking fellows a spice of my quality."

By his orders our unfortunate prisoners were extended on the deck, and then, with his own hands, he nailed them, hand and foot, to the side-planks.

Never shall I forget the horrible concert of discords that then arose from sea to sky; the agonised victims' shrieks rising, piercing and shrill, above the hoarse and savage laughter of their abominable executioner.

"Adieu, my friends!" said he, when, the wretched men having expired in their agony, he loosened their lifeless bodies and tossed them into the sea.

While this horrible butchery had been going on, all hands on board the Shark had been busied in working her towards our secure harbour, from which we were at this time at a considerable distance. The weather was cold and damp, and the atmosphere all around us was charged with dense fogs; but from time to time the whole horizon was illuminated by vivid flashes of lightning, and in one of these we were discovered by the foremost of the American cruisers. Almost at the same instant, however, we dropped our anchor in the bay from which we had so recently sallied. The sails being brailed to, Stamar gave a signal, and the four men whom he had left on shore as gaolers of Ermance and her servant, came on board, bringing their unfortunate prisoners with them.

Although Stamar appeared to be just as tranquil as though there had been no enemy within a thousand leagues of him, and although his men had the utmost imaginable confidence in both his courage and his skill, yet the pirates, who stood in wondering groups forward, seemed to be by no means pleased with the aspect of affairs.

"Hum!" says one, "this seems to be playing a desperate game where nothing is to be won."

"O yes," said another, "we may gain a two-inch rope and a run up to the foreyard-arm."

"The devil!" said Brissac, "that would be a deuced bad ending to our expedition."

These dissatisfied remarks, however, were rather grumbled than spoken; and the most discontented and most alarmed ceased even to murmur under their breath, when the fierce and piercing glance of Stamar was turned towards them.

Peters, standing by the long swivel, surnamed Dumby, which was loaded to the very muzzle with nails, spikes, and old iron, silently, and with an anxious countenance, awaited the orders of the captain. In the mean time the foremost American cruiser had boarded the English merchantman, some of whose crew Stamar had almost literally crucified, and had communicated the horrible intelligence to the English frigate, the hoarse shouts of vengeance of whose numerous and well-disciplined crew we could hear as plainly as though they were already alongside of us.

"Ah, ah!" said Stamar, "these fellows begin to understand me. They have not yet, however, had my last kind compliment."

"But, Stamar," replied Lorenzo, "why wait for them? Would it not be better to make our way through the western outlet, and so give them the slip altogether?"

"Beggarly barber!" shouted Stamar, his eyes literally seeming to flash fire, "since you have been a partaker of our gains and of our danger—and you have had a far larger share of the former than of the latter—have you ever known me to make a blunder? Be silent, miserable dastard. We shall not be hanged this time, any more than heretofore!"

Lorenzo bent his head like a rebuked schoolboy; and the attention of all hands was speedily engrossed by the *dénouement* which threatened us.

The cruisers more than once attempted to make their way up the narrow passages, upon whose shallowness we, to say truth, chiefly depended for our safety; it was clear that Stamar was determined to await them, and equally clear, to the meanest capacity, that if they should succeed in getting alongside of us, we could not fail to have all the worst of it.

Repeated efforts, on the part of the cruisers, being baffled from the shallowness of the creeks, they resolved upon trying other means; and in spite of a frightfully rough sea, the whole of our three enemies manned all their boats, which were stoutly pulled towards the entrance of our bay, with the evident design of cutting us out. The frigate's barge, swarming with the *élite* of the frigate's crew, was the first that succeeded in rounding the point that protected the bay. Seeing us now almost within their very grasp, the English tars gave three thundering cheers, and pulled onward with redoubled vigour. On they came; already they were within pistol-shot of us, when Stamar, with a derisive smile, looked towards Peters, raised his hand, and shouted—"Let them have it!"

A perfect blaze of light flashed across the bay, and a stunning report was given back in a thousand echoes by the surrounding rocks. Dumby had spoken to some purpose. When the smoke cleared away, we saw the frigate's barge shattered and crippled, and a number of men struggling and writhing amid the mountainous waves.

It was evident that if Stamar chose, he could in this manner crush all of the approaching boats, one after the other; but, apparently satisfied with having so signally punished the temerity of the crew of the barge, he gave orders for the cable to be cut, and in a few minutes we were making our way through the western passage, as had been earlier recommended by Lorenzo.

The wind at this time blew a perfect hurricane; and we could see that several of the boats that had been manned to cut us out, were dashed to atoms against the rocks; and their crews, with very few exceptions, drowned.

The terror which the pirates had for a time felt, now gave place to a perfect intoxication of joy and triumph; and they danced and sang on the fore-gallery like so many possessed creatures—no one's voice more loudly rivalling the hoarse howling of the winds, than that of Brissac. Three days afterwards we were at anchor in a bay of the old canal.

This new place of refuge, very near Muttanee, had long been known to Stamar; and although it was by no means so convenient or secure an asylum as that which we had just quitted, it was one, nevertheless, in which it would be by no means an easy matter to discover us; and if even we were discovered, and boats sent to cut us out, Stamar would have it in his power to choose between sinking them as they approached, or retreat into a bay, protected and hidden by the neighbouring mountains.

For fifteen days we remained perfectly undisturbed in this new retreat; and Stamar began, and not without plausible reason, to think that the cruisers had given up their pursuit of him in despair. Under this impression he now began to think of departing—a step to which he was the more strongly inclined inasmuch as his worthy followers, having indulged more than ever in their abominable orgies, daily saw their ranks thinned by the yellow fever. As politic as he was audacious, Stamar, previous to taking his departure in quest of new adventures, so completely disguised and disfigured his craft in both hull and rigging, that it was to the last degree improbable that in the lubberly and slovenly guise she now wore, even the most sharp-sighted of her old acquaintances would recognise the trim and rakish rover that had spread dismay and ruin in so many quarters. Still farther, the guns were dismounted, and, together with small arms and ammunition, carefully stowed away in the hold, and concealed with the sand we carried as ballast; immense water-casks and chests were in readiness to receive a portion of the crew, in the case of our being visited by any cruiser, while another portion of the crew were decently dressed, so that they might support the character of passengers. These arrangements being completed, Stamar furnished himself, by means best known to himself, with unexceptionable papers, and felt not the slightest doubt that, even if visited by those who had conceived a suspicion of him, he would be able to deceive them.

As for me, I looked upon all these preparations with the most perfect indifference. Twenty times, at least, opportunities presented themselves for escaping, and Peters himself let me know that he was ready to accompany me; but I could not make up my mind for the enterprise. My infatuated regard for Ermance urged me to remain among these desperate brigands, in spite of the horror with which both their character and their actions inspired me; the mere idea of abandoning her, placed as she was in the power of such desperate ruffians, freezing my courage, whenever I attempted to resolve upon escaping.

From time to time I saw the unhappy lady, and was shocked at the alteration which grief and suffering had made in her. She seemed the mere shadow of her former self—an absolute living skeleton; and bruises—ay, bruises!—upon that once beautiful face, attested the brutality with which she had been treated by her ruthless gaoler. Alas! even when I could see her, I could but exchange glances with her: and it was but rarely that Peters was able to convey to her the brief notes that I furtively scrawled in a dark corner between decks. In these notes I was at no pains to conceal the passionate love which I felt for her; but, vigilantly watched as she was, how was she to reply to me? At last I was happy enough to receive a few lines in her handwriting; paradoxical as it may seem, they filled me at once with grief and with delight.

"You love me," she wrote, "alas! and I could fain love you too; but I am no longer worthy of your love, sullied and dishonoured as I am by a wretch, from whose power I heartily hope that death will ere long deliver me."

And I had been about to abandon her, when she was a prey to such surpassing wretchedness.

Just at this period new determinations on the part of Stamar gave a new direction to my thoughts. The pride and ferocity of such a man as Stamar could not, for any very long time, be kept under by a passion brutal in itself, treated with the most stinging and constant scorn by its most unhappy object; and, moreover, too violent at the outset to be other than evanescent. Had the brigand chief listened to the fiendish advice of the infamous and cruel though cowardly Lorenzo, death would have been the penalty inflicted upon Ermance, in revenge for her disdain. Fortunately, a lingering vestige of such love as he was capable of feeling, caused Stamar to shrink from actually putting his victim to death. He deemed it more merciful to abandon her in the forests, by which our bay was surrounded; forests perfectly impenetrable and deserted, where fatigue and famine would render her ultimate destruction certain, even should she not fall a prey to some savage beast. Such was Stamar's notion of mercy, and of mercy towards one whom he had professed to *love*. The time chosen for this cruel and cowardly abandonment of the poor Ermance was the morning appointed for the sailing of the brig, the pirate reckoning that it would thus be impossible for her to reach any inhabited place, and rouse up enemies to us ere we could escape, even should she, by a miracle, fall a sacrifice neither to famine nor wild beasts. It was from my faithful though not very rigidly moral friend Peters that I learned these melancholy details; and from that moment our plans were definitively formed. On the same evening I was fortunate enough to convey a note to Ermance by the hands of her faithful servant; and the unhappy lady was thus timely made acquainted both with my wishes and projects for her salvation. I advised her not to stray far from the spot at which she should be put on shore; and, giving her a signal by which she would know of our proximity, I assured her in the most solemn and positive manner that, on the night after her being set ashore, I and Peters would join her and her servant. Peters had contrived to learn that Stamar did not intend to sail before midnight, and we therefore calculated upon having abundant time during the evening for making our escape.

For an instant, I had some notion of taking Brissac into our confidence, and making him the partner of our flight. But, besides the increasing *penchant* displayed by the worthy Gascon for the pursuit which he had deemed so detestable while it had produced him little or nothing, his mere thoughtlessness and love of babbling made him so dangerous, that I was, however reluctantly, obliged to abandon my intention.

The important day at length arrived, and commenced under anything rather than favourable auspices. The sun, from the moment of his rising, was obscured by lurid and glowing vapours, and seemed to strive to hide his whitened and vanquished disk; while thick clouds, broken and scattered by the sharp peaks of the surrounding rocks, floated densely and drowsily along their sides. An oppressive and choking heat well-nigh forbade respiration, and there was not a breath of air to ruffle the surface of the bay, or to refresh our enfeebled bodies; nothing gave evidence of the life of nature, save the long smooth waves sent in by the tide, and the distant howling of a rising tempest, echoing from rock to rock, and making our dead and sultry calm the more intolerable, in causing us to remember that the winds could blow,—though not for us.

This inauspicious state of the weather gave no alarm to Stamar; on the contrary, he even rejoiced in the prospect of a storm, as it would probably afford him increased means of eluding any enemies who might still be in search of us. A small boat being hoisted out, the two hapless prisoners were brought on deck. Miserable as was their prospect, Ermance displayed in her features so much joy at the thought of going from beneath the power of Stamar, that that ferocious wretch was so enraged as brutally to strike her as she descended to the boat.

While his selected tools were pulling ashore with the poor prisoners, Stamar, leaning against the bulwarks, occupied himself in considering the black and threatening heavens, and did not once deign to bestow even a single glance towards the helpless ones whom he had sent, as he both believed and hoped, to perish in the utmost agony.

In a few minutes the boat returned; and I could see poor Ermance kneeling upon the shore, casting her eyes now upon the heavens, as if returning thanks for her partial deliverance, and now towards the Shark, as if invoking my aid to prevent that partial and temporary deliverance from becoming eventual and utter destruction. And much, indeed, did she need all the aid which it could be in my power to bestow; for a few biscuits and a little water were all the provisions which Stamar had allowed for the support of herself and her servant.

The remainder of the day was devoted to the necessary preparations for sailing, and by evening we had made such good use of our time, that only one carronade remained to be dismounted, and that, time pressing and the weather becoming every moment more tempestuous, we merely hove into the hold on the top of the ballast, which concealed all the rest of our arms and our ammunition.*

* To be continued.

A JOURNEY SOUTHWARD FROM DAMASCUS.

BY C. G. ADDISON, ESQ., OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

Kefer Kenneh—Arab funeral lamentation—Naszera—Fountain—Naszerene damsels—Latin convent—Mount Tabor—Seppheris—Plain of Esdraelon—D'jenneen——The Sheikh—The cemetery—Arab women—Sanboor—Samaria—Ruins—Naplous—The Khan—Bedouin Arabs.

At three o'clock we rode to a well in a field, where an Arab was watering his goats. There was a long stone trough by the side of the well, and this was filled with water by means of a leathern bucket attached to a rope, which the Arab carried about with him for the convenience of himself and his herds. It was just such a scene as that described in Genesis—"And behold a well in the field, and lo, there were three flocks of sheep lying by it, for out of that well they watered their flocks, and a great stone was upon the well's mouth." The surface of the country was hilly, rugged, and everywhere uncultivated, and of a lonely, desolate aspect. In another hour we came in sight of Kefer Kenneh, the ancient Cana of Galilee, and descended a steep eminence opposite the village. In the valley below we passed another well, with a stone trough for watering the cattle. Here a few olive trees were to be seen scattered about in different directions, and some flocks of goats were browsing the scanty herbage. The village is seated on a slight eminence, and we ascended to it by a rugged stony path. The houses appear all to be built of dried earth, or sunburnt brick: they are square in shape, low, and flat-roofed, are placed together without order or arrangement, and narrow paths and passages wind between them. Just as we entered the village, the mournful funeral lamentation over a dead body smote upon our ears. It proceeded from a neighbouring house, on the flat roof of which a large number of women were pitching their voices together, and all keeping time in one universal lament. Their long-protracted melancholy cries were accompanied by the beating of an instrument, called the *tahr*, which is made of a piece of skin stretched tight over a small hoop, after the fashion of a tambourine, and is beaten by the hand. The loudest wailers were continually shouting *U-lu-lu! u-lu-lu!* and striking their *tahrs* in time; other women, with dishevelled hair, sobbed, beat their breasts, and rent their clothes, calling upon the name of God, and shrieking, "Alas for him!" while the wives and near relations of the deceased tore their hair, and constantly ejaculated sorrowing expressions of "O my only one!" O my father!" O my misfortune!" &c. The whole village was in a state of gloom and sadness. The men stood with folded arms and with sorrowful faces in groups at the doors of their huts, and the wailing sounds of sorrow were constantly repeated with great loudness, and without a moment's cessation. The same custom of mourning women seems to have been prevalent in this land in the time of Jeremiah—"Consider ye, and call for the mourning women, that they may come; and send for cunning women, that they may come. And let them make haste and take up a wailing for us, that our eyes may run down with tears, and our eyelids gush out with water."—ch. 9. This humble village is the modern representative of the ancient Cana of Galilee, and it was upon this very spot, where the funeral ceremony was now going on, that our Saviour "was called, and his disciples to the *marriage*." The monks show here some ruins, which they pretend are the remains of the very building in which the marriage was celebrated; and in the adjoining little Greek church, supported by the contributions of distant devotees, they pretend to show one of the identical "water pots of stone," which contained "the water that was made wine!" On this spot was born Nathaniel, afterwards called Bartholomew; and here it was that the nobleman from Capernaum met Jesus and besought him, "Come down, ere my son die." The village appears half deserted, and many of the houses are tumbling to pieces. An old man, who accompanied us down the hill, said that all the inhabitants were a short time back seized and examined, and the young men, the most valuable portion of the population, that employed in tillage, were carried away for soldiers, and decrepit old men and boys only were left.

From Kenneh we ascended the mountains by a rugged path, and crossed over a succession of solitary undulating hills. We gained the crest of the ridge, and after descending a short distance, and turning sharp round a projecting angle of the mountain, we came full in sight of Naszera, which was seated directly opposite us in a bend of the mountains, and was surrounded by groves of olive trees. Below extended a small well-cultivated plain, and the town, with the Latin convent, and the minarets of the mosque, stretching along the mountain sides, and backed by bold eminences, presented rather an imposing appearance.

The muleteer shouted, *Naszera Naszera! bucksheesh, bucksheesh!* significantly rubbing his fore-finger and his thumb together, and the poor Pappas, throwing himself off his horse on his knees, fell prostrate on the ground, and burst into a flood of tears, continually shouting, "*Naszera, Naszera! O Christos, Christos!* There was a sincerity of feeling about the old man which was very touching. He walked down the hill barefoot, with his hat and shoes in one hand, and his crutch in the other; his body was reverently bent, and he continued saying his prayers, and constantly ejaculating "*Naszera! Naszera!* with his eyes intently fixed upon the spot. I felt quite ashamed to sit my horse, so I got off and walked too. On reaching the bottom of the descent, and proceeding a few hundred yards on the plain, we came to a fountain on the borders of a small olive grove, around which was collected a large and most picturesque group of girls with water pitchers. Some were collected in knots of three and four, chatting and laughing; some with empty pitchers were pushing and scrambling to get first at the water; some were balancing and adjusting the filled pitchers on their heads, resting them on a little cushion, and others were toiling along the narrow pathway through the olive trees, under a heavy load of the precious element.

These damsels were attired in a very pretty costume, similar to the indoor dress of the Turkish ladies. They had long loose trousers, an under vest of white, and a jacket tight round the arms to the elbow, where it was slit open, forming two lappets, which hung gracefully down on either side. Over these was worn a long blue garment, and tresses of dark hair, interwoven with silk braids, and beads trailed to a great length behind them. Their feet were bare; round their ankles was fastened a brightly polished iron ring; and the steadiness and stateliness of their walk, and the gracefulness of their carriage, were very striking. A long scarf or veil hung from the back of their heads nearly to the ground; their faces were entirely uncovered, and the inside of their eyelids was stained with *kohle*, which gave a soft and pleasing expression to their large dark eyes. We ascended a path skirting along an olive grove, passed through a part of Naszera, and shortly after sunset we arrived at the Latin convent, a handsome and extensive building of stone. We were admitted through a gateway into a large court, where several healthy-looking Naszerene Christian boys, the pupils of the worthy friars, were at play. The three pilgrims, with wallets on their backs, who had accompanied me thus far, were stopped at the gate, which surprised me, as I had understood that all poor pilgrims were entitled to three days' accommodation gratis. The friars, however, I was told, finding them to be Greeks, had despatched them all to the neighbouring Greek convent. A bald-headed friar conducted me up a stone staircase, through long white-washed passages, dotted with little doors leading into the cells of the monks, which were surmounted by pictures of the Virgin Mary and of saints. I was shown into a little room paved with brick, and furnished with a deal table, a crucifix with an image of our Saviour nailed upon it, a picture of the Virgin Mary, and one solitary chair. It appeared luxurious and comfortable after my late accommodations, and the good monk departed with a speedy promise of supper. I threw open the windows, and let the soft balmy air of evening into the room, which appeared to have been closed for months. One solitary star twinkled in the east, while a soft saffron flush of light still extended along the distant eminences of Mount Carmel. A few Arabs were seen coming home with their dromedaries on the plain below, and the boys in the courtyard were still making the air resound with their joyful shouts and acclamations.

Nov. 15th.—At sunrise I went to matins in the beautiful church of the convent, the interior of which is very magnificently decorated. The pealing of the organ, and the voices of the choir had an imposing effect, and the scanty christian congregation, kneeling around the marble steps of the high altar, presented an interesting scene in this land of unbelievers. After the service, a worthy friar, clad in a simple brown woollen garment, with a rosary in his hand, offered to conduct me to the different sacred sites about Nazareth.

It is a pity that the Catholic priesthood should impose in the way they do on the credulity of their followers, by identifying localities, and pretending to show miracles, which are such manifest cheats, to attract pilgrims. These impositions have on some a bad effect, and only tend to unsettle their faith in Christianity. Behind the altar of this church is a grotto, where the priests pretend to show the parlour, the bedroom, and the kitchen of the Virgin, and a chink in which the child Jesus hid himself from his persecutors. At the entrance of the cavern they show a column fastened to the roof, the lower part of which has been broken off. This they declare to be suspended by a miracle, and it was broken, say they, at the annunciation to the Virgin, and has ever since remained thus miraculously suspended. When the Mussulmans see poor deluded objects crowding to kiss and reverence this pillar, and inquire the reason and hear the tale, and are moreover told that the poor pilgrims obtain indulgences, and expect remission of sins for so doing, what must they think of the religion that propagates such weak notions? The worthy friar, however, who was my cicerone, I must say, seemed a good honest fellow, and he appeared really to believe the trifling tales he related; so when he asked me to come and see "Joseph's *workshop*," I could not refuse, although the listening to these fabrications interferes with the indulgence of the legitimate associations which the spot is calculated to awaken. Entering a little white-washed chapel, we were shown a raised platform of stone, on which the friar told me Joseph worked, and some old masonry, which he said was part of his house!

After this little exhibition he took me to the Mensa Christi, or "Table of Christ," as it is called—an enormous flat stone, surrounded by a chapel, on which it is positively affirmed that Christ ate with the apostles. From hence we went to the reputed synagogue, where our Savour preached, "and where all they in the synagogue when they heard the things which were spoken, were filled with wrath." We had to wait for the key, which was in the hands of the *schismatic Greeks*, as they are styled by the worthy monks, who do not allow the Latin fathers the credit of the custody of all the sacred places. It is a small, dismal, dark, dungeon-like place, and was built, no doubt, much more than a thousand years after the event recorded took place.

At ten o'clock in the morning I mounted on horseback, and rode to Mount Tabor, the reputed scene of the Transfiguration. We crossed the valley to the eastward of Naszera, which is slightly cultivated, and dotted with olive trees. We ascended and descended hills and downs, covered with blue and white crocuses, and in about an hour we had a fine view of Mount Tabor—a conical hill, covered with grass, flowers, and clumps of trees. The country was everywhere solitary; not a house or village could be seen, and a shepherd and a boy tending a few goats were the only human beings visible. We pushed our horses through shrubs and plantations of the Valonea oak to the summit of the mount. Here we found the ruins of a town, surrounded by fragments of a wall, and a ditch. Inside appear some remains of ancient buildings, and there are many subterranean cisterns, lined with a fine white hard stucco, one of which I found filled with clear, limpid water: its presence was perfectly imperceptible, and I was surprised, on jumping down to some large stones, to find myself up to my knees in water. There are trees and shrubs, and patches of grass, scattered among these ruins; and it is a quiet, pleasant, and romantic spot. The view embraces a wide extent of country, vast plains and ranges of mountains, but all are silent and solitary. To the southward extends the vast flat plain of Esdraelon, parched and bare, and of a dusky brown tint; not a single village can be discovered from this eminence chequering its wide extended surface, no traces of cultivation, nor could we anywhere discover a single herd of cattle browsing the burnt-up pasture. The ridge of Mount Carmel closed the view to the west. To the southward extended the blue outline of the "mountains of Israel," and to the east the more elevated and broken summits of the mountains of Gilboa. Turning to the northward, a very small portion of the blue waters of the Lake of Tiberias, hemmed in by rugged sterile mountains, may be distinguished; also the summit of Gebel Hattyn, called the Mount of Beatitude by the priests and pilgrims who are enjoined to visit it, as the mount from whence our Saviour taught his disciples, (St. Matthew v.) and the lofty summit of the Djebel Sheikh, tipped with snow. I was shown the ruins of a little chapel, built to record the scene of our Lord's Transfiguration, when Jesus took "Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up unto a high hill apart, and was transfigured before them."

We rode at a rapid pace back to Naszera, and on reaching the plain in front of the village I dismounted, and walked to the fountain at the end of the olive grove, to attempt to sketch some of the numerous damsels who were constantly coming and going for water. At even time this fountain presents a most lively and picturesque scene. It is the only public supply of water belonging to the place, and the precious element trickles from a spout, in rather a scanty stream, into a marble trough, which appears to have been an ancient sarcophagus. Here the young girls may be seen standing, many deep, and frequently struggling and quarrelling for precedence, as they approach the water. In the whole country hitherto I have not seen so many pretty women; their dress is remarkably graceful and picturesque. The loose robe or pelisse worn over their wide-flowing trousers is either white, blue, red, or striped, according to fancy; the large scarf or veil hanging from the top of the head is gracefully twisted over the girdle behind, and then falls down nearly to the heels; this appears to be done to diminish the inconvenience and weight of its length. Some, instead of a shawl wound round the waist, had a broad girdle fastened in front with large metal clasps. Around the top of the head was tied a handkerchief, fastened in a knot at the back part, with the two ends falling gracefully down towards the shoulders; under this extended a fillet of gold or silver coins strung together, and some had coins round their ankles instead of the polished iron ring; their feet were bare, and their toe-nails were tinged with henna; blue marks were stained on their arms; but the most peculiar adornment consisted of a small gold or silver stud let through their noses; this looked like the polished head of a nail, and appeared just as if a nail had been driven right through the nose. They are probably the *nose jewels* mentioned by the Prophet Isaiah: "In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet. . . . . . *the rings*, and *the nose jewels*."

As I sat on a stone attempting to sketch the scene, a considerable sensation was excited among the ladies by my proceedings: they collected together in groups, and, urged on by an irrepressible curiosity, that general failing of the fair sex, they pushed one another forwards, laughing and whispering, to within a few feet of where I sat. After pausing for some time, as if afraid to come nearer, two girls left the party and made a circuit to get behind me, when they advanced on tip-toe, and were just preparing to peep over my shoulders, and the rest were on the point of advancing, equally determined to satisfy their curiosity, when I gave a shout, and shut the book with a loud clap. The confusion and fright that ensued were ludicrous: the women dropped their pitchers, and took to their heels, uttering the loudest screams; some tumbled into holes, and some tumbled over each other: the greater part ran into the olive grove; and when the first panic had subsided, and they turned and saw me in the same position I had previously occupied with my book in my hand, that I was neither turned into an *effreet* or a devil, and that nobody was running after them, their fright was changed into convulsions of laughter; some sat down on the ground holding their sides, and some rolled in the dust almost suffocated. Mutual accusations then arose, as to which ran first and fastest; those who had dropped their pitchers came back to pick them up, and the others went on to the village, where they stopped every group of girls whom they met coming down, to tell the story.

From Naszera it is rather more than an hour's ride to the ruins of Sepphoris, the ancient Zippor described by Josephus as being in his time the largest city of Galilee. The road winds among the lofty elevations immediately behind Naszera, and offers to the eye extensive views of wide plains and undulating districts, with ranges of distant blue mountains; but no villages, or even scattered habitations, meet the view—the country is lonely, and destitute of inhabitants. Some foundations of walls and ruined fortifications, scattered around a lofty hill mark, the site of Sepphoris; they are probably the remains of buildings erected in the time of Herod, who rebuilt and fortified the city after its destruction by Varus. The principal object which strikes the eye is a round tower on the hill, which was once the Acropolis, the only remnant of a fortification which once crowned the lofty eminence. The principal ruin is that of a Gothic church, which, from some of the carved stone-work still remaining, appears to have been a richly and elegantly decorated edifice.

Nov. 16.—We left Naszera at an early hour for D'jenneen—eight hours distant. We passed near the spot which the monks pretend is the identical place to which our Saviour was led when "the Nazarenes rose up and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill, that they might cast him down headlong." After riding among undulating hills for about an hour, we emerged from a rocky pass, and entered upon the broad flat expanse of the great plain of Esdraelon, called at the present day Merdi Ib'n Aámer. It is bounded to the east by the distant mountains of Gilboa, and is silent and solitary over its wide extent, presenting an appearance very similar to the desert plains leading to Palmyra. It possesses a most fertile soil; and the rich black mould, parched and dusty, was covered with a dense and luxuriant crop of tangled thistles and weeds, about three feet high, the light downy seeds of which were blown about in every direction by the wind. In no part over the wide surface of this lifeless plain could a tree be seen, a single village, a single town, a single cultivated enclosed field, or any solitary human habitation.

After riding for two long hours, the muleteer pointed out to me some shapeless masses of mud walls, near the road-side, as the ruins of Mizra, once an inhabited and populous village—now not the vestige of a habitation is traceable; the ruined earthen walls are mantled over with thistles and weeds, and the spot remains solitary and deserted, excepting when the wandering shepherds halt with their dromedaries, or with an occasional flock of goats, at the well on the south side of the place, to draw water. By the brink of this well may be seen the fragments of a solitary sarcophagus of gray stone, upon one of which is sculptured a festoon of wreathed branches and leaves; it was probably used there as a trough for watering the cattle. We pursued our way through the tall thistles and the rank vegetation, which had been killed and dried by the hot summer's sun, for another hour, when we discerned two men, a dromedary, and a few goats, which were the first animated objects, excepting a few birds and insects, which we had encountered since leaving Naszera. To the left of the road were a mound, some crumbling mud huts, and part of a wall once constructed for defence; this, I understood, was the village of Fooli. Pushing my horse through the weeds and thistles, I rode up to the small mound, and found nothing but a heap of ruinous earthen walls; there was not a single inhabitant visible. Surprised at the desolate aspect of the spot, I rode with my servant to a well a few yards distant, where two solitary men were watering their goats by means of a leathern bucket attached to a rope, and, dismounting, I sat on the stone at the well's mouth, and conversed with the two lonely individuals.

They were shepherds in the habit of tending their flocks in the plain of Esdraelon, and of frequenting the neighbouring wells for water to their herds. They affirmed that they could recollect when there were several villages scattered over the plain, which are now in ruins, and destitute of inhabitants. A mile to the west there was the village of Affooli, and two miles to the east Nouri, both of which are now nearly or quite deserted. My servant, who got into familiar conversation with them, gave the sum of their observations and opinions on the causes of the present desolate and deserted aspect of this rich and extensive tract of country.

"Under the Sultan," said they, "the inhabitants got no protection, for all this land is open to the Jordan, and the Bedouin Arabs were making continual incursions from the desert to the eastward of that river, pasturing their cattle on the plain, and carrying off the flocks of the inhabitants; whilst the Pashas, who ought to have afforded protection, quarrelled and fought among themselves, levied contributions on the inhabitants, and frequently brought over bodies of Bedouins, who were retained in their pay to fight their battles and pillage the country. People might sow seed," said they, "but nobody could tell who would cut down the corn; the crops might be seized by a sudden incursion of the Arabs of the Jordan, who retired as quickly as they came with the booty, or by a band of marauding cavalry." In short, in the beautiful language of Jeremiah, "they got their bread at the peril of their lives, because of the *sword of the wilderness*."

Whilst the muleteer was giving the horses and mules some water at the well, and a mouthful of dry grass, I strolled towards the crumbling mud walls and the mound of rubbish, formerly a populous village. From the slight elevation the eye wandered over the desolate plain, covered with dry tangled herbs and thistles; not a single village nor an inhabited dwelling could be discovered in any direction. This great plain of Jezreel or Esdraelon, the *μεγα πεδιον*, is celebrated in Scripture as the most fertile part of the land of Canaan; and in the distribution made by Joshua it fell to the lot of the tribe of Issachar. It was on this plain that Sisera was discomfited "with all his chariots, and all his host, by the edge of the sword before Barak." Sisera had been told that Barak, the son of Abinoam, was gone up to Mount Tabor, "and Sisera gathered together all his chariots, even *nine hundred chariots of iron*."* There is now no such thing as a carriage or chariot in the whole country, nor a single carriage road. What a contrast does the present aspect of the land bear to its past state! Where now are the towns and villages mentioned in the Roman Itineraries, the numerous "*viæ publicæ*," or "highways," therein enumerated, and the population and productions of time past, "when the whole land was full of horses, neither was there any end of chariots?"

Soon after mid-day we continued our journey along the narrow bridle-track across the plain. In about two hours the site of the ruined village of Zaraheen was pointed out on a slight eminence to the left of the road, and in about another hour we passed close to where, according to our muleteer, once stood the village of Oum Kehli: nothing but a slight mound is perceptible. The country now became more barren, and we were traversing a dry stony district broken into slight undulations; near the road-side were pointed out a ruined mosque and some white-washed tombs. Wearied with the monotonous journey, we were delighted in about half an hour with the picturesque appearance of some small white-washed cupolas and minarets rising above a screen of green foliage. It was the village of D'jenneen. At four o'clock we came to a large fountain on the outskirts of the village, the water of which is brought by an aqueduct from the mountains behind; it runs out of three orifices in a stone wall into a large stone trough, where some dromedaries, horses, and cattle, were eagerly drinking. A few women in the blue Arab shirt, with their arms covered with beads and bracelets, were filling their pitchers, and we pulled up to water our horses. The Greek Pappas, the lame Damascene, with his grisly beard, his crutch, and his two ladies, went with the muleteer to some mud houses to find a night's lodging, and I was left at the fountain to meditate upon the interesting oriental scene it presented. Some boys were leading a few dromedaries into the village, and successive groups of women came down with their water pitchers, squatted by the brink of the stream, and ladled the water into them with their hands, talking and chatting the while, and manifesting a liveliness and vivacity widely different from the grave taciturnity of the men. On a long stone bench, squatted with their legs under them, sat a party of Arabs smoking; and in an open space some untractable dromedaries, screeching and grunting, were being made to kneel down to be divested of their baggage. A Turkish horseman, on a beautiful white Arab steed, in scarlet housings, trotted up, made a courteous *salaam*, and passed on—it was the son of the pasha of Acre.

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* Judges iv.

Impatient of the non-arrival of the muleteer, I called an Arab to conduct me to the Sheikh. "*Eywah*," says he, "*taieeb, taieeb*;" and entering the village we traversed a narrow path winding between mud houses, and found the Sheikh sitting in front of his house on a platform of sunburnt brick covered with mats; and on either side of him there was a group of people, who, like Mordecai of old, had obtained the privilege of sitting at the king's gate. Their shoes were placed decently in rows along the edge of the matting, and each gentleman was vigorously pulling at a pipe, and puffing clouds of smoke from his mouth and nostrils. The Sheikh, handsomely attired, was lounging back on a cushion, placed between himself and the wall of his house, and in his hand he held a nargilleh, which, in a fit of pomposity, neglecting the common courtesy maintained in the East among equals, he neither drew from his mouth, nor did he deign to salute me as I approached. In going before these local authorities, care must be taken not to pay them any deference which may imply a sense of inferiority in yourself, and experience had taught me that every one in this country must exact for himself the degree of consideration he is justly entitled to, or submit to be treated with coolness and contempt. I therefore told my servant to make way for me with his long stick, and I immediately pushed through some people who were waiting to have a cause decided, stepped on to the platform, and seated myself on the mat opposite the Sheikh, and then wished him a very good evening. His opinion of me was, as is always the case in like circumstances, much improved by this manœuvre; and putting his hand on his breast, and then lifting it to his turban, he returned my salutation with cordiality and politeness.

"You have enlightened the house by your presence," said he; to which I made him a low bow, and told my servant to ask how he was.

"Happy," says he; "and you also?"

"Very happy," said I.

"You are comfortable?"

"I am very comfortable."

After this little colloquy we proceeded to business, and telling Evangela to produce his firman and letter, he ceremoniously untied a bit of greasy string, and handed them to the Sheikh, who put them into the hands of the secretary to read. At this instant a little pale-faced fellow, with a black beard, pushed through the crowd, and in broken, almost unintelligible Italian, announced himself as the Sheikh's interpreter. I told the gentleman that we had no occasion for his services, as we were much better interpreters than he was; however the Sheikh, considering him a proper appendage to his courtly dignity, ordered him to seat himself in the centre of the circle, and report what the *frangi* said to each other, meaning myself and servant, in their strange language. The papers were read at full length with great pomposity. The Sheikh looked doubly important, and every one was very attentive. The last word being uttered, and the papers being folded, the Sheikh, elevating his nose in the air, and discharging through his dilated nostrils a long and almost never-ending stream of white smoke, at last opened his mouth and spoke—

"May your days be prolonged!" said he. Then taking another very long whiff of tobacco, he ejaculated, "We are bound to obey you." Again he pulled away at his pipe, and then regarding me with a look of complacency—"What do you want?" said he.

"A good night's lodging."

"*Taieeb*," says he, "*taieeb*—good, good. Mousa, Mousa," were shouted, and then "Abdallah, Abdallah;" and a black man in a long scarlet cloak, and with a large silver ring on his finger, answering to the name, was sent off with directions to have a house, which was named, prepared for my reception; while I was in the mean time requested to sit still, and a pipe was brought.

"Yŏu are a very long way from your country," says the Sheikh.

"True," said I.

"Does your sultan pay you to come here?"

"No."

"What makes you come, then?"

"Curiosity."

"What's that?"

"Why, a desire to see your country, your towns, and your villages."

"You have much finer in your own land. We are all very poor, and you are all very rich. We don't understand why you should take the trouble of coming so far, unless you are paid for it. What is that book?"

"A sketch-book;" handing it to him.

"Does your sultan pay you for what you put into that book?

"No."

"Who does then?"

"Nobody."

"Wonderful people these Frangi, to take so much trouble for nothing!" said the Sheikh, turning to his friends, who all nodded assent.

"And what is that gentleman doing?" said I, pointing to the secretary, who held a long string of beads in his hands. The individual referred to replied, that whenever he pronounced the name of Allah, or made use of a holy expression, he numbered the same by letting fall one of the beads.

"How many have you scored in the present day?"

"Hundreds," was the reply.

"And who pays you for that?"

He pointed to heaven, and *was silent.*

After this short dialogue, the Sheikh addressed himself to the people who were standing in the street below, respecting a question in dispute between them. The foremost of the party was a tall figure, who had a silver signet on his finger, marked with his initials, bracelets on his wrists, and a long white staff in his hand, such as Judah is described in Genesis to have had when he asked his daughter-in-law "What pledge shall I give thee? She said, "Thy signet, and thy bracelets, and the staff that is in thine hand."

The Sheikh quoted a passage out of the Korân to the angry disputants, advised them to go home and settle the matter, and if they could not agree during the night, to present themselves again before him an hour after daylight.

When the messenger arrived, I rose and took leave of the Sheikh amid mutual protestations of friendship. I was conducted by winding paths to a house of sunburnt brick, and mounting up a narrow staircase, my approach was announced to several women on the terrace above, who fled like lightning. Crossing the terrace, the floor of which was of dry earth well beaten together, I was shown to a small room, which had been cleanly swept and covered with matting. The master of the house saluted me by first touching my hand and then his own breast and forehead. A large fire was kindled, and while my servant was busy preparing dinner, I strolled out to enjoy the short remnant of daylight.

Outside the village are some gardens fenced with hedges of cactuses of enormous size, the stems of which are larger than a man's body. These gardens contain a few lemon trees and some palms. Their principal productions are vegetables, radishes, and Indian corn, several fields of which last are spread in different directions around the village. Beyond this small circle of cultivation extended a treeless and uncultivated country, bounded to the south by a line of bare rocky eminences, which rose immediately behind the village. The lonely and desolate aspect, however, of all this country is softened down by the warm colouring of the south, and its more forbidding features are smoothed away by the beauty of the heavens, the blue sky, and the cheerful sunbeam. The pleasing pastoral scenes too generally witnessed near a cultivated spot present exact copies of those often so vividly depicted in holy writ, and of the customs and practices in this same land in the earliest times of which we have any record. As I strolled along the solitary valley to the southward of D'jenneen, I observed some camels kneeling at the side of a well; and a goatherd, with a leathern bucket, was drawing water and emptying it into a stone trough, at which the goats were struggling to drink. Close to the fountain near the village was congregated a group of women and young girls; some were filling their water pitchers at the stream which bubbled up from the rocks, and others were walking up the narrow pathway leading to the village, with their pitchers neatly balanced, without any support, on the top of their heads. The village, situated on the edge of the wide lonely plain, has a most peculiar appearance from a distance; numerous low domes, two or three solitary whitewashed minarets, with some tall slender palm trees, are seen rising above the square earthen houses, some of which are set off with a species of open gallery, or verandah. D'jenneen, anciently called Ginaia, is supposed to be the Geman of Josephus, the frontier town of Samaria, on the border of Galilee, on the edge of "The Great Plain," which is mentioned to have been the scene of a great battle fought between the Galileans, who were going to the Feast of Tabernacles at Jerusalem, and the natives. I strolled into the small Moslem cemetery, and was shown the ruins of a Christian convent. Within the precincts of the solitary burying-ground is a small white-washed building with a dome. It is a mosque erected for prayer: the simple marble monuments of the Mussulmans are scattered around it, generally surmounted by a sculptured marble turban, and having often the name of the deceased engraved thereon, with some appropriate motto from the Korân, written in gilded characters. Some one or two Moslem women were as usual wandering among the tombs; and I seated myself on one of the loose fragments of rock, which lie scattered in different directions, to survey the lonely prospect, and the striking view of the village, the gardens, the distant mountains, and the desert. The distinctness of vision, the beauty of the heavens, and the repose and quiet which characterise an eastern evening, must always leave an enduring impression upon the mind of the northern stranger. One bright solitary star was already visible in the east, and the whole sky possessed that transparent blue, and that peculiar brilliancy and clearness, only to be seen in these dry southern latitudes. A deep purple tinge stretched along the distant hills, and over the surface of the extended solitary plain; and the song of the camel-driver or the tinkling of the camel-bell, which proceeded at intervals from a caravan sluggishly advancing along the stony road below me, were the only sounds which disturbed the impressive silence and stillness of the evening.

On returning to the house, I found a cheerful fire burning on the flat terrace, and three females were seated round it, poking the burning sticks with their fingers. On seeing me, they seemed to be in great perplexity whether they should run away or remain. One of them was quite a young girl, with long raven tresses, which were braided together, and hung down her back, interwoven with little black silk cords, and small white shells. She was very lightly dressed; and her figure was displayed to the greatest advantage. Her feet and legs were bare, and so were her arms, and she wore a profusion of the customary ornaments, consisting of bracelets, anklets, and armlets of polished steel; she had, moreover, a huge string of glass beads twisted round her neck; and whilst she most carefully drew her face-veil across her countenance, so as to leave only the eyes and forehead visible, she exposed her bosom and a great part of her person in the most dreadful and dangerous manner. The women here really seem to think that, if they cover up the face, they have done all that modesty requires of them. A footstep being heard on the staircase, the women flew like lightning to a little door on the opposite side of the terrace. In getting through this door one of them tumbled, and the noise betrayed them; for the master of the house, who was coming up the staircase, no sooner saw me than his countenance was changed, and he went straight off to the little door, and walking in, he abused them in the most shameful and barbarous manner. After dinner I enjoyed a long conversation with this worthy gentleman. He was dressed in a dark-coloured robe, and held a rosary in his hand. He conversed about the unsettled state of Syria, the unpopularity of Ibrahim Pasha, the former persecution of the Christians in Palestine, and the troubles in which the country would be involved in case of the death of its present ruler. On returning to his apartment, which was divided from mine by a slender partition, he fell to his prayers, which were continued at intervals, and repeated in a loud tone, during the whole night.

Nov. 17. Two hours before sunrise, we left D'jenneen for Naplous. The morning was fresh and cold, and the stars were brilliant. Jupiter had just risen, and the large stars in the belt of Orion shone with uncommon brightness. We were on the road to Bethel, and in the same chapter of the Bible in which it is prophesied that "Bethel shall come to nought," Amos exhorts us to "seek him that maketh *the seven stars and Orion.*" We wound between lofty undulating hills, and when the sun rose, we were in a plain having a rich soil, but covered with weeds and thistles. Further on, however, there was some cultivation, and the shouts of men urging oxen in ploughing the ground gave an unusual cheerfulness and life to the journey.

Three hours from D'jenneen we passed Sanhoor, a small village, seated on an eminence, with a ruined castle, surrounded by some old Saracenic walls, famous for the siege it sustained against Djezzar Pasha. A few miles beyond this we passed Gibbah or Jabbaugh, a collection of mud dwellings, seated on a hill near the road-side. From the higher part of the mule-track we enjoyed a peep of the distant Mediterranean, and about midday we reached Beit Emireen. The country became more picturesque and peopled, and the plain was dotted with trees.

A circular ruin, picturesquely seated on the summit of a bold hill, studded with olive trees, just above us, was pointed out to me as Subaste, a corruption of the Sebaste built by Herod, on the site of the ancient Samaria, the imperial city of the ten tribes. The scenery here is novel and pleasing; the road winds along a valley partially cultivated, and bordered by bold eminences; and the general baldness of the country is here relieved by clumps of olive trees scattered along the hills. Leaving the horses, I ascended the steep eminence above, through olive woods, to the ruined church. After passing some large vaulted subterranean passages in front of the church, we came to a clump of miserable crumbling mud huts, called the village of Subuste, the modern representative of Sebaste, and of the ancient Samaria. We crossed an ancient paved court, and were shown some circular orifices, leading to subterranean ancient cisterns, nearly full of water. These cisterns were lined inside with a fine hard stucco. We were stopped at a small door by an Arab, who demanded an exorbitant sum as the price of admission to the ruined church, a building esteemed very sacred by Mussulmen, who have built a mosque inside. Finding we were not to be imposed upon, he lowered his demands, and we entered. This church was built by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, and it is said to be placed over the very prison in which John the Baptist was beheaded. The eastern end of the building is circular, and the roof is entirely gone. We were obliged, on entering, out of respect to the Moslems, to take off our shoes. The exterior walls of the church were tolerably perfect; the large arched windows were surrounded by a rich border of leaves and fantastic figures; and between each window was a highly ornamented column, of an order resembling the Corinthian.

The little mosque in the centre of the ruin is said to be erected over the very dungeon in which St. John was confined; it is paved with marble slabs, found amid the ruins of the church, and decorated with a few metal lamps. A flight of steps leads down to the grotto in which it is said St. John was executed, and from whence his head was brought in a charger, at the request of the dancing girl; it is a small square room, with niches in arched recesses, as if for the reception of corpses; and the whole has much the appearance of an ancient sepulchre.

To the northward and westward of this church are the ruins of the Sebaste of Herod. We were first conducted to fourteen or fifteen columns in a garden, without capitals, much buried by the accumulated soil, but still erect. On the other side of the hill, to the south-west of the village, I observed a long range of columns, apparently the remains of a portico; the columns extended at intervals for nearly a mile, and amounted, with the broken shafts still erect, to nearly seventy in number. They are all without capitals, and are much buried under an accumulation of loose stones. Large fragments of stone, rolled down the hill, lie scattered about in different directions among the olive trees skirting the valley. At the end of the columns are the ruins of an ancient gateway, and the whole must have once formed a handsome portico, somewhat similar in plan and arrangement, but much inferior in execution, to the porticos at Palmyra. Of this once magnificent city it is prophesied in Micah, "I will make Samaria as an heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard: and I will *pour down the stones thereof into the valley*, and I will discover the foundation thereof."

The first city erected on this spot was founded by Omri King of Israel. "And Omri bought the hill Samaria of Shemer for two talents of silver, and built on the hill, and called the name of the city which he built, Shemer, after the name of Shemer, the owner of the hill Samaria." During the reign of Ahab, son of Omri, "Benhadad, king of Syria, gathered all his host together; and there were thirty and two kings with him, and horses and chariots; and he went up and besieged Samaria." And such was the famine in the place, that *an ass's head* was sold for *fourscore pieces of gold.* The city was rebuilt and fortified by Herod, who called it Sebaste, and by Pliny it is called "*Subusta* on the mountains."* According to Josephus, "Herod built in the middle of the city a sacred edifice, which he adorned with all sorts of decorations, and therein erected a temple remarkable for its magnificence and beauty." The columns now seen at this spot are probably portions of the portico, which of yore led up to this sacred building.

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* Natural History, lib. v.

At two o'clock we again mounted our horses and rode through the plain to a fountain, the water of which crosses the road through an aqueduct of Roman construction. Here we halted to refresh the horses. After leaving the fountain, the marks of cultivation became more frequent. We met groups of men and women on horseback, and the eye was delighted by olive groves and gardens, men working in the fields, and women seated under the trees. The foliage and vegetation thickened as we advanced; and in rather less than two hours after leaving Samaria we came in sight of Naplous, the houses, minarets, and cupolas of which, on an eminence rising above a thick wood of rich foliage, presented a most imposing appearance. The luxuriant valley was enclosed by Mount Gerizim on the south, and Mount Ebal on the north. I paused at a fountain, around which were some broken columns and ruins of an ornamented building that had once been erected over it; and, after watering our horses, we proceeded on through the interesting and luxuriant valley.

A regiment of soldiers was parading on an open space outside the town; drums were beating, and bugles playing. Crossing the stream that waters this rich district, we entered the town through gardens filled with the orange, lemon, and the pomegranate, overshadowing a fruitful soil, covered with immense melons and radishes. Hearing there was an excellent khan, I proceeded thither through narrow streets, bordered by dark gloomy stone houses, and through a handsome arched bazaar, well stored with merchandise and thronged with people. I was most agreeably surprised with the appearance of the town and its delightful environs. It is, after Damascus, decidedly the finest place in all the country.

Passing through a large gateway behind a string of dromedaries, we entered the khan, and found ourselves in a large court surrounded by stone buildings; it was filled with a noisy crowd of dromedaries, who were grunting and making most discordant cries as their loads were being taken off their backs. In the centre of the court was a mosque; and around it groups of travellers, just arrived with a caravan from Cairo, were preparing their pipes for smoking. Along the ground-floor of the range of buildings enclosing the court extended a succession of arches, opening on stables for the beasts of burden; they supported a corridor above, communicating with numerous vaulted dungeon-like apartments, appropriated for the accommodation of travellers. A wooden key being produced, I was taken up a stone staircase to the corridor. We halted before an old worm-eaten door, and, after considerable scratching and pushing with the key, a wooden bolt was forced back, and we entered a vaulted stone chamber, more fit for a tomb than for the residence of a living man.

I forthwith took a guide to show me the lions of the place; and on passing through the gate of the khan, I was almost knocked down by a long string of donkeys, which came galloping down the bazaar, loaded with roots and vegetables; they were followed by various figures in blue shirts, grisly beards, having long sticks in their hands, and only one eye. The quantity of one-eyed people here, as at Damascus, sufferers from ophthalmia, is really appalling. We went to the ruins of the church of St. Helena, now forming part of a mosque, which has been erected within the sacred precincts of the ancient building. At the eastern end of the church, some pointed arched columns and a handsome window, are still distinguishable. There are altogether six mosques, four or five baths, and a Christian Greek church in the place. In the bazaars I observed numbers of the dried Damascene apricots, and salted pistachio nuts for sale. Some of the women, in straw-coloured scarfs and white veils, had a gay appearance. The houses, although gloomy, possess more of architecture, and have a more striking external appearance, than those of Damascus, from their being built of stone. Numerous gloomy old windows are pierced in them, fortified with stone bars. There were some extensive structures, with pointed Saracenic arches, and from many points of view these buildings, surrounded with trees, with the towers, minarets, and cupolas rising above them, had a most picturesque appearance. The gardens along the sides of Mount Gerizim are the most delightful in this treeless country. Leaving the town, I clambered by steep paths through orange and lemon trees loaded with fruit. In various parts fine streams of water were running down from the rocks above. I surveyed, from an elevated position, the fine vale, the eminences and ravines shaded with brilliant foliage, and the rich gardens, neatly cultivated with various sorts of vegetables, the most esteemed of which is a long red root, a species of radish, but of enormous size. These radishes, scraped and eaten with bread, form the principal diet of the greater portion of the population.

On returning to the khan, I was startled with the apparition of a most gigantic coffee-pot standing on four legs over a charcoal fire; it held three gallons of coffee, and supplied all the inmates of the khan, day and night, with the precious beverage. Some parties of travellers, consisting of men, women, and slaves, who had just arrived from different quarters, were wandering along the gloomy corridor of the upper story of the building, followed by a servant of the khan keeper, with a wooden key in his hand, who was showing them the different dungeon-like apartments which were still vacant. In the large court below was collected a picturesque group of Bedouin Arabs, who had just arrived with their camels from the eastward of the Jordan, from Szalt, in the country of ancient Gilead. They are the genuine descendants of those Ishmaelites, who, in ages long past, frequented the ancient Shechem, coming from Gilead with myrrh and spices, and unmoved amid all the chances and changes of human affairs. They present, at the present day, to the eye of the traveller, the same manners and characteristics as those of the ancient Ishmaelites, of whom we read in the Old Testament.

* To be continued.

DELAVAL O'DORNEY: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.[1]

About this time, after a long night of slavery and degradation, the sun of freedom shone forth once again upon the hills of Greece. Waking from her apathy and indifference to the cause of liberty, by her spirited defence against her oppressors, she revived the remembrance of her existence among the nations of Western Europe.

But it was not till the noble Byron advocated her cause, on which his muse has shed an undying lustre, that that deep and extraordinary interest was excited in her behalf, which led so many chivalrous auxiliaries to her classic shores, and ultimately induced the interference of the allied powers.

I need scarcely say that I was an ardent Philhellenist. I longed to join the struggling patriots; and side by side with the descendants of the heroes of Marathon and Platæa, beat back their slavish and barbarous oppressors from the native land of freedom. The late catastrophe, and my consequent temporary retirement from the university, afforded me a good opportunity to ask my uncle's leave to travel for a year or two on the continent, and I resolved to take advantage of this permission, and extend my tour as far as Greece. I had often heard Mr. Delaval dilate upon the advantages of foreign travel, and therefore anticipated but little opposition on his part.

Still, as I knew he would never sanction my ulterior design, I saw the necessity of caution; he had besides dwelt much of late upon the expediency of settling early in life when fortune has blessed us with sufficient means, and usually wound up his recommendation on this point with some very palpable allusions to my dear cousin, Emily Weston; and expressing his hope that at no distant day he might be able to lay aside his wig and gown, together with "the rude clamours of the bar," to share a quiet retirement in my domestic circle at Glencastle. Though my heart, notwithstanding my warm regard for Emily, unfortunately did not respond to these allusions, yet I could not bear the thought of disappointing what seemed a favourite project of one I had so much reason to love and respect; yet I am afraid that it was with the view of temporising, that, after turning over these matters in my mind, I one evening sought my uncle's study, and proposed to him my desire to go abroad. I found the old lawyer surrounded by deeds and papers, in the perusal of which he seemed to be attentively engaged as I entered, when he cast them aside.

"Ah, Eugene, my boy," began my kind old guardian, with much apparent pleasure, "I am glad you are come—these papers which I have been studying much concern you; and I have a great deal to say, which I have long desired a good opportunity of urging on your notice. Your interests and happiness are now the dearest objects I have at heart. Without children myself—though in you and our dear Emily I have long forgotten this—but for you both I would long since have retired. Years and increasing infirmities warned me to seek repose, and spend the evening of my days in calmer scenes; for your sakes, however, I have still struggled on, and a gracious Providence has blessed my efforts. Eugene, you know but little of the fortunes of those who gave you birth, and it is as well—it is enough to tell you now, that your father was unfortunate, unhappy." The old man was silent for a few moments; his mind seemed to wander back to other years, and tears filled his eyes, when he again spoke—'twas apostrophising the spirit of his departed kinsman. "Yes, Vincent," said he, "God has enabled me to fulfil the wishes dearest to thy heart while here upon earth. Under my eye thy son has grown up, I trust, worthy of thee and of our house; its ancient patrimony is restored, and soon again will the voice of merriment and song be heard in the halls of Glencastle." The old man gave himself up for a while to pleasing anticipations. "Eugene, my boy," said he, exultingly grasping my hand; "thou mayest yet be master of one of the noblest fortunes in the kingdom. Nay, who knows but our gracious prince will not revive the ancient earldom of Glencastle? The next gazette will contain the royal license for you to assume again the old sirname of O'Dorney, and as for my poor friend the count's mortgagees, there are their deeds to burn." He pointed to the pile of old deeds on the floor. Yes! my generous uncle, this was all thy work; for this had he exerted all the talents of his gifted mind, till finally he had succeeded in clearing off every existing encumbrance on the Glencastle estate.

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[1] Continued from vol. xxiv. p. 400.

I was filled with gratitude at these munificent instances of affection, and threw myself in his arms, calling him father.

"True, my dear boy, I hope I have been to thee a father; but if so, I have only done my duty, and do not deserve these thanks; but come, Eugene, I would now speak on a subject in which my dearest hopes for your welfare are centered." I trembled, for I knew to what his words were tending. "You are now in your twentieth year: my experience of life has led me to believe that, on the whole, early marriages, when formed under auspicious circumstances, are the happiest. You are the last of a noble name; the scion of an ancient house; and with you its future fortunes and the hopes of an heir must rest; to see you settled in the home of your fathers, and Glencastle restored to its olden splendour, has been long the cherished wish of my heart; but dearer even than this (as infinitely more precious such a blessing would prove to yourself) is my desire that Emily Weston may become your wife."

Though I expected this conclusion, yet I involuntarily started at it. "My dear uncle," said I, "you do not seem to calculate as to what may be the state of Miss Weston's feelings."

"Miss Weston!" repeated the old man, apparently displeased at the coldness of the appellation. "Emily! boy, Emily!—your little playmate—Emily—she loves you—loves you dearly; and dull you are not to see it. To her long affection for you, as towards an only brother, she has added the deep devotion and yearning fondness which woman's heart can only feel. Enough, boy,—I know this."

He seemed to wait for a reply, for an expression of joy and delight which I was far from feeling; but what was I to do? Was I, from some romantic notion that I had formed of perfect love, to blast with disappointment all the plans the best of fathers had so generously formed for our mutual happiness? I could offer nothing against Emily Weston—we had been together since childhood. I knew her goodness and gentleness of heart. In her person, too, she was more than pretty; there was a meek simplicity and retiring loveliness about her, that would have won upon a mind less imaginative than mine. Time, said I,—time, and other faces and scenes, will make me love her more, and give a warmth to my affection which I do not now feel. I determined to meet the views of my uncle, but to express a wish to travel for a year before our union.

"My dear uncle," said I, "no one is more sensible of Emily's worth than myself, and that in obeying your wishes, which I shall always do, I but secure my own happiness; but we are both very young, and it would be as well that I saw a little more of the world before our union."

A slight shade of sorrow passed over the clear and placid brow of my uncle.

"Eugene," said he, "I trust your wish to procrastinate is the result of prudent judgment, and not the want of affection; but it may be as well," continued he, thoughtfully: "you have, then, my consent to travel for a year or two on the continent; and though even that limited space, at my advanced period of life, has dangers and casualties which render prospects of the future doubly doubtful, yet, as Providence has left me a great portion of the vigour of youth, and otherwise exceedingly blessed me, I will hope to see you return to gladden my old heart, and, with my little Emily, give an heir to the honours of Glencastle. You must allow me, however, Eugene, to impose one limitation on your tour?"

"My dear uncle," I replied, "to me any wish of yours shall always be imperative."

"It may seem strange," he rejoined; "but although I would have you visit Italy, of all countries the most deeply interesting, I must except from your route the equally loved retreat of the ancient Roman, and modern Italian, the light Campania. Enough, my dear Eugene, that I have cause to wish that Naples should be blotted from your map of Italy."

Though a little struck at the time by the strangeness of this prohibition, which I imputed to some early prejudice on the part of my uncle, I readily acquiesced in it; and after consulting upon the necessary arrangements for my departure, I retired to seek Emily, and break to her the heavy tidings.

I told her of our late conversation and my uncle's wishes, and hoped that he had not misinterpreted her feelings towards me. How ingenious was her reply—"Her father knew that as a child she had always called and loved me as her brother; and now, though she knew that I was not her brother, she still loved me."

She turned from my gaze, hung down her head, and blushed. I thought she had never looked so beautiful—I felt that moment as if I loved her—I caught her to my breast, and kissed her forehead.

Poor Emily! she was happy in the possession, as she thought, of the love of that being in whose happiness her own was so much interested.

Emily Weston was at this time what most men would call a very pretty girl. She was very fair, with light blue eyes; her hair was a dark auburn, her features very small and beautifully formed, her figure graceful and slight; but, with all these charms, she wanted, as I thought, erroneously judging from her extreme gentleness of manner, that decision of character, and loftiness of soul, which I looked for in the confidante of all my hopes and feelings. I would then have rather mated with a spirit which would have warred with mine, than with one without volition, exhibiting eternally the same submissive meekness and obedience to my will. I will pass over the pain which the thought of our separation gave to Emily and my kind old uncle, and ultimately the still greater anguish caused by my departure itself.

Few can witness for the first time their native land fade from their view, without experiencing those melanchloly feelings which the many endearing recollections of home and former years so painfully excite, embittered by the reflection, that we may be looking for the last time upon its receding shore; and, in my case, a more than ordinary degree of doubt hung upon my future course. Unknown to those whom I had so much reason to love, I was about to engage in a perilous enterprise, inexperienced in war, with only a train of two followers, to take part in a sanguinary struggle; and what had I to support me under these misgivings—the feelings of an enthusiast! But, actuated by these, no difficulty or danger could shake my resolution. Next to the crusade for the recovery of the holy sepulchre, I looked upon the expedition which I was about to join as the noblest that ever was proposed to the bold and the free. Still I could not help feeling a cold sinking of the heart, as I caught the last glimpse of the Wicklow mountains; as, gleaming beneath the beams of the setting sun, they mingled and lost themselves in the "dewy skies" of my native isle.

The sun went down upon that isle—the last of European lands that receives his parting ray—and with him the light of my life seemed to have departed. I felt a foreboding that there, with the friends of my youth, I had left all that I should ever know of domestic joys—of home—of kindred.

I stopped only a few days in London, but during that time I took care to procure letters of introduction from the Greek committee, lately formed there, to Prince Mavrocordato, and others of the Greek leaders, and some English Philhellenists of note. From the French capital I travelled *mal poste* to Genoa. Though greatly struck, as few would not have been, with the magnificence which still distinguishes "Genoa the superb," its marble palaces and splendid bay, my mind was so completely filled with ardour to take part in the struggle in Greece, as to withdraw my thoughts from all that surrounded me. Nor could the recollection of all the glory of the Dorias detain me an hour in Genoa that could be avoided.

I found a very fine Ionian brigantine, under English colours, lying in the harbour, bound for Corfu; and as so favourable an opportunity was not to be lost, I agreed with the captain for a passage and the use of his after cabin. As I opened an account with a banker here, I settled that he should be the medium of forwarding my letters to me through his correspondent at Corfu. I was returning from the port on the evening previous to my leaving Genoa, after making my final arrangements with the captain of the brigantine, when, on entering one of the narrow streets which lead upward into the town, a cry for help, and the clashing of swords, fell on my ear. I quickened my pace, but, before arriving at the scene of action, a boy, dressed as a page and carrying a valisse, from whom the cry seemed to have proceeded, accosted me, and soon made me aware of the cause of this alarm; the count, his master, was set upon and now engaged in deadly encounter with two bravoes in the adjoining street. A moment more and I reached the scene of conflict: it was with difficulty, however, that I distinguished the position of the combatants; for the darkness of a long and narrow street was only partially relieved by the feeble and uncertain rays of a lamp burning at some distance before an image of the Virgin. A tall and apparently powerful man, with his back against a wall, was vigorously defending himself against two assailants, who seemed, on the other hand, unprepared for so spirited a defence, and to be more intent upon tiring out their formidable opponent than offensively assailing him. I carried neither sword nor pistol, but with the common night preserver, which had so often stood my friend, I struck one of the strangers a heavy blow upon his shoulder, which disarmed him; the other did not wait the issue of a more equal conflict, but fled. The police now came up, and the wounded bravo was committed to their charge. The stranger then advanced, and offered me, with that high-bred and easy dignity which distinguishes true nobility everywhere, his acknowledgment for the service which I had rendered him. He had escaped uninjured—thanks, as he said, to my timely aid. After again assuring me of his friendship and gratitude, he handed me his card, saying, "I cannot, signior, at the same time that I give you this, promise you any present evidence of my esteem in the way of hospitality. I am a migratory being, without settled home or homestead. I have been stopping here these few months past, and am now about to embark for Naples, where I usually spend the winter and spring months; my family and domestics are already on board the packet; but if I knew to whom I was indebted—"

"I require no return, count," I replied, interrupting him; "I only did what every Englishman deems a duty."

"Ha! *you are* English then," rejoined the count, in a harsh quick tone; "I thought so. Still take my earnest thanks for your gallantry, and now farewell, sir—perhaps we may meet again;" and having beckoned his page to follow him, he hurried towards the port. Imputing this sudden and rude conclusion of our interview, on the part of the stranger, to some national antipathy and prejudice, or to that general readiness with which men forget services when the occasion which called them forth is past, I glanced at the card, which merely bore the name of Count St. Maurice, which I remarked as not being altogether Italian, and dismissed the affair from my thoughts.

Next day I went on board the Spartan brigantine; and in the evening the captain got under way, and loosing our sails we stood out with the evening breeze from the beautiful Bay or Gulf of Genoa. I was not altogether a novice in nautical matters; nature had given me a strong liking for the sea, and made me impervious to sea-sickness. I had been in the habit of accompanying a friend who kept a yacht at Dunleary in his excursions; and being rather observant in noticing the management of the sails, the steering, &c., I soon profited by my attention, and these causes made me now feel pleasure in the prospect of our voyage. The next morning, on going upon deck, I found we were passing through the narrow Strait between Corsica and Elba; one the birth-place, the other for a time the gilded prison of Napoleon. How many, and how bitter, must have been his reflections, when he gazed from the place of his exile on the sterile hills of his native land! What! did the child, which that barren island cradled, attain to manhood, and fill the world with his glory; whose name, mightier than Alexander's of old, made the kings of the earth, from the despot of Moscow to the emir seated on the throne of the caliphs, tremble as they pronounced it; was this child of empire, who seemed to the nations the minister of Fate, here at the last to become a petty prince, counting his territories in acres,—and worse, far worse, that appellation once the watchword of the brave, sink into a meanly royal name? No! one more mighty effort was to be made, and Waterloo attests the rest—the aspiring eagle soared for the last time, and again was chained upon a sea-girt rock.

We now lost sight of the Italian shores, and were stretching across the Gulf of Venice, when we encountered one of those heavy gales from the south-east, accompanied by a rough rolling sea, which often rather rudely disturbs the smooth surface of the "Adrian wave," and disagreeably surprises travellers, who have formed rash opinions of Mediterranean navigation. We were soon reduced to our storm-sails, the spray came dashing from the bows, sweeping fore and aft the decks of the brigantine. She pitched, but met the seas gallantly, topping them like a sea-fowl. The winds whistled mournfully through the shrouds—masts and bulkheads creaked. For myself, I felt my spirits rise with the elemental war, and the proud consciousness of the superiority of man's genius to the powers of nature.

I was going below, but ere I could descend the companion ladder, the brigantine gave a sudden and heavy lurch to leeward, and I was thrown headlong into the cabin—I lay stunned for some moments.

"O God!" cried my servant, who pitched from the cot where he had been lying, grasped the table in the centre of the cabin with both hands, "she is going over."

"Ease her," roared the captain on deck to the steersman; but he heeded or understood not. "Up with the helm, you lubber—quick! She broaches to—weather head braces!—gib haulyards!" But it was too late—the brigantine was in the trough of the waves, and ere the master could cry out, "Hold on!" a heavy green sea came thundering over the night-heads, and swept the decks like a deluge fore and aft; in with a crash came the skylight, and a volume of water almost filled the cabin. I at once perceived our perilous situation, and tearing myself from the grasp of my terrified servant, who had, in the extremity of his agony, caught a tenacious hold of me, I clambered upon deck. Never did I behold the weakness of man more apparent, or destruction more near. Those of the crew who had not been carried overboard had mounted the rigging. The assailing waves were fast filling the vessel; she no longer mounted them, but seemed to bury herself in their destructive bosom. The head-yards had been snapped in the slings, like switches; the foretop-sail torn from the bolt-rope, the topmast staysail alone remained to aid in righting the ship. Not a moment was to be lost—the decks would soon be forced in, and we should immediately founder. There was no commanding voice, the captain had been washed overboard. I cried out, "Cut away the port lanyards!" My voice was borne away to leeward—none seemed to hear, or at least to heed my words; when suddenly a boy near me leaped from the shrouds, and obeyed the order, and assisted by a seaman, the only man who seemed still possessed of his faculties, I got the trysail-boom lashed to the quarter. Soon, and to our inexpressible joy, the vessel's head began to pay off, the foretopmast-sail filled, and the brigantine, which seemed to be settling down to her watery grave, rose, relieved and buoyant, from the yearning surge. We were now in comparative safety. We mustered, and found that the captain, mate, and two of the best men had perished: and all this, which it has taken me so long to describe, had been the work of a few minutes. I found that the brave seaman who had assisted me so ably and so opportunely was a North Briton, the only Englishman excepting ourselves aboard; the rest were either Maltese or Corfuites; the brave boy who had so ably obeyed my orders was born at Corfu, the son of one of the Saliotes who took refuge there from Ali Pasha: his name was Nicolo Vassi. I resolved to take him into my service. When we had brought the brigantine to the wind, I ordered all hands to the pumps, and calling Donald aft, I began to consult him as to our future proceedings. I recommended that he should take charge of the brigantine. and promised to support him; but he objected to this; as he said the crew would not obey his orders as they would mine, supposing me to be an officer. Seeing that under these circumstances there was no help for it, however doubtful of my own fitness, I took charge of the Spartan.

The decks were now cleared, and two men placed at the helm. I ordered the deep-sea lead-line to be brought aft: we found bottom, and wishing to compare our soundings, I asked Donald, did he think he could get at the ship's charts? He said he feared they were destroyed, as they were kept in the after cabin, which was still much flooded; but the mate, he thought, had one, and as he used to sleep forward among the men, he thought he might be able to get at it. "And your honour," added Donald, "had best remove there, for the fore-cabin is quite dry, as the hatch was battened down when we shipped the sea."

There was comfort in this, and I went forward to the fore-cabin: on reaching the hatchway we heard voices below, as if in alternate ejaculation and prayer. I descended a few steps of the ladder, and looking down, beheld two of the Maltese sailors, in an agony of remorse and terror, kneeling to a waxen image of the Virgin, placed in a corner of the cabin, before which a small lamp was burning. Never did I see the human mind so overcome by fear and the terrors of an evil conscience—never did the fabled scourges of the Furies draw from their guilty victims more appalling cries; every roar of the tempest seemed to cry out in the language of Shakspeare,

> "Tremble, thou wretch with undivulged crimes."

Blood-guiltiness was theirs—murder foul and treacherous.

"Mercy, mercy, Queen of Heaven," cried the younger of the two, "we will devote all the sailor's gold on thy altar, only save us—save us from the sea."

"He was a heretic, O mother of the faithful," said the elder; "a son of Belial—he was drunk when we cast him in."

I shuddered involuntarily, and we entered the cabin.

"Ah!" cried the younger, incoherently and in a paroxysm of terror, "we are discovered—some one is watching us from the low ramparts of St. Angelo. See his hat floats; sink it—sink it. Ah! they come, they come!"

I walked up to the wretches; I seized one of them by the collar. I pointed to Donald to do the same by the other. We dragged them to the light.

"Have you irons on board?"

"Yes, sir," he answered; "and it will serve the lazy lubbers right to put them in limbo."

Donald, not having understood their accusatory exclamations, thought it was their skulking below which had excited my indignation. I gazed at the wretches, now awakened to a sense of additional terror, in the prospect of retribution, as they writhed before me in abject humiliation.

"Mercy, mercy!" cried they together; "it is we who have raised the demon of the storm—but do not cast us overboard."

I felt undetermined—it was evident they had committed some foul and treacherous murder. Local allusions, in the confessions we had heard, left no doubt as to Malta having been the scene of it, and inquiry there would soon produce such circumstantial evidence as would make their guilt apparent. But was I to plead against them their own confession, sanctified by the seal of religion, and intended not for human ears, but for the great Searcher of hearts? "No," said I, "I will leave them to Him who hath sworn to repay."

"You will not take our lives, noble signior?" said the elder bravo; "it boots not now—we will soon all perish together."

It seemed likely enough; the gale was at its height, and as the brigantine had but little sail on to steady her, she laboured dreadfully. "Go on deck to the pumps, wretches!" replied I, "and show me, by your conduct and zeal this night, that you deserve to live—or fear the worst."

I now turned to Donald, who seemed greatly to marvel at this colloquy between the Maltese and me, and taking the chart, which he had found, from him, I spread it before me. I found that, judging from the last land we had seen, and our own late soundings, we had got considerably embayed, owing to the great lee-way we had made. I pointed out to Donald that, disabled as we were, I thought our best place would be to put the helm up and run for Ancona.

Donald shook his head. "Nay, sir, nay, we canna do it. The brigantine, though guid, is heavy burthened; and so couldna run before this sea."

"But we can lighten her, Donald," said I.

"I doubt not," replied Donald; "them foreigners, sir, have so much upon the venture; and 'twill be nae easy work to mak' them drown their ain hopes—but your honour had best see the supercargo."

I agreed to the propriety of this, and sent him to call the supercargo. On suggesting our expedient of heaving the lading overboard, he seemed inclined to oppose it. "Why, signior," said he, "surely we can keep the sea without this; but if it must be, I bethink me—yet bear in mind, signior, that you must answer it—there are some hundred stand of arms stowed away in the forehold; we took them in at the Rock, much against my wish, as they are perilous lading in our seas; but I could not gainsay it: they are consigned to Signior Vostizza, our part owner, of Corfu—but over with them; and, beshrew me, I will not grieve that these pirate Greeks will never pull a trigger of them."

I started at this intelligence, and determined at all hazards to preserve these inestimable supplies for my future confederates—victory might be in every single musket. "Nay," said I, "perhaps we need not make this sacrifice; the gale may moderate, and we will keep to during the night."

I now went on deck, and asked Donald what was to be done next. He answered that he had just sounded the pumps, and found that they were pretty free. "But," said he, "she rolls and labours heavily, and should we fall in with the land, we will want other wings beside these," pointing to the scanty sail we had set, "to get us off again."

Following his advice, therefore, I ordered the two ship carpenters to set to and *fish* the fractured yards, and having secured them with lashings, they were soon hoisted up, and the requisite sail set. Every thing being pretty snug now, I ordered our eight men into two watches, and before the watch was set, "spliced the main-brace," i. e. served a dram to every man on board. I gave the deck in charge to Donald, promising to give him a relief towards midnight, and went below, where, deaf to the plaints and moaning of my unhappy servant, I soon was fast asleep. I had slept some hours when I was awakened by a terrific scream. I started up in my cot. "What new horrors now?" said I, "or was that dreadful cry real?"

But its reality was soon apparent: a cry of "A man overboard!" was passed along, and a hurried tramping of feet on deck followed. I threw my cloak about me, and rushed upon deck.

"There he is!" cried a voice on the gangway; "he is under the counter!"

A rope was thrown to him, but he missed it, and was soon beyond the reach of a second. Enough: I jumped into the quarter-boat, and was casting loose the gripe and lashing, when Donald seized my arms, and withheld me. “ Sir,” cried he, “ are you daft ?—this chiel would not live a moment in such a sea—he must take his fate—we cannot save him; and it is but Pietro Zarb, one of those skulking lubbers your honour caught saying their *misereres* when they should have been working like men at the pumps.”

“ Gracious Heaven ! how sure and irreversible are thy judgments ! The wretched man, along with the rest of the watch, had been sent aloft by Donald to hand the foretopsail; the terrified and conscience-stricken wretch tried for some time to remain concealed in the top, but urged by the threatening voice of Donald to lay out on the yard, he had no sooner done so than he seemed rendered powerless by some fearful influence. He clutched the sails with eager and palsied hands, and then stood fixed and trembling on the man-rope—a moment more and the struggling canvass tore itself from his nerveless grasp, and with a cry of terror the murderer fell headlong into the yawning deep !*

It seemed as if the sea were appeased by this victim, for towards morning the gale went down as suddenly as it rose, and the wind shifted round to the westward. I had not been long below when Donald came to tell me that we were running along the coast of Dalmatia, with a fine quarterly breeze, and studding sails “ lowing aloft.” I went on deck, and had the pleasure of beholding the snow-capped hills of Albania glistening beneath the brightness of the rising sun.

We soon made that high square mountain, crowned with a monastery, which rises on the northern side of Corfu, and entering a narrow strait, coasted near the shore; having on one side the low and thickly-wooded island, and upon the other hand the bold and rugged steeps of the ancient Chaonia. The harbour now gradually spread out before us, and passing between the small but formidable island of Vido, the town, which at a distance looks very imposing, burst upon our view, over which, near the palace, a very sumptuous-looking building,

> “ The flag that braved a thousand years
> The battle and the breeze,”

floated proudly from a rocky eminence. We now anchored, and though the town looked to us all very inviting, but more so to those whose native place it was; with a promise of a gratuity to every man on board for his good conduct, knowing the jealousy with which the Ionian government observed its neutrality between the Turks and the Greeks, and fearing for our six hundred stand of arms, I ordered Donald merely to answer the questions of the pratique master, and to permit no one to leave the ship till I had returned from seeing Signior Vostizza, to whose residence he directed me, I went on shore. Landing at the stairs near the palace, I crossed the square in the port of the government house, and pursued my way, filled with reflections on the scenes of danger I was so soon to enter on. I had now, by the aid of an inquiry or two, reached the house of Signior Vostizza. I found him at home, and informed him of the arrival of his vessel, and the events of our passage. He seemed much moved by the loss of the captain, whom he had found, he said, for many years, a most confidential servant. He thanked me in the warmest manner for my services, when I took the opportunity to praise the conduct of Donald, and to recommend him to the vacant post as master of the brigantine. He said it should be attended to. It appeared that the precautions I had taken with respect to the muskets was highly necessary, as the lord high commissioner had shown himself by no means scrupulous in his hostility to the Greeks; knowing that I was about to embrace their cause, he threw off all reserve, and avowed himself one of their most active agents; he told me that in spite of almost overwhelming difficulties, the cause of Greece was advancing, and the ardour of her people unabated: that there was not a man of the christian faith in Greece who would not present his breast to the ataghan, or starve upon the mountain, sooner than surrender to their tyrants. "So far, so well," said he; "but, added to the formidable preparations, under the Capitan Pacha, making at Constantinople, they have unhappily dissensions amongst themselves. Demetrius Ipsilanti seems to have taken disgust with the advancement of Mavrocordato; but there is no one more fit for the government than the prince. Let us hope, however, that these differences have now been settled. In the present campaign the patriots have performed wonders. The large armies led into Peloponnesus by the pashas of Thessaly and Scutari have retired signally discomfited—that of Marchmont, which fled from the plains of Argos, will be decimated in the passes ere they reach Corinth. You could not, my dear sir," continued he, "have arrived at a more critical, but, at the same time, I will hope, a more glorious juncture."

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* It was strangely enough my lot to witness, some years afterwards, the awful completion of the divine vengeance, in the ignominious death of the guilty survivor. I was loitering one day at Malta, near the tomb of Abercromby, when perceiving a large crowd moving towards Florian, my curiosity became excited, and I followed it. I was not long in doubt as to the cause of this gathering: on an eminence near the gardens, a gibbet was erected, against which a ladder was placed, whereon stood the executioner; and in a kind of hurdle, a few paces removed, and clothed in a black shirt or frock, was seated the criminal. On either side of him stood a priest, holding up a crucifix, with one of whom he seemed engaged in earnest conversation. As these dreadful exhibitions have been always more than commonly hateful to me, I was turning hastily away, when the proclamation of the officer superintending the execution smote upon my ear: “ Jacopo Saverio, accused and convicted of the murder of a British seaman in the harbour of Valletta.” Yes! in the doomed and miserable being who now rose from that fatal hurdle to crave the prayers of the multitude for his departing soul, I beheld the survivor of the two guilty wretches who, trembling in the tempest, had divulged their crime on board the Spartan brigantine !

I told him of my intention to take a small band of patriots into pay, and also begged that he would allow Nicolo Vassi to leave the Spartan for my service.

He readily acquiesced in my request. "It is not, however," said he, "by your personal service, or even by procuring that of others, however valuable such aid may be, that you and other Philhellenists so highly serve the cause of Greece. It is rather by convincing her people, and nerving them with the conviction that their cause has received the sympathy of the free and enlightened people of Europe. And now, my dear sir, I have only to inform you that there is a felucca in the harbour, waiting to take on board the arms you have brought in the Spartan; and be sure that you cannot bring to Greece a more acceptable present, though it would be highly dangerous to remain here with them any longer."

I expressed my readiness to sail in an hour. The count pressed my hand in acknowledgment, and calling a Greek boy, "Here, Ibiro," said he, after writing a few lines on his tablets, "bear this note on board to Odysseus. And now to enlist your Juliotes, signior; we will find no difficulty in getting recruits—they will enter any service; but though mercenary, they are brave, and generally faithful. I will speak to one of their capitanos, who will recommend six such men, armed and equipped, as you require; he is here for a few days, and lives hard by."

I certainly derived no very exalted notion of the propriety of his referee, upon Vostizza's informing me that he was one of the most daring *klepthies* (viz. robbers) in Albania. However, the count, who knew the habits of these people better, only laughed at my scruples. To this worthy, then, we went, and on seeing him, I confessed that I had never beheld a finer-looking fellow, set off as he was by so noble and manly a costume.

The matter was soon arranged; he drew from his belt a list, and pricked off, as he said, six of his best men, some of the defenders of Souli, and on whom I might rely in the hour of peril. He engaged to have them on board of the felucca by sunset. I accepted Signior Vostizza's invitation to supper, and about an hour after sunset, accompanied by him, went on board the felucca. I found that Nicolo Vassi and my band of Souliotes were already embarked, and the arms safely stowed away. The Souliotes now came aft to the capstan head; Nicolo acting as interpreter, and after having on my part promised to allow each man twenty piastres a month, they swore on their swords to serve me with fidelity in the war in Greece.

This ceremony being concluded, Count Vostizza took me aside, and gave me my instructions. "You will," said he, "during the night, make all sail for Cephalonia, and, avoiding observation, come to an anchor in the creek near Argostoli, which the master and pilot are well acquainted with. You will wait there till joined by the Greek schooner Leonidas, which the Admiral Miauli has promised to have on the look-out. You will then be directed as to the best point for landing. Hoist English colours, should you fall in with any of the Turkish fleet; they are more respected than the Ionian. Here is a letter to Miauli, a man, you will find, not unworthy of being called our modern Themistocles; and here is another to Georgaki Rizzo, a young chief of your own age, and of great promise and spirit, who is with the army before Tripolizza; and now St. Spiridion speed you and the sacred cause."

SHAKSPEARE FANCIES.[1]

No. VII.

CLEOPATRA AND MME. DE STAEL.

"Too much familiarity breeds contempt." How different from the chastened dignity of Octavia is the angry freedom of Cleopatra in the subsequent scene, where she degrades herself to the level of a hireling, by unladylike altercations with Enobarbus. However wild good taste, in some rare instances allows an unmarried girl to be, it is gracefully becoming in the wife and matron to reserve all her unguarded thoughts, attitudes, and actions for her husband only, and his presence. Cleopatra had none to tame and refine her. In later days such a woman, united to a man of superiority, who possessed her heart, we can conceive to have turned out a very different personage; *commanding* admiring tributes, instead of tasking those which we are almost ashamed to grant, and, probably, would fully as willingly withhold. It is, in general, only those who have sunk very low that make light of public opinion. In respecting, to a certain extent, the voice of society, we respect ourselves; and if we act but moderately well, we shall gain this approbation, though scarcely recollecting it until obtained; at least, not dwelling on it as a motive to action, for, if that were our incentive, we should fail in our object. Our incitement should always be of the noblest, if we expect virtue as a consequence; our goal distant, if we mean to insure our arrival at a nearer post. As faint heart never won fair lady, so if we attempt little we shall accomplish less. Let us aim after much, and we shall indubitably secure something.

What was Cleopatra's design in appearing at the naval fight? What led her there? Curiosity, restlessness, love of variety, a fancy to play the warlike heroine, though very dissimilar from the soft, voluptuous character into which she had moulded, and to which she had voluntarily reduced herself, for by nature she was capable of all things. Too effeminate, however, was she even to resolve to act heroically, too fearful of personal harm to struggle against deserving shame, too fond of self-indulgence to scruple at yielding the interests of Antony to a momentary whim, from which evanescent joy was to be reaped. In the long-run, she might sacrifice a vast deal to him; without many thanks, nevertheless, being due to her, led on by carelessness and a love of pleasure, rather than reasonable intention, though the first guide is ruinous, and the last profitable. Yet in no way which demanded an effort, an exertion, in the slightest degree troublesome or disagreeable to her spirit, would she serve him. Did she, by these very home considerations, increase her comfort ultimately, or her felicity? No, truly; the ill-tempered Fulvia, who yet believed herself in the line of duty, the praiseworthy, gentle Octavia, who, though slighted, loved on and never blamed,—these, in spite of all the annoyances their self-love was forced to endure, had a hundredfold truer, sweeter enjoyment in life, than the despotic, voluptuous, self-indulging queen.

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[1] Continued from vol. xxiv, p. 408.

If Cleopatra cared too little for the approbation of the worthy, not so Mme. de Staël, whose love of admiration, because extreme, proved a source of vexation. She must always be a star, the centre of a system, the magnet of attraction to an adulating circle. To be loved only, did not satisfy her; she was too ugly for that, perhaps, and she consequently longed for beauty; but since that was unattainable, she thirsted for glory—to be ranked amongst the first of women; and not only that, but to be reckoned the compeer of men. And can any find fault with ambition?—the origin of all noble deeds, the source of all noble works, without which the world would be savage, the poet mute, the painter idle, the sculptor unknown, the architect unexisting, luxuries and beautiful superfluities uncared for, commerce neglected, trade at a stand-still, science obscured; without which, the stars, unheeded, might shine, for, when we gaze on them, is it not that, like the poet, we may drink in inspiration; or, like the Christian, enlarge our faith and illustrate our theology; like the painter, perceive the spirituality of beauty; like artists in general, that we may dream of elevating ourselves, till our mind, developed, bestows on us the fame and title of lights of the earth? Without ambition the globe, instead of being peopled by proud, erect, and stirring men, whose countenances beam, should be trodden by plodding, heavy, brutish clods, dragging along the weight of a life as ponderous as that of an unhappy old age; without ambition the landscape should be a blank; for it is the regard of an eye of genius which lends it all its charms; the city Desolation, for, without a longing to please, social joys are nought; the tongue dumb, the spirit of harmony risen to the skies, and silent on the black plain; affection, love, and sentiment, gone to abide in heavenly habitations; selfishness absorbing all here; instinct alone maintaining life and intercourse; like the material darkness of Byron should be this soul's gloom. And, if counterbalanced by qualities of other kinds, ambition is rather the causer of happiness than the contrary. It was to Mme. de Staël what the love of pleasure was to Cleopatra, and the wilfulness of the latter in gratifying her caprices was equivalent to the steady pursuance of her object by the former. The trials of their lives were somewhat equalised; if the Egyptian thought of flying to Suez, and, with all her goods, embarking on the Red Sea, to found a colony, like Dido of old, where chance might dictate, the Frenchwoman was forced, against her wishes, into being a rover—forced to roam the length and breadth of Europe, and to visit Russia, in order, from Switzerland, to reach England. (This persecution fed her vanity.)

More fond and foolish was Antony after the separation than immediately before it, like the man who took unto himself seven more devils, and was worse than before. And Cleopatra knows that more than ever she may presume everything she does, and every sentiment she utters, is now slavishly admired by him, more amorous than ever, respite renewing appetite. He was every way infatuated; like Pharaoh's, his heart was hardened to his destruction; and, (as with Frank Kennedy in Guy Mannering,) people might guess that his end was approaching, by his unwise and uncalled-for dissipation of conduct and idea, "for he was fey." As the king of Egypt, too, insisted on following the children of Israel in chariots across the Red Sea, so did Antony fool-hardily persist in his intention of combating by water in the teeth of rhyme and reason. On that fight he was bent, as the traveller in a snow-storm longs for the sleep which will be his last. And as a girl longs for her first ball, a child for a new ribbon, nothing being able to induce either to forego their gratifications, neither illness nor poverty, so does Cleopatra sillily and provokingly pant for her aimless, senseless, and injurious indulgence. What in the world possessed Antony so dastardly to follow the flying queen? In effeminacy he had forgotten soldiership. Was it love which impelled him? no: rather habit, impulse; indolence, not personal, so much as mental cowardice. Emulation had passed from his sordidly steeped soul. All that he asked was liberty to live and die in slothful and contemptible ease, with the caterer for his pleasures and vices. His present remorse was occasioned, not so much by the baseness of his act, as its attendant shame. The repentance thus forced on him was good for his moral existence. In humbling and forcing him to dwell on his faults, it made way for the consideration of the worthiness and wants of others, so raised above himself by becoming conduct in their inferior spheres, he having disgraced himself in the highest, where every inducement to contrary behaviour was held forth—*he* who had had such advantages to educate him, as it were, for that success which he had miserably flung aside. All affections, except self-love, in which his attachment to Cleopatra finally merged, had long since slumbered; but now humility revived them. The self-conceited upstart is harsh and heartless; the contrite penitent, meek, forgiving, compassionate, loving. Yet sorrow was all of which Antony was capable, unless this commiseration of those on whom he had entailed suffering. To sternly resolve on better bearing entered not his thoughts. To punish himself was easier than by an improved life to atone for past sins. He has now more pretension to loveableness than he ever had yet; now only we do sympathise with him; now only, by thinking for others, does he appear worthy, excepting as a matter of analysation, to occupy the attention of others in his turn.

Cleopatra's shamefacedness is half affectation and half reality. She knew that to assume the desert of blame with candour, was the most apt way of warding off a scolding; yet her abashment was partly artificial, because, as Antony had been equally to blame, or more so, in that he was a man, she might have fairly looked him in the face, unless *entire* forgiveness, compassion, and even *petting*, were not also sought by her, beside the mere admission of equality of defect. She argued, too, that the best way to comfort him was to put him in good humour, which could most easily be accomplished by rendering him pleased with and loving to herself, the principal source of his content or discontent. She has as many airs and graces as a fine lady of present times; and as such shapes and faces even now fascinate men, who like the compliment being paid to them of this endeavour to attract their notice, so they took with Marc. No hastening to greet each other, now that they were companions in disgrace as well as guilt; a silent, careless salutation is ordinarily sufficient for such coadjutors. The recollection of former prowess only increases the ignominy of present cowardice. There is a dry wit in Enobarbus: while he pretends to find no fault, his very excesses for the offender bear within them the proof of their own fallacy. Cleopatra, selfishly wishing that she might not be teased by self-repentance, desires to have others pallitate *her* error, while they aggravate that of Antony; but lest the latter should discern her double purpose, she orders the silence of her attendants when he approaches: self-love was, indeed, the principle of her life. Antony's very reverse of fortune invests him with respectability; and Cleopatra feels it so, when, on the nod of her upon whom he has bestowed so many principalities, his life is dependent. When we fail in one way, we are given to buoy up our vanity by believing, and affirming, that in another we should have succeeded—(an empty bladder puffed up with air, if with nothing better.) Deserved misfortune appears to weaken the judgment more than unmerited, the previous falling off of which has occasioned it having been gradually undermining the intellect, which cannot be where demerits have not been in question. But if people are at all loveable, even when they bring about their own downfal, our affections spring towards them, as to Mary Queen of Scots, Joan of Naples, Cleopatra: all these suffering queens were remarkable for their beauty and mental qualifications, as was the Lady Jane Grey. Plain, ugly empresses seldom suffer, so that beauty is counterbalanced, thus usually leading to that lightness of conduct which has heralded their troubles.

Enobarbus is not an uncommon character—good-hearted, worldly-minded, fonder of ease than elevation of mind; and one is hardly compatible with the other. There is a bluntness in his speech which almost atones for his parasite manners. Cleopatra is justified in her policy. Why should she quarrel with Cæsar? What good could be obtained by her doing so? Why not make a friend, if she can, at the trifling expense of fair words, of his ambassador? The falling and undeserving are petulant and jealous—tempt not the lioness robbed of her whelps. Thyreus, vain of his apparent success with Cleopatra, and despising the sunken Antony, whom he now regarded as in his power, was indecorous, and too little deferential in his bearing towards the fallen hero. We owe it to ourselves to remember the state a man has had, rather than that to which he has subsided, and we know not how soon we, in our turn, may be degraded by fortune. Misconduct, sooner or later, will be followed by disrespect; though in still hours, free from excitement, the secret of our companion's ill opinion may be buried, yet the delirium of wrath will act as the palace of truth. Yet Cleopatra, altogether, had no reason to be displeased with Antony's vehemence, for jealousy bespeaks love and passion, which women are proud to possess and excite—even prouder than of the display of perfect confidence. They may argue that a want of the latter proceeds from the wondrousness of their own fascinations, supposed to lay them open to the snares of admirers, which the innocent, often do not detect, and cannot, in consequence, guard against; or, from that guilelessness which, increasing their charms, may give a dangerous bewitchingness to their intercourse with other men. There is more dignity in thus acknowledging the vexation which you vent, than in conceiving it hidden, while you wreak it, in private, at every hand's turn—than in fancying yourself undetected, while he who runs may read. Cleopatra, perceiving that love is the yeast which raises this fermentation, is not rendered angry. Dreading rather the towering rage into which he had worked himself, developing the fearful and deadly powers of his sex, she is submissive; and, because she has disgraced herself, from the effect of that very disgrace, and the subsequent reverse of fortune, she is more subdued, more truly loving than before,—more modest, feminine, and amiable. And now again they find the happiness of mutual sympathy, of pouring their sorrows into each other's bosoms. Antony, especially, experienced it, in confiding in, and being soothed by, Cleopatra. Together, and equally, they have suffered, from a congeniality which, as it led to the distress, is now its only consolation, and not, therefore, to be set aside. The woman imploringly states atoning sentiments; and Antony, willing to be propitiated, once more basks in the embrace of love. This reunion of souls always hastens the return of moral and mental strength. To dearly love is the inspiration of the noblest talent. No longer helplessly indolent and childishly cast down, Antony plans resistance, efforts to the rescue, action at all events, struggles at least; and, like the north of Ireland beggar, who recommended himself to the peculiar notice of Sir Walter Scott on the plea of his being a struggler, so our hero is desirous of commendation. "I'll make death love me;" which saying reminds us of that of Enobarbus, "There is mettle in death which commits some loving act upon her." All good resolutions, the instant they are formed, although they never reach fruition, produce a joyousness of spirit. "A diminution in our captain's brain restores his heart:" thus it often is; the silly have great animal courage, and fight, like the soldier, bravely at bidding, whether the cause be good or bad, or whether there be in reality any cause at all. Wit and amusingness, fearlessness and *laisser aller* of conduct and demeanour,—can they atone for the faults of Enobarbus? They render him entertaining to us, and valuable to the *ennuyé* Antony.

How very unavailing is anger! you torment and render yourself contemptible to others, degrading, and laying yourself open to defeat, for anger never guards itself on all sides. You afford a moderately sensible enemy the means of retaining self-possession, for nothing cools the defendant so effectually as his witnessing the brutal passion of the plaintiff, who disgusts the former against such exhibitions, and is as a lighthouse to warn him against rocks. Restraint of temper, in such instances, is a pleasing triumph over our foolish foe, and a conquest over ourselves, which produces elation of spirit. The temperate man has always the advantage of the hot-headed, and is usually by far the shrewdest. But we are inclined to take the weaker side, and we have pity for those who unwittingly reduce themselves to straits. At the summit of success we never rage, unless there is a secret thorn in the flesh, of which the world is unaware. Prosperity makes us happy-tempered, good-humoured with all things and every one; adversity sours, and it is seldom that even the best-disposed are then equally unsuspecting. Who fights with such superhuman bravery as the man for whom life no longer holds aught worthy to retain him? The robe of mortality is then doffed joyously aside; you feel that thus you somewhat atone for past baseness; you pour fresh odour on your name; your memory is not execrated; compassion, rather than blame, is the tribute brought to your grave. The flash of expected success, either victory or an ennobled defence and retreat, blazes across the soul of Antony. Up spring the kindly affections; the warmth of youth and by-gone days is rekindled. Thus gladly to yield to happy emotions is a sure way to draw the tear of generous pity from our blunt companions (the contrast of the mind and circumstances being most melancholy)—from those who hitherto seemed almost incapable of a tender thought; from heedless *selfites* who are untouched by even their own *apparent* trials; from the easy-going and indolent, who make a point of unmovedly bearing and forbearing. Different was this luxury of enervating sentiment from the nightshade of stern resolve in Leonidas and his brave three hundred the evening preceding the day of *their* destiny. They asked no compassion; sought for no sympathy; but as we, in imagination, gaze upon their silent sitting, our heart is wrung with agony. Yet they inspire us with fear, rather than love; we admire, rather than feel with them; we have for them veneration, rather than affection. The conduct to which we are constrained by duty, a sense of right, a lofty ambition, a *selfish* patriotism, (for we thus embody *our* history with that of our country)—a self-sacrifice to glory, to the pride and superiority of manhood, is other than the benevolence which takes its rise in pleasure and natural constitution; in an enjoyment of one's proper capabilities, and those of others, to produce the agreeable, though but for a moment; in a devotion to the gratification of the present, rather than the emolument of the future; in a womanish liking to equalise stations, freely mingling heart with heart. It is exquisitely pathetic, when the fallen, without bragging or ostentation, purely as a retrospect of memory and feeling, allude to past grandeur. There is poetry and sublimity in these material changes—such has been the wreck of empire, the decay of nations; such, in nature, is the avalanche, the earthquake, the hurled rock, the buried cities of the dead; such, in art, is the dismemberment of majestic vessels (lost beneath the tide) which for years have ridden triumphantly and scornfully over the now revenging and foaming billows—such is the destruction, by a thunderbolt, of the monarch of the forest: with equal power to instruct, exalt, attract, is the sunken warrior, like the fallen star, Lucifer, son of the morning. The sinner, the unfortunate, thus, as with Milton, grows into the heroic. To know that they have once supped of joy is a balm to the afflicted; to feel that they have once consorted with the earth's nobility, is a salve to those who are cast down to an inferior grade. Something of the same sort of consequence as the man's "who hath had losses," (like Dogberry,) has he who, once wealthy, is now poverty-stricken, except that from present possession the first is encouraged, while the second is rather tolerated; we request the confidence of the former, we permit that of the latter.

Moderate sorrow, like gentle illness, kindles the sympathies, and improves the heart; torturing grief, like the intenser corporeal anguish, deadens the feelings, or absorbs them in self. What time, what inclination, what ability, have we to think of others, when we are ourselves thus ineffably miserable? Cleopatra does not choose to read as an omen the fact of Antony's subduedness. It is more a proof of amiability in him to try to dry the tears of his followers than to have found it so easy to elicit them. There is no affectation—no overweening desire of love and fealty in him; he hardly enjoys their sorrow in his cause; and, though a transitory gratification, without doubt, it would not please him that the effusion should continue. *That* would be too much of a good thing; an epicurean motto, such as, "let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die;" or, rather, to banish all recollection of death in dissipation, would be his taste, and endeavour, and habit; nor did Cleopatra fancy so much of a presentiment of evil: a heroic, instantaneously-formed-and-acted-upon resolve, when needs be arrived, would be her course, but she cared not to purchase gratuitous grief. Yet her appreciation of the becoming was pleasingly exercised by Antony's poetical emotions; and her pride in her lover was soothed by the attachment of others to him, thus caused to be demonstrated. It was pleasing that she should discover her heart was not stony from a prolonged life of selfishness, and that she could still shed a tear of generous emotion: sweet are the sorrows which gently prove us sharers of the feelings of the good, the tender, the poetical; who could contentedly be forced to classify himself with the ruffianly, the cruel, and prosaic? She was glad, however, when the somewhat painful scene was over, and that once again, perhaps for the last time, (and so it really proved,) they were permitted to enjoy a voluptuous feast of love and rapture, congeniality of thought and soul.

How fond we are of associating the laws of nature with our own petty fortunes! The sun is bright, to triumph in our victory, or to scorn us in our defeat; the wind howls to sympathise in our distress; or it hisses disapprobation of our meanness; we are of sufficient note that creation should be on our side, or against us; and thus the sublime is reached—by naturally magnifying the extent of the connexion between the soul and the material world. It is thus that to each, ultimately, is given the weight of importance; what, but inanimate, meaningless stocks, would be the loftiest mountains, if not surveyed through this medium of mind? What but an incomprehensible essence would be the soul, if not illustrated by our conception of externals? There are facts, not self-evident, which we are only sometimes gifted to realise. How grateful should we not be to the circumstance, scene, book, person, that kindles within us an illuminating spark, disclosing to us the eternal destiny of things! And those incidents, landscapes, works, men, that tend to exalt the fancy, and, as it were, create ideas, demand our gratitude above those that inspire inferior, though perhaps amusing, and, in everyday life, useful trains of thought. So, Mad. de Staël takes precedence of all female writers; and her fable, character, sentiment, language, are good. True, like Milton, Byron, Rousseau, she cannot develope many minds, and it is the disclosure of her own which is her masterpiece. With more truth than Sir Walter Scott, she might affirm that, succeeding tolerably in the "big *bow-wow* style," she must fail, in details of minor things, to interest like Miss Austin, &c. It is only at times of concentration that we can estimate the height and depth of that dignity vested in the soul of man; and every occupation that inclines to this frame of mind is desirable. Some have power to think, though they have no further object; some can only vigorously reflect when the pen is in their hand, and that they desire to raise a monument of fame, or to communicate to the world their notions, establishing thus an acquaintance with all mankind, a friendship with a chosen and congenial few, anticipating, especially, the sweetness of being read with interest by the most fascinating being in creation, an enthusiastic young girl—far more pleasurable than to be perused with cold criticising eyes by men—calm disquisition-like eyes, by sober matrons. It would be something, however, to warm the blood of a youthful hero, who should say, as some have, of Mad. de Staël, "To be conversant with that author forms an era in one's life." Many find their intellects whetted by the stimulus of superior society, where, instead of, as a duty, lowering the tone of thought, lest they be deemed pedantic, upsetting, anxious to demonstrate their cleverness, they are incited and encouraged to put forth their budding ideas, to be expanded by the sun of improving intercourse into full-blown roses.

When people are young they are heroical, inclined to deny self, desirous of stimulating their lovers to deeds which demand Herculean perseverance and stoical abnegation of personal ease; but when advanced and experienced, like Cleopatra, when they have been taught the emptiness of fame, the unsatisfactoriness of popularity, the more solid, if more selfish, comforts of quiescence, the greater dependence for consolation, happiness, and fidelity, to be placed on one loving spirit than on the fickle mob, then their ambitions are moderated, their desires limited, they check that ambition which formerly they would have fostered. The luxurious and voluptuous do not taste the mingling, heightening, and counterbalancing of pleasures, enjoyed by the good, the emulous, and heroic few, who, while they pant and struggle for noble eminence, set not their affections on the accompanying paltry praises of the multitude, but, after foreign labours, seek and find repose in the bosom of pure domestic felicity, savoured far more from the previous *sauce* of exertion.

They who *brave* Fortune should not dare to expect her to be auspicious: we should be respectful, venerating, fearful, only a little hopeful, not confident; above all, never obstinately adverse to admit her rule, and bent, in spite of her, to do our best. We cannot augur well of a vain fighter. Such reminds us of Harold and his host banquetting the night before the battle of Hastings, while William and his legions, destined to victory, prayed and fasted. There is a presentiment of success in the silent, stern resolve, the heroic perseverance which will not be baffled. This sincere earnestness, as it were, flatters destiny; this submissive devotion to the hidden decrees of futurity prepossesses fate. The onset of the vain man of impulse is furious; the resistance of the stayed is continuous; the impetuous is soon wearied,—not so he of dauntless resolution. The morn was fair, but the brightest mornings are not those most to be relied on, like Antony's courage of spirit; so the precocious child is often not the most celebrated man. His farewell was in character. Great in all he undertook, however short a time that greatness might last, he was now the complete soldier, forgetting the effeminacy of *billing and cooing*. And Cleopatra admires, though esteem is not requisite to elicit her love. On the strength of good intentions in ourselves we can be generous to others; when we are not buoyed up and made comparatively happy by such, our thoughts and words are bitter. In the first instance, self-complacence and self so agreeably occupy us, that we cannot spare time to observe or find fault. In the second, our own reflections are so little sweet that we gladly divert their channel, and instead of pulling the beam out of our own eye, haul violently, so as to injure, if not the person, the character, at the mote in our neighbour's. When we are well-intentioned, remorse does not equally sting us; we blame our fortunes rather than ourselves; and when we do our best and fail, instead of attributing failure to former negligence, we flatteringly jump to a conclusion that circumstances, not we, are in fault.

Enobarbus is, appropriately, led to see his error first, by a perception that his falling away was not conducive to his temporal advancement. He was too selfish to have previously grieved from purely sentimental reasons. The faulty and tyrannical, if their folly and despotism be occasionally relieved by generosity, are more beloved by their followers than the even, tame, and always correct. The former admit them by unreserve to an intimacy which the modulated restraint of the latter forbids. The first by their sins establish an equality which is denied by the second's *hauteur* of propriety. The former, by their conduct and success, encourage a feeling in those of their train that they themselves may possibly rise to the same eminence, like the mandarins of China, from the *ranks*; whereas no such probability is held forth where good fortune merely attends the unblemished. How delightful, when victory cheers us, to yield ourselves up to love which, beyond triumph, rewards us! We have earned a right to indulge in pleasure which, by previous fatigue, is tenfold enhanced. There is no quarrel to be made with our resigning ourselves to such entrancements, they are now our darling due. We have no fear that sympathy does not abound for us, though, in case of defeat, there might have been cause for such a suspicion. There is poetry in a lover's exaggeration; and what infinity of felicity does not this species of imagination produce! Each individual may, while in its enjoyment, appropriate to himself all the blessings of the universe; he is then in that thankful frame of spirit which would induce him to join in chorus with the burden of the christian Cowper's song, when in gazing on the beauties of creation he utters, "My Father made them all." Love lends expansiveness: voluptuousness, joy, happiness, intellect, sentiment, beauty, open in volumes to him, which then, and then only, inspiration volunteers to instruct him in. He who has not loved is ill informed; he who *cannot* love is without genius. What is every effusion of the mind and fancy but a labour of love? An artist can succeed only when he loves his profession. Love is this high-road to perfection, in all its branches; and the quantum of success and popularity accurately depends on that of love infused. Shakspeare, Milton, Goëthe, Byron, Schiller, Scott, in their various degrees and kinds, how did they not love? What respect a man who acts well may anticipate from her who loves him! A tribute for which a man may long, and of which he may be right proud; a tribute, not to his rank, wealth, or fame, but to his worthiness, granted from no interested motive, obtained by the supremacy of good which he for a time is permitted to personify.

The very discreet will never boast in the hour of triumph, lest, when the day of retribution arrives, this vaunting may be cast up to them. The ending of Enobarbus is suitable; no better a fate did his worldly-mindedness merit; but as we always rather liked him, he is rendered, perhaps, more amiable in death than in life. Antony, who was untrue to himself, did not deserve faithful followers. The first morning of battle ushers him forth confident, for he *is* to succeed; if he were not, it would not have been becoming to him as a hero to be represented so confident. The second day he is, by starts, hopeful and dejected; a proper forerunner of the worst. His blaming of Cleopatra, as Adam blamed Eve, rather than his own mismanagement of long previous standing, is natural; and she had entitled herself to suspicion by her former falsity, so that we do not pity her beneath accusation, any more than our common mother. She did wisely to disappear from his wrath; ill conduct had degraded her into being subjected to such abusive language, one of its sore punishments to a proud female: however, the cup she has prepared for herself she must drink to the dregs, and no pity awaits her; to no complainings has she a right; no revenge may she take and claim as her due; the injurious malt she has herself brewed; she may weep from vexation; the exhibition even of fortitude could not raise her spirits, for it would not be exercised in a worthy cause; and though to be without it must be esteemed folly, yet its possession could hardly obtain the appellation of wisdom in this instance. It was a bitter thing to be taunted and humiliated by the emboldened mention of his wife. The passions, as well as the arts, have thriven since the days of paradise. When Adam lost all, how sober, calm, and dignified, was the expression of his feelings; but a pure and placid world was that of Eden compared with the turbulent Roman empire.

That her love was genuine, Cleopatra proves by clinging to him still in his misfortune, and by resorting to artifice in order to recover his affection, instead of availing herself of the opportunity he had afforded her to break with him, as he and the world might confess deservedly, and to join herself to the worshippers of the rising sun. Yet Augustus was a sober youth on whom she could not calculate that her waning charms, in the sear and yellow leaf, fresh, too, from the embrace of his rival, could have much effect. Very majestic and full of strength are these lines,

> "The soul and body rive not more in parting,
> Than greatness going off."

The death-struggle is recalled with a reality so vivid as to be almost painful; and that bodily coil is aptly illustrative of the mental torture we experience in discovering that greatness of thought and station are departing from us. The first decadence is the herald of the second. Before, there was a way of reasoning with a means of diverting his fury; but now, after the first frenzy of disappointment had subsided, he exhibited the fixed stupor of despair, the silly idiocy of all-conquering grief, and yet his language is pathetic as the lamentations of a maniac. His energy is fled, for his love is powerless; the clearness of his spiritual vision is thereby dimmed, for he has taught himself that the object of former devotion has been false; no aim in life has he; the hope of success is fled; the faith in woman dead. And thus, as the idle, aimless man, with Cowper, looks into the fire kindling in a dusky room, and sees shapes, scenes, and stories in the glowing cinders, so Antony gazes, with a poet's eye, upon the heavens, therein to read his fate. As the sky is superior to a household drudging fire, so is Shakspeare to Cowper; a feminine poet is the latter, tracing little delicate details, not throwing the natural *rich* colouring of genius over trifles, and elevating them into master-strokes. In this way, Shakspeare's littleness is never little; there is such profoundness in his most casual observations, most insignificant incidents, that we cannot pass them over as if they were merely ingenious truisms cleverly told, which please, but which, as we comprehend them all at once, demand no pondering, no study. Every idea of our author's admits of meditation: they are elementary truths on which secondary structures may he raised; they are not applicable to one individual, however exalted, but to the whole species. There is this difference, too, between Milton and Shakspeare; there is a universality in the latter, which the former has not; Milton is like a mountain; Shakspeare like a panoramic view of all nature; he possesses a combination of qualifications; he is the child of nature; Milton that of cultivation, which improved a noble soil; *he* was great in one line, Shakspeare in all; the one is to be idolized and loved, the other to be feared and admired.

The announcement of Cleopatra's death is a relief to Antony, a weight off his oppressed bosom, for her affection was thus manifested to him when every glimmer of comfort seemed to have deserted him. The hearing of the fate of his love induces the formation with him, as with Romeo, of a plan of self-destruction. Yet in Antony's case there was a toying with suicide, which the youthful and energetic Italian exhibits not; the former, from the voluptuousness of his nature, tries to enamour himself of death, to strew the grave with flowers, to deceive himself into the belief that he was only about to partake of a new pleasure. Romeo, new and fresh in life, who had had none but spiritual trials, in prime of health and strength, feeling that destiny had cheated him of his rights—of a long and happy existence—with all the firmness of resolve still hurries to death. While Antony displays the cowardice common to every voluptuary, he cannot on himself inflict the wound: not, like Othello, with manly energy does he gladly hasten to his just doom, and with pride execute on himself the sentence which he had incurred: even when forced by a fear of what of worse should befal him, if he continued to live, Antony so timidly awarded the blow that its design was unfulfilled. There is often far more moral courage and virtue, greater disinterestedness and disregard of self, in him who is qualified to shine on the pages of fame, than in him whose talents are those which command celebrity, a sort of equipoise of powers being thus established; the abilities which insure notice lead to self-consideration; he, whose brilliancy of intellect and adventure startles us into delight, relishes luxuriance, and the obeisance of the multitude to him leads him to slight their claims; whereas, in those slow to appreciate joys, there is a corresponding unsusceptibility of suffering; those who are amiable, and conscious of inability, deem humbly of themselves, and think rather on others, whose calls upon attention they are ever alive to. Thus we perceive Eros's superiority to Antony, and to Enobarbus, whose wit so far exceeded his.*

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* To be continued.

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF CHUMPY, MR. CHUMP'S DOG.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT LIFE."

THIS is not altogether an ungrateful world, let the carping cynics and sour philosophers say what they will of it. I believe that it is still possible to do a good turn to it, and get it presently accredited and acknowledged for the simple piece of sincere benevolence you intended it to be, and neither more nor less. Yes, you may think of, or feel, and act kindly towards some persons, and they will accept your kindness as well intended, and make you a suitable and grateful return. No man, therefore, I am well persuaded, need hesitate at doing any good to his fellow-creatures out of mere mistrust lest it should meet with a bad reception: but if it is his unhappiness to entertain any such fear, either because he has himself met with instances of ingratitude, or has heard that they are to be met with, I would advise him still to go on doing all the good he can, if for no better reason, for this—the pleasure and self-satisfaction there must be in doing it; and let him leave the issue to be tried in a superior court where holy justice holds the scales, and all is righteous judgment and unimpeachable equity.

There is a sense of kindness in the hearts of men, and gratitude is not gone back to heaven with the last angel that visited and left this earth. They are both calm and silent, as is their nature: you would not wish them to be trumpet-tongued, and blow about your praise, when you do either a good piece of service? Let us hope you would not. There are other virtues besides charity, which should not vaunt themselves.

The Turkish proverb says, "Do good, and throw it into the sea: if the fishes know it not, God will." I am not for making any small land-good while I can do an amphibious good: for to me there seems no positive necessity which can compel a man to play at duck-and-drake with any good he seeks to do his fellow-creatures; and that he need never despairingly throw it into the sea, till he has tried every contrivance to make it useful on the shore, according to his first intentions. No, good intentions need not be flung away, although they are not immediately appreciated. Leave them at the feet of those who will not take them up, and they will by-and-bye think better of them, and not kick them out of the way. "Put them by till honey comes to them," as the good old grandmothers quaintly say when their grandchildren huff at some delicate cakes at their hands, because the young ones are in their humours. A certain place, not to be named to ears polite, is said to be paved with good intentions; where gathered, and how collected, it were too curious to inquire into. If they are only made use of to mend the ways of the dwellers there, they are not altogether lost and thrown away. It serves to show, indeed, the estimation which good intentions are held in, when even your evil ones gather up that fallen stone-fruit, and turn them to a not unuseful purpose. Throw away your good intentions, then, if you must—fling them on the ground, and leave them to him that likes to gather them: they are not all lost, you hear; and it may be that some humble man, with a back which can bend, may stoop and pick them up. You have some time in your life seen in the streets a poor man and a proud man both about to bend down to pick up a dropped piece of silver lying on the ground, the involuntary contribution of a third; and have observed—I have—that while the proud man was considering whether it would be becoming in "a fellow of his inches" to scramble for such a piece of potluck, the humble man has nimbly bent himself down, and snatched it up, with a pleasant cry of "fair halves!"—by which simple expression he meant to say that he should keep the whole half-crown to himself, and not divide it with the proud man, as, upon looking at him attentively, he seemed to be a man of such exalted notions that fifteen pence would be of no great use to him. Throw your good intentions away for the chance of such gatherers as this humble man. If you have many of them, you can well afford to be thus liberal: if you have but few, and they will not have them whom you would willingly bestow them upon, leave them to those who will. They are sure to be serviceable to some one or other. As for bad intentions, if you have a few yet undisposed of, the sooner you get rid of them the better. Discharge them—drop them, as though you were ashamed of them, anywhere—get rid of them anyhow, even at a sacrifice—and let them be trampled in congenial mire till they are too dirty to be picked up; or, if they are, are seen to be so worthless that they are speedily flung away again. Bad intentions, it may be, have their uses in the economy of the moral world, as wicked weeds and poisonous plants have their unknown virtues, perhaps, in the natural world. If there were no such things as bad and bitter plants we should not enjoy so well the sweet and good: if there were no bad intentions in the world, we should not know the good when we meet with them in our way. But I have said enough, and to spare, to prove the worthiness of good intentions, and to encourage him who hesitates to bestow them on the world to go on giving them away, and spare not, and fear not.

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* See "Glances at Life," pages 248—262, for "the first records of this good *dog's* life."

I am confirmed in thinking thus cheerfully of this labour of love, which seems sometimes—I own it—to be little better than labour in vain, by finding that one of my well-meant intentions was not idly thrown away—that it was accepted as frankly as it was offered; and, instead of being doubted and disparaged—surveyed suspiciously—smelt at—sneered at—and sneezed at, it was taken for what it was, and graciously received and treasured where I would have it laid up, and just as I would have it.

My readers by this time have heard of that worthy old pair of persons, Mr. and Mrs. Chump, the best possible purveyors of meat to my parish, ancient archiepiscopal St. Mary's, Lambeth—no less dignified a parish—and of that worthy old shopfellow of theirs, Chumpy, who has done them the honour to be their dog—as pup and dog—for these fifteen years last past. Whoever has heard mention made of Mr. and Mrs. Chump (and "not to know them argues yourself unknown,") has heard of Chumpy, for no one can be said to know the one without the other; the three make one firm. It is true that the respected name of Mr. Charles Chump only stands rated in the parish-books as a householder, paying scot and lot, having a vote for that young borough, (I wish it may avoid the evil ways and corruptions of the old ones,) which no revising barrister could possibly dispute; and it is true that his name only stands in the vestry records as once headborough, twice overseer, and thrice churchwarden of that large parish. His name only, too, is engraven on those slabs of stone, which are let into the walls of burial-grounds and other public works which have been completed during his officeship; and his name only, also, in good gilt capitals, is splendidly associated with the regilding of the organ-pipes and the beautifying of the church generally, which great events, even for so large a parish, took place during his second churchwardenship. But if Mr. Chump could properly have associated the two names which are dearest to him with the public honours he has won, I should have looked, and not in vain, to have seen the treasured titles of Mrs. Betty Chump, his spouse, and of Chumpy, his dog, forming part of those inscriptions, as indissolubly as Tobit and his Dog, the Pedlar and his Dog, Launcelot Gobbo and his Dog Chance, the Blind Harper and his poor Dog Tray, and other like legendary and poetical associations. Mr. Chump, however, warm-hearted as he is, keeps his home-affections at home—loves and likes those who like and love him, and boasts not that he is so blest. Well, be it so. Butcher as he is, there is not a gentler, and at the same time a manlier natured person in the parish: butcher's wife as his dear Betsy is, there is not a softer-hearted woman in all Surrey: butcher's dog as he is, (an order of dogs in office with not the best reputations in the world,) there is not such a dog as Chumpy in all dogdom! Good, kind creatures, there is not, I believe, such a worthy triplicate of natures living in this year of grace 1838.

As an encouragement to such as fear to think too well of their neighbours, and to such worthy persons as

> "Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame,"

I shall relate that, not long after the appearance of "*Some Account of Chumpy, Mr. Chump's Dog,*" the newspapers made some pretty lengthy excepts from that "full, true, and particular" piece of biography; and as Mr. Chump is a considerable reader of miscellaneous literature, and generally glances through all the waste-paper works which come into his shop before they go out of it as enwrappers of suet, mutton-kidneys, chops, steaks, cutlets, and other like desirables, it happened, as luck would have it, (and I thank that worthy foster-son of Fortune for his pertinacity of purpose on this occasion,) that Mr. Chump's eyes, windowed though they were, lighted upon this account of himself and his household. There was his name, as large as life, in good bold capitals—an uncommon name

—not another instance of it in the parish. He lifted his bushy eyebrows, as well he might, and then took off and rubbed his glasses; and for a moment he dreaded to find, as he was a man in high office in St. Mary's, and was wealthy and well to do, and much respected, and sought to be so all his life long,—that some one of those mean spirits, whose wretched vocation it is to live by offending their fellow creatures, and dragging their failings, or their fortunes, or misfortunes, into " the light of common day," had got hold of him, intending to show him up, and render him the laughing-stock of his merry friends or his malicious neighbours, if such an honest and good man could have any of the last. But he had not read half through the first paragraph before his heart was set at ease on that head; and so, breathing freely, without dread, and once more wiping his spectacles, he smilingly said to Mrs. Chump, (who, as it was a chilly autumn day, was hovering over the parlour-fire, with her arms comfortably tucked under her clean white apron,) "Betty, here's something here in the paper that'll please you, I'm very sure;" and the comely old fellow put on such a pleasant face, and his bright gray eyes twinkled so kindly through, and over, and on one side of his glasses, as he looked first across the fireplace at her, and then down at Chumpy, who was sitting between them on the hearth-rug, apparently engaged in speculating upon the spluttering of the burning coals, and accounting for their ebullitions in his own philosophic way, that Mrs. Chump felt naturally all agog to hear what it could be that so delighted her good man. Accordingly, Mr. Chump, rising, looked into the shop, to see that Jack, his boy, was minding it, and he was, partly that, and partly his old flute, which, as it was cracked, he was wax-ending; and then shutting the parlour-door, the worthy churchwarden cleared his throat, as he resumed his seat, and turning to Chumpy, said, " And it is something which will amuse you, too, old boy: so pay attention while I read it out, *hoary wrote under*, as Mr. Chimry said, in his learned way, at our last vestry-meeting."

Chumpy immediately pricked up his ears, and seemed all attention; and I verily believe that that intelligent creature understands not only all that is said to him, but all that he hears read, much better than many human listeners.

Mr. Chump, lastly, stirred the fire and his after-dinner wine and water, and then commenced the reading, during which, as he has since informed me, his spouse could not sit quiet in her chair; from unaffected pleasure at the honours which I had paid to her old favourite; and he, modest fellow, so both inform me, and I can well believe it, looked half ashamed to hear himself so praised, and hung his head, and shut his eyes, and pretended not to listen, and would, if he could, have retired from the parlour, with a silent " O this is too much!" but they made him hear the reading out.

When it was done, Mrs. C. cried out, " Well, now, I declare, who could have printed that?" and she immediately fell to guessing who could be the author. " It must be some good-humoured neighbour—that's for sartin—somebody who knows us all, and—" she modestly added—" thinks too well of us, I'm sure!"

And the delighted couple then ran through a list of likely persons capable of doing them such a good turn, as they described it; and, first, the rector had the honour of it, as he was somewhat of a wag; then Doctor Hyssop, the surgeon, as he also was famous as a facetious man the parish through, and had often brought a riotously-wrangling vestry round again to parishional good-humour by his merry quips and cranks, and was besides a great reader, and, it might be, a writer also, as the one sometimes follows upon indulging greatly in the other; thirdly, the curate carried off the honour of the article, for, as he had a small stipend and a large family, he was known to write a good deal to eke out the comforts of his household; and, besides, there was a little too much sentiment in "*Some Account*," for it to be Dr. Hyssop's production: so it was just upon the point of being signed, sealed, and settled that the Rev. Mr. Humbleman was its author, when Mrs. Chump had a fourth thought, and, like a Pythoness inspired with the truth, startled her spouse by suddenly crying out, "No, no! I have it now, my dear! I'll wager a good groat that I point out the writer in a minute!"

"Done!" said Mr. Chump, putting a new fourpenny piece upon the table, while his good lady took fourpence in halfpence from the mantelpiece to cover it. "Well, now, Betty, you are good at a guess, I know—who is it?"

"That grave-looking, quiet sort of person over the way, at Mr. and Mrs. D.'s," said she triumphantly.

"Gad, Betty, I believe that you are right; and I'm the more inclined to that opinion—now that I look at a note at the bottom of the last column—from observing that here's his name put to the extract. "That settles who was the author of Junius," said Mr. Chump, facetiously.

Mrs. Chump then swept up her winnings with that air of satisfaction which is always so diverting to the loser.

"Well, now," quoth the worthy man, taking off his spectacles, and laying them down upon the papers with a puzzled and yet pleased look, "who would have thought it? I'm sure he's very kind, and has the best opinion——I've often remarked how attentively he studied, and how partial he appeared to be to old Chumpy, and Chumpy to him, for that matter,—(they understood each other's characters, it seems,) —exchanging paw and hand whenever they met; and he is always saying something good-humoured to the old dog, as he passes by our door. Betty, my darling, we will have his book, please the pigs."

"By all manner of means, my dear; I'll send for it to Miller's in the road," said Mrs. C., agreeably; and after some further confabulation between the good couple, as to the merits of "the grave-looking quiet sort of person over the way," which he has reason to fear was only too complimentary to his good intentions, the matter ended with Mrs. C. making Chumpy acquainted, in brief terms, with the honours he had had paid to him, which he heard repeated in his old, easy, and unassuming manner, and was as affable as ever. Two minutes afterwards, and little Edmund B. was pulling his tail, and his dignity was not offended: in another minute the same lively young person was riding his broad back, and had hold of his long ears as reins, and he never once said "Pray, sir, whom do you imagine you are taking these great liberties with? Have your instructive parents informed you that I am no less a dog than Chumpy, Mr. Chump's dog?" No! unlike some of the grand, upright persons whom honours spoil and alter all their characters, he held his head no higher than kept his ears from dragging in the dirt, and wagging his brush at the same horizontal elevation as ever.

As I was passing the door on the day following, Mrs. Chump no sooner caught a view of my grave face than her comely one was adorned with such a pleasant smile as made me marvel what I had done (for I had forgotten the whole matter) to have so favourable a construction put upon my person. But I was not long left to wonder, for, flying into the parlour, she returned as swiftly with a new book in boards; and Mr. Chump's spectacles being taken out from between pages 248 and 249, the title of my grave offence stared me in the face. I could only confusedly say, while a sudden heat spread over my face, "So, then, I am found out?" and ere I could make a retreat, the worthy woman, with that impulsive warmth which darts out from the fire of a fine heart, had caught hold of my arm with one hand, while with the other she squeezed my fingers till they cracked; and then pulling me across the shop into the parlour—"I've caught him!" she cried, and in a moment I was presented to her lord, who also, in his warm way, wrung my hand till my fingers felt as if they were on fire. Chumpy, however, favoured me with an immediate application of cold nose, which he thrust into my hand, and I recovered sufficiently my presence of mind to sit down, as I was forced to do, and make myself at home; and I don't know where a hungry author (authors are traditionally said to have the best appetites of all orders and conditions of men) should bless himself to find himself made so where beef and mutton abound. Ere I had done stammering and looking foolish at this unexpected burst of private popularity, I had been compelled to swallow a full glass of fine old port, and just another to damp the other eye; and I believe that if I had wanted it, or could have carried it, or would have permitted it to have been lifted across the way, a pastoral landscape which I have hanging against my wall would have been superseded by a fine, fat Southdown sheep dangling down from the same substantial brass nail. To induce me to stay tea, which was nearly ready, Mrs. C. positively shut the parlour-door, and put the key in her pocket. So I made a virtue of necessity, and wondered where they procured such admirable crumpets, and was informed upon that pleasing piece of winter knowledge. After tea was done and the board cleared, Mr. C. had a prized bottle of prime old port, which I must taste and try. I said I thought that it was excellent, and so it was: he was delighted with my candour, and having pushed it about between us, with a proper attention to not disturbing it too rudely, we found, in no long time, that it had gone backwards and forwards so rapidly that it was exhausted with the exertion, being unused to much exercise; and so my host said he thought he could replace it with another as strong and good. My wish was not unfatherly to that thought, and breaching the third bottle, we pushed it about the table as before, and agreed that it was good—nay, better than good—superexcellent—supernaculum. And now, feeling myself at home, I wanted no pressing to stay supper, for I was cosy, the chill taken off me, rife, rosy, and comfortable. As soon as I had made this candid confession, Mrs. C. returned the key to the lock, and

> "There we three,
> 'Neath the old roof-tree,
> Discoursed on things of mystery,"

as we sat composedly talking over this parish affair, and that and the other, and this neighbour's fortunes, and another neighbour's misfortunes, till supper-time; and I remarked to myself that, during the whole long conversation, not one word of censure, scandal, or ill-nature escaped the lips of the well-consorted pair; but, on the contrary, many a pitying phrase, much charity, unlimited good-will, cheerful thoughts on serious things, good sense, good nature, and pure, simple, uncanting piety, fell from them abundantly. I looked with reverence on the admirable old people, butchers though they were, and wished that some persons who follow gentler callings were half as gentle. Supper served, and attended to, and the cloth cleared, brandy-and-water, warm and strong, was suggested by way of a wind up, Mrs. C. taking a thimbleful with us, as the night was cold.

"I sometimes take a pipe after supper: is smoking disagreeable to you?" asked Mr. C.

"On the contrary," said I.

"Then you perhaps can smoke?" he added.

"Anywhere across the river!" I replied briskly.

"Dilworth!" cried Mr. Chump, giving the authority, to show his reading.

Pipes were filled and lighted, and we smoked away in that pleasant, placid manner, which is the best part of that serene enjoyment; and our talk was little and occasional—between the puffs. At last I observed that the old gentlemen—(why not? for gentleman he was, although he found it not an unprofitable occupation to superintend the distribution of muttons, and such like deer)—by his hemming and hesitation, had something which he was labouring to deliver himself of in "good set phrase," but knew not how well to begin it. At length he started suddenly, "I love men of letters, sir!"

"So do I," said I, impertinently; "the 'noble army of martyrs!' I love them all, from the poor penny-a-liner up to the general postman,—all the sonneteers, epigrammatists, tragic poets, epic poets, lyric poets, romancers, novelists, wits, wags, all inclusive. I love them all, 'with a difference,' but not much."

Mr. Chump continued: "They were the delighters and instructors of my boyhood, when I was book-mad: they have been the friends and companions of my maturity, when I was more rational. I owe them much; but they are gone, and do not claim it. I should, however, like to be of service, in my way, to the least of their children—[I did not like that word 'least' for a moment, and I showed it, I suppose, in my nervous way]—don't misunderstand me—I say again I love men of letters; and, knowing as I do, that they are the most ill-requited men in the world, I long to be of service to at least one of them."

I said I saw no harm in that: on the contrary. He then took courage, and said, but hesitatingly, "I have a friendly wish, which I should like to gratify."

"What is that?" quoth I.

"Can I serve you?" He out with it at last.

"With another lump of sugar, if you please," I answered.

"No—I meant not that. My Betty there is growing elderly—eh, Betty, may I say that?"—She nodded assent. "And we have always been one, in everything, since we first came together; and, let me see, that's forty years ago—eh, Betty?"—She shook her head, with a good-humoured ruefulness of face. "To oblige her," he continued, '"and keep on good terms with her, I have grown old too. We have neither chick nor child, sir, and not a creature, except old Chumpy here, in any way related to us. In short, sir, to make an unpleasant story brief, I say again, can I serve you?"

"No—except by thinking kindly of my good intentions."

That he already did. Was there nothing else in which he could do me a favour?

"Yes—by again thinking kindly of my good intentions."

"Well, well," said he, "after looking some time considerately in my face, "I will not be pressing. Come, replenish, sir; I shall not let you go yet—so fill again."

I complied—both glass and pipe—and before the iron-tongue of midnight had told twelve, Mr. Chump and I had wiped off the national debt; settled the tithe question in Ireland, by giving the clergy every tenth child; done away with slavery in its last monstrous strong-hold, *free* America; improved our workhouse dietary scale, by throwing some lumping bits of beef and mutton into it; spread education over the land, so that every country cousin coming up to town could read his own direction; founded a Shakspeare hospital for decayed wits; abolished the corn-laws; pacified the parish grumblers and their grievances; given the old workhouse woman flannel and snuff *ad lib.*; laid out a racket-ground and skittle-ground for the old workhouse men; taken the badge off the breasts of charity-boys and girls; raised the curate's stipend to two hundred a year, and find his own discourses; married our lovely Queen to Mr. F——e C——r, the novelist, to keep America patient with England; smoked six pipes and seven parish orators; reduced five tumblers of brandy and water each to two dry silver spoons in two empty glasses;—and all these things done, I was then permitted to retire, upon the understanding that I should dine with them on the following Sunday, which was allowed. Mrs. Chump, who had said very little during the evening, now remarked that she hoped I would always consider them as friends, neighbours, and well-wishers, which I said I should. She shook hands with me as warmly as before; and, lastly, the worthy warden and Chumpy, who had stayed up in honour of my visit, saw me across the street to my own door; and the former was pleased to ring the bell and knock at the door for me—shook hands with me just as hearty as ever—while the latter gave me his paw at parting, and barked twice, to signify "good night." Never was prophet so honoured in his own parish! I found the worthy pair just such people as I had imagined them to be—simple, unaffected, warm-hearted, full of pity, forbearance, merciful, generous, hospitable, unostentatious, thoroughly English, every bit and every thought of them.*

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* To be continued.

RAMBLES IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

BY LADY CHATTERTON.

The amiable and accomplished author of these volumes has not only produced an amusing work, but has done something that will be of important benefit to a beautiful country and an interesting people, whose prosperity and well-being ought to be almost as dear to the heart of every Englishman as that of his own countrymen. Lady Chatterton informs us, in a very modest advertisement, that her principal object in publishing has been to endeavour to remove some of the prejudices which render so many people afraid to travel or reside in Ireland; to show them what high and various attractions that much misunderstood country contains; and to furnish, from her own experience, the most decided proofs that a tour in some of the wildest districts of Ireland may be keenly enjoyed by an Englishwoman, although rendered fastidious by ill health, and frequent visits to the more refined and luxurious countries of the south of Europe.

Her ladyship's simple and fascinating narrative more than makes good what she proposed: a journey through Ireland becomes irresistibly tempting under her natural, graceful pen, and under the bright sunshine of her amiable temper; and we do not doubt that the perusal of her volumes will lead many a tourist in that direction, thereby doing much good to a country which for so many centuries has been shamefully neglected.

It is an old complaint, that English people go running to the four corners of the globe—exploring all manner of foreign countries, and leaving, without a visit or without a thought, so much that is beautiful and curious at home and in the sister island. The Rhine is better known than the Wye, the Lago Maggiore more frequented than Windermere; Nemi is more run after than Loch Katrine; nay, the lakes of America are as much visited as the lakes of Killarney. We have often had occasion to blush at the ignorance displayed by English travellers when questioned by intelligent foreigners, touching the scenery, the buildings, the works of art, the remarkable places in England and Scotland, to say nothing of Ireland. "Surely," said an old Italian in our hearing, "these gad-abouts ought to see a little of their own nest before they come to pass judgment upon ours—they ought to know the dimensions of their St. Paul's, before they come to measure our St. Peter's!" We know that this putting the cart before the horse, this bungling inversion of what ought to be the proper course of travelling, is entirely dependent upon that contemptible tyrant called "Fashion," who—considering that we are a free-born people, a people continually boasting of our liberty—assuredly rules us in a most despotic manner. The mass of people do not go hither or thither from any taste or preference of their own, but merely because all my lord Johnnies and my lady Betties go before them. They flock to the Rhine, to the lakes of Switzerland, to the Italian lakes, to Florence, to Rome, to Naples, not so much because the river and the lakes are glorious as scenery, and the cities crowded with objects of art and great remembrances, as because it is fashionable to go thither; and if it were fashionable, they would go just in the same manner to Timbuctoo. To half of these people, the seeing of those foreign sights is undertaken as a task—the ground is run over merely that they may say on their return that they have "done" all Italy, and so on. It was one of this class that exclaimed, on coming forth from under the "vast and wondrous dome," the cynosure of Rome, "Well, I've seen St. Peter's, and thank God that's over!"

But it is on account of this servile submission to fashion that the volumes before us are serviceable and important to Ireland. Lady Chatterton is fashionable enough to make a fashion, and if a few more *belles dames* only follow her footsteps, we shall soon see thousands flocking over to Bantry Bay, the Lakes of Killarney, and the Falls of the Shannon; and there will be more visiters kissing the black stone in Blarney Castle, than are now picking up lumps of black lava on Mount Vesuvius. How few in England ever heard of the minor watering-places in Nassau, till Sir Francis Head wrote his "Bubbles from the Brunnens," (we wish he had kept to that sort of bubbles, instead of making political ones in Canada,) and how indispensable is it now to be able to say we have been there, or are going! The lieges of Nassau have far greater obligations to Sir Francis than have his countrymen in Upper Canada—he must have put many good thousands of pounds sterling into the capacious pockets of those doughty Germans! We trust, however, that Lady Chatterton will do ten times as much for brother Pat. The facilities of communication, moreover, are wonderfully enticing; and now indeed,

"When pleasure begins to grow dull in the East,
We may order our *steam,* and be off to the West."

Ten hours to Liverpool, and twelve more to Dublin! Why, by properly timing his departure, the traveller may breakfast in London one morning, and in Dublin the next, without losing a night's rest, for he can sleep as comfortably on board the steam-packet as in his own bed.

Lady Chatterton opens her volume with the following delightful sketches:—

"Here I am on a lovely bank of the Lee, where the sun always seems to me to shine brighter than elsewhere, and the air feels sweeter and more balmy. The rough and chilly breath of winter is now softening into the gentleness of spring.

"The beautiful scenery of this favoured spot is particularly striking, after having so lately left the gloomy fogs of London. In this mild climate the myrtles are now covered with blossom in the open air; and the hydrangias are unfolding their delicate green leaves.

"The window in which I am sitting looks on a lawn of that bright yet delicate green so peculiar to this country, that lovely tint, of which those who have not visited the *divisa dal mondo ultima Irlanda* can form but a faint idea. Directly in front is a garden, where spring flowers of every hue meet the eye, and violets are breathing their delicious perfume, where the verdure of arbutus trees and brilliant gold leaf plants give a cheerful summer air to the scene. Beyond flows the broad river, upon the glassy surface of which ships are gliding; some with dark red sails, others whose gracefully sloping masts and large white sails show that they come from the shores of Portugal. Near the beach are boats, in each of which a solitary figure lazily reclines, as if to enjoy the refreshing breeze and the bright sunshine. But no; these men are fishing. I see one man has just raised a small net attached to two long poles, the end of which droops gracefully into the water. This mode of fishing, I am told, is here termed 'Push-a-pike.' Nearer is a group who are catching salmon; and I can hear the merry laugh of these joyous fishermen as the jest is bandied to and fro. On the other side of the river rise sloping lawns interspersed with villas; and beneath them, close to the water, is a road, on which coaches are passing, and some Cork belles, attended by officers in their gay uniforms, are cantering along. The brown stems and leafless branches of the elms and horse-chesnuts show indeed that the season is what we call winter; but the whole scene is so smiling, vivid, and warm, that it feels like June.

"Another window of this pleasant room commands a view over the river where it spreads into a magnificent lake. In the distance, and where the eye loses sight of the tall ships, is a range of dark blue hills, on which the everchanging lights produce an endless variety of pictures. Now towers, groves, and sunny fields appear in crowded and vivid distinctness; and then all is gray and mysterious and shadowy again.

"Some cows are quietly grazing on my favourite green lawn. A young girl, with milk-pail and stool, approaches one of them. No, not a young girl—I forget that I am in Ireland; and that I have been told that youthful creature, apparently not seventeen, is married. How picturesque she looks, tripping along, her scarlet kerchief folded over her well-turned shoulders,—her bright green dress gathered up in graceful drapery, leaving her small feet visible beneath the short stuff petticoat!

"Her boyish-looking husband bounds across the lawn to meet her, from under those trees on the right. He holds the cow by the horns, while she seats herself and begins milking—gazing up into his face all the while with looks of fond and grateful affection. How interesting is her countenance! happiness and love, struggling with bashful coyness in those modest yet laughing eyes.

"Her task is done. The young man takes the stool from the hands of his pretty wife, with a look of intense admiration, which tells, at a glance, that the same exalted and holy feeling breathes its refining influence over this rustic pair, that we are apt to limit to the cultivated and well-born.

"On one of the window-frames grows a Pyrus Japonica; its brilliant red flowers are in full bloom; and, mingled with the dark green leaves of the myrtles, form gorgeous and graceful festoons, through which the clear blue sky and changeful clouds are visible. It is delightful to watch the daily opening of the buds and delicate spring leaves. I have experienced few moments of greater enjoyment, than when in early morning I throw open my bed-room window, and inhale the fragrance of the flowers; while, from a grove hard by, a thousand birds are mingling their harmonious notes with the melody which breathes in all the awakening world around.

"It is impossible to gaze on such a scene as I have endeavoured to depict, without feeling a wish to be in unison with all nature, and with it to pay our morning tribute of joy and gratitude to the Creator of so much loveliness. These indeed are moments when the soul is impelled to prayer; when all those strivings, and cares, and longings which trouble our enjoyments of this life, are converted into earnest and hallowed aspirations after that world which is to come. At these precious moments our energies are directed into the right channel, the spirits become young and innocent as in early youth, before ambition or folly has kindled in the heart that burning torch which too often scorches up the sweet sources of inward joy, and produces a withering atmosphere around us, destroying the fresh glow of nature's loveliness. At such a sweet morning hour as this, we become children in faith and hope; our affections are purified; and though the heart forgets not, yet we cease to bewail the friends who are gone from this beautiful world: we long and pray that we may again meet them in a world still more beautiful.

"Just as I had written the above, an old tenant came from a wild, and, what is usually termed, uncivilised part of the country, near Bottle-hill—a name now familiar to the English reader as the locality of one of Crofton Croker's Fairy Legends. The old man has certainly not often seen people in a higher rank of life than his own, and yet in our short interview he uttered some sentiments which would do honour to the most refined and cultivated person; I wish I could remember all he said. The few following sentences are not so poetical as some others which he used; indeed, to understand their full effect, the speaker should have been seen: his old but not care-worn countenance, his long flowing locks, and the mind-illumined eye, added much to the meaning and interest of his words:—

"'Welcome, young lady! welcome to Ireland; I hope you'll live and die there! I'm eighty-six—that's my years. In the morning we walk on all fours; at twelve o'clock we stand upright; evening comes on—'twill soon be night. Our grave is ready dug for us, and when 'tis the will of Providence we go down into it. So it is! Good-bye, young lady!—I'll never see you again in this world, may be.'

"He was going, but I called him back, to tell him I should like to go and see his home; he was overjoyed at the prospect, and said—

"'I hope I'll see you at my place, I do; we'll make an acclamation for you. We'll have a bonfire to light up the country you'd like to look at. Oh, welcome a thousand times! You'll find a thousand welcomes ready for you.'

"Encouraged by this prospect, he lingered, and broke forth into lamentations upon our recent loss:—

"'My poor old lady! I mourn for her within my heart:—it isn't my clothes that mourn—'tisn't my wearables will show my grief. My heart is black. I'm eighty-six, and long ago my grave was dug. I thought I'd go into it before her;—she's taken the lead o' me. She was a good old age—past seventy-seven—but I never thought I'd ever live to hear she was dead. I'll be the next. I went to see the place where I'm to lie, that I might look whether 'twas long enough for me.'

"*Saturday.*—We had a delightful drive to-day round by Cork to the Douglas river, and along its lovely bank, on the road which leads to Passage and Monkstown. Every time I come to Ireland, the scenery appears to be more beautiful. Probably the reason of this is, that our taste for the beauties of nature always goes on increasing. With me it has become a passion, and I hope it is one of the very few that may be indulged in without danger; as I trust that it draws us nearer and nearer to the great Creator of all the beauty we admire so intensely. No, there can be nothing to fear from a passion like this, which purifies our taste, and exalts our being.

"The only thing I miss in Ireland is my favourite rural scenery—I mean, by rural, the neat honeysuckled cottages, with their trim little gardens and beehives. Indeed this kind of scenery can, I believe, be found nowhere but in England. The word "rural" is untranslatable into any other language, and seems formed expressly to describe English country life. Though a sister land, I fear it will be long before we find anything rural in Ireland, for the higher orders have very little taste for comfortable country life. But then the Green Isle has much without this; and indeed, in travelling through it, there are so many amusing scenes and interesting places, that there is scarcely time to observe the deficiency I have spoken of. There are continual signs of convulsion and change, both in nature and the works of man, which excite many interesting recollections, and afford constant food for thought. There are the strange superstitions of the inhabitants, which have probably survived longer than in other European land. Every ruined tower, and the mighty and mysterious works which are attributed to the Druids, have each its wild tale of wonder and interest. Then there are those puzzling Ogham inscriptions, the meaning of which has hitherto baffled inquiry."

"I often wonder why there should be so few celebrated characters in a country teeming with talent and genius, where every peasant accosts one in the language of poetry, and with gestures of grace. The very dress, or rather semi-dress, of the country people is picturesque; the large blue cloak worn by the women is sure to be held round their well-made figures in folds so easy and beautiful as to furnish excellent models for the artist and sculptor. Their long beautiful hair is generally braided round their small heads, with a taste and simplicity truly classic; and there is an ease and grace in all their movements, which seem, I think, to denote a feeling of good taste and refinement far above the common level of their class, in other countries. In an intercourse with the common people, a day, an hour, cannot pass without being struck by some mark of talent, some display of an imagination at once glowing and enthusiastic, or some touch of tender and delicate feeling. How strange it is, that such a people should be content to dwell in smoky hovels, when, if they chose to exert themselves and employ the energies which I think they possess, their condition might be improved! But they are generally happy; therefore why wish to alter their state? They find additional clothing an encumbrance. How often have I heard them say, their Sunday dress gave them cold! and the first illness our old gate woman ever had, was occasioned by her wearing a pair of shoes and stockings!

"A poor family were in what we considered a most miserable condition; at Christmas, by way of making them comfortable,we had given to each individual a nice suit of clothes; the consequence was, they were all laid up with bad feverish colds! Since this, I have come to the wise determination of allowing people to be happy in their own way; and the more we see of the world, the more convinced must we be, how totally independent of every outward cause and circumstance is happiness;—that it springs entirely from the mind within, the Irish are living and laughing proofs. As I said before, what surprises me is, that a country where all are clever, shrewd, and intelligent, should not have produced more characters of celebrity. The' only reason I can discover for this is, that perhaps when talent is so common, it is but little valued; and a man who in another country would be considered quite a prodigy, is here raised so little above the common standard, that he knows not his own worth, and therefore does not take any pains to improve his natural abilities.

* * * *

"To my mind, Ireland is a country which, in spite of its miserable and uncultivated state, inspires more solemn and poetical ideas than any of those through which I have travelled. Here the ever-changing clouds assume forms, where airy castles, oceans, mountains, and grotesque shapes of animals and men may be seen with a startling distinctness which I never observed elsewhere.

"The skies of Ireland, like the faces of its people, are ever beaming with smiles, or melting with tears. Moore seems to have observed this peculiarity of the Irish climate, when he says—

> 'Erin! the smile and the tear in thine eyes
> Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies.'

"Often the sun shines with dazzling brightness on one mountain, giving a vivid and rainbow hue to its heath and rock, while the adjoining heights frown in gloomy sternness, as if in anger at those dark clouds which deprive them of what the poet I have just alluded to terms 'a sunburst.'

"In many wild regions, very few trees are to be seen; but the shrubs which grow in profusion amid the purple rocks, and which sometimes feather down to the shores of a mountain lake, are, with their ever-green and glistening leaves, so beautiful, that one can scarcely regret the absence of a more majestic growth. In some places, however, trees may be found, and then they generally surround some romantic ruins, melancholy memorial of former days, which are frequently seen, often overhanging the rushing river side, or at the entrance of some mountain pass. The appearance of trees thus combined are so beautiful, that we cannot help regretting that they but seldom occur; for, like the Irish clouds, the forms of the trees are certainly more picturesque than in other lands. I cannot describe why, or how, this is occasioned, but the branches are more gnarled, the trunk more grotesque, as if the trees grew in the same unrestrained and easy manner as the figures of the people.

"I know not if such be really the case; but I often fancy I trace in different countries a certain tinge or colour and shape, which stamp with a peculiar character both the inhabitants and everything which surrounds them.

"In England, how exactly in keeping with the character of its sons are the firm and stately forests of elm, beech, and oak! They are grand, fine, and majestic; but they possess more uniformity than sublimity; though their appearance is noble, all around them looks calm, neat, and comfortable. The solid country-houses, straight streets, small windows, avenues and hedge-rows, rounded hills and peaceful valleys, respectively impart but one and the same impression—everything looks more useful and sensible than beautiful: as if nature had conspired to give birth to that expressive word '*snug.*'

"When in Ireland I gaze on the ever-changing colours and aspects of nature, I no longer am surprised that the inhabitants should teem with poetic ideas. Riches and artificial refinement tend certainly to destroy the impression which the sight of nature produces on the mind. The Irish peasants only sleep within walls! they spend all their waking hours beneath the broad vault of heaven—their view bounded alone by the ocean or distant mountains—no employment save the cultivation of their potato field—no object in life to divert their thoughts from the observation of sights, and sounds, and the meditative, indolent enjoyment of wild and magnificent scenes.

"I am particularly struck with the rich and vivid colouring of the scenery in Ireland; when the sun shines after one of the frequent showers, the whole landscape resembles a highly finished and freshly varnished picture, not by any well-known master, for the composition, to speak technically, is totally different, though I think quite as fine, as any ideal imagery of Claude, Hobbina, or Poussin. The varieties of green are particularly lovely, yet there is never too much; the eye is always relieved by masses of rock of a dark purple or reddish brown, which harmonize perfectly with the light green tender moss or darker coloured grass.

"There is in the Irish people a sort of luxurious *far niente* enjoyment, which they must certainly derive from ancestors of a Southern or Eastern clime. This spirit of innate happiness breaks out through all their external misery, and by a strange feeling of contentment they create luxuries for themselves. I have often seen a girl recline against a heap of filth at a hovel door, in an attitude as graceful, and a countenance beaming with as much intellectual happiness, as if she had been reposing on a Roman triclinium.

"I wonder that those who like to see and study something very original and strange, do not visit Ireland. I should think few countries would afford so much scope for inquiry, and none so much to please and surprise, if viewed with an unprejudiced eye.

"Hitherto I have spoken but of the perfections of the Irish: I must now turn to the less pleasing side of the picture, and point out their faults.

"It is the fashion to attribute to England all or most of Ireland's sufferings; but I think that a dispassionate and accurate view of Ireland, if such can be obtained, would prove that fashion is wrong. That some of its misery originated in its imperfect conquest by England is most certain; that this misery was increased by the Union, is a question I have frequently heard discussed; but no woman ought to be a politician, for she is sure to judge by the heart, not by the head. Therefore, without entering upon often-debated ground, I will venture to assert that, in my opinion, it forms, volcano-like, the fire within itself, and thus, from the strange character of its people, the principal miseries and misfortunes of Ireland arise.

"What must strike a stranger most in a visit to this country, if he happen to preserve his own senses, is the utter deficiency of that useful quality, common sense, in the inhabitants. As in quarrels between man and wife there are generally faults on both sides—so it is in the dissensions between different classes in poor Ireland. There are faults everywhere. The Protestants, Roman Catholics, landowners, and peasants, high and low, rich and poor, are all more violent, more full of party spirit, in short, more angry, than in any other country.

"It seems as if there were something in the atmosphere of Ireland which is unfavourable to the growth of common sense, and moderation in its inhabitants; and which is not without an influence even on those who go there with their brains fairly stocked with that most useful quality. Even strangers are sure to lose their sober-mindedness after a few months' residence, and to become most violent partizans. This sort of infatuation, which, to use the words of an old writer, often makes 'an Englishman more Irish than the Irish themselves'—which comes over every resident among this strange people, creates that extreme difficulty of ascertaining truth which has always been so wonderful. Every one who comes among the Irish is immediately hooked into some party; and, unless he possess a most independent mind, and a sufficiency of self-confidence to enable him to see with his own eyes, he is sure to judge of everything according to the ideas of that party with which he happens to associate. This is the origin of those strange and contradictory reports which are in circulation as to the state of Ireland.

Common sense, I repeat, is lamentably wanting; and this occasions all other wants. Want of sense peeps through the open door and stuffed up window of every hovel. It is plainly stamped on everything that is done or left undone. You may trace it in the dung-heap which obstructs the path to the cabin; in the smoke which finds an outlet through every opening but a chimney. You may see it in the warm cloaks which are worn in the hottest day in summer—in the manner a peasant girl carries her basket behind her back. This is generally done by folding her cloak, her only cloak, round it, and thus throwing the whole weight of the basket on this garment, of course to its no small detriment. This same want of sense lurks, too, under the great heavy coat, which the men wear during violent exertion in hot weather. In short, it is obvious in a thousand ways.

> "The cause of this remarkable want of sense will be more difficult to find out, than the effect it has on Ireland. Perhaps the Irish are sprung from some wandering tribes; perhaps—but a truce to speculation: let me confine myself to facts."

This we take to be good sense and good feeling. We cannot, however, help wondering why her ladyship should wonder at there being so few celebrated characters in Ireland, in "a country teeming with talent and genius." The evident fact is, that the celebrated Irish are nearly all to be found in England; nor could it well be otherwise, seeing the political relations of the two countries. If Lady Chatterton will look over *our* list of celebrated characters, she will perhaps be surprised to find so very large a portion of the names those of natives of Ireland. We cannot here enter into the question about races, or discuss what has been done by the Celtic stock, what by the Anglo-Irish; but, *certes, native-born Irishmen* have attained their full share of celebrity in arts and arms, and in the highest departments of eloquence and literature; and if we were to turn them out of our Temple of Fame, we should find that the house would have rather an empty look.

Her Ladyship, in the second chapter, makes a delicious journey from Cork to Glengariff, by Castle Townsend and Bantry; and here, as well as everywhere else, her text is illustrated by numerous little sketches, slight, but exceedingly well felt, and well rendered in lithography. The views of Sugar-loaf Mountain, Bantry Bay, Adrigoil, on the road from Castletown to Glengariff, the mountains of Allihies, with the Skelligs and Darrynane Bay in the distance, Mitchelstown Castle, the seat of the Earl of Kingston, and Quin Abbey, are all exceedingly pleasing and picturesque. We are not told expressly that they are taken from the accomplished author's own sketches, but this we believe is the case. She tells us that there are views in the neighbourhood of the fairy bay of Glengariff equal to any she has seen on the Bay of Naples. We rejoice to learn that improvement is at work in this direction, that roads are cutting, and houses and mansions rising on the most favoured spots; but unluckily the improvement does not descend. Being tired of a sea-trip, Lady Chatterton determined to proceed by land from Adrigoil Bay to Castletown.

> "Except the pretty Glebe House, Adrigoil contains only a few scattered cabins, not one of which appeared big enough to shelter any animal larger than a pig. Ten miles, 'only ten Irish miles,' was stated to be the distance to Castletown; but rather than encounter my bitter enemy, the sea, in the dark, and in an open boat, I said I would walk. This was declared to be impossible. But, while we are all debating the subject, a woman came up and asked if we would come and rest ourselves a little at the clergyman's; she added, that he was unluckily from home, but that she knew he would be very happy to *see* any travellers at his house all the same, and nothing would make him so well pleased as to hear that they had been comfortable there. We smiled at her good-natured bull, and still more good-natured face, but told her we were pressed for time.
>
> "'And is the lady going up the mountain too?' she inquired, with a face of alarm.
>
> "O no,' said I, 'but I wish very much that I could get on to Castletown by land.'

" 'And sure why can't ye? isn't it for the likes of you to do as is most plasin' to ye?'

"I soon discovered that the clergyman's maid-servant was one of those sort of people whom it is delightful to meet with when we are in a dilemma—a person who never thinks anything impossible, a character full of suggestions and comfortable expedients, and whose energy is sure to help one in any emergency.

"In less than half an hour a cart and horse appeared; where they came from I never could learn; they seemed to spring out of the rocks at the behest of this most comforting woman. A *cart*, mind, not a car, nor any thing half so convenient as the worst cart to be found in England, or on the continent either. This primitive concern consisted of a few flat boards nailed together, laid on two long poles. Round this raft-like concern there were no rails, or ledge, to prevent my maid and myself, and our cloaks, from jolting off. On this we lay, for to sit was almost impossible; and off we went, amid the laughter of the whole party.

"Variety is certainly pleasant, even when that variety is caused by the most dislocating of conveyances; and I enjoyed the journey extremely. In a totally new situation one loses most of that feeling of self-identity with all the cares and anxieties of life, which often depress our feelings. I seemed to catch the same spirit of happiness with those people who jolt along to market on such a vehicle, and I gave myself up to pleasant thoughts. There were few habitations along the side of the road, but we met some of the wildest looking people I ever beheld—wild, I mean, in appearance, not manners—for I was particularly struck with the civil respectful way in which they all bowed to us, even though we travelled on the commonest vehicle. Many stopped to speak to our driver; perhaps to inquire by what chance he was driving such an unusual load as two bonneted females. But their curiosity was not obtrusive; and though they were evidently surprised, they did not stare at us disagreeably.

"The appearance of the dwellings of the peasantry was more truly wretched than any I have ever seen. The people, particularly the children, were worse clothed. Some of the younger children, completely naked, were playing about before the miserable hovels. How strange that such rude habitations should send forth a people of such good and refined manners, 'who be,' as our driver said, 'the civilest spoken folks in all Ireland, and have more good will to each other than is to be found in any other country on the face of the wide world!'

"The amusing thoughts which my new position excited were only disturbed towards the end of our three hours' drive by the apprehension of finding a very bad inn, or, worse still, (as I should be alone all the evening,) no accommodation at all. My too active imagination was busy with expedients; though I had not much fear of finding a resting-place of some sort or other in a country where unkind looks or actions never meet the eye. So I only pictured to myself some interesting clergyman and his good wife, or daughter, trying to make me comfortable; or an honest farmer, making the best of his humble dwelling, and turning every thing topsy-turvy for my accommodation.

"But then my entrance into Castletown on such a vehicle, covered with straw, in an old crumpled bonnet and worn-out cloak, would not look at all respectable; and who would believe I was a 'rale lady?' These misgivings increased to such a degree, that as we drove jingling and creaking up to the inn door, my weary bones and exhausted mind did feel as if a very considerable portion of their future well-being depended on finding immediate accommodation and repose. I also inwardly hoped that the innkeeper might not look cross. The outside of the house appeared to promise well, but an old and ugly woman came to the door.

"When the driver asked if there were rooms, she nodded her gray dishevelled locks, and I thought her beautiful. She helped me off the cart, and I hobbled up stairs tired and stiff; but, oh! the joy and surprise of finding a large, well-furnished, and most comfortable sitting-room, with fresh flowers on the table, and beautiful geraniums in the windows! Everything was new and clean, and doubly delightful, as all this was unexpected. After the old woman had showed me the nice bed-rooms, at the back of the house, looking out on the noble bay, I thought she was by no means so ugly, and I could have kissed her furrowed cheek.

"My quarters, however, really needed not the fatigue of such a journey as I had just accomplished, nor the fear of finding no resting-place, to make them appear most excellent. The inn, indeed, proved to be such a one as would be considered good even at an Englishing watering-place; which is very surprising, as the town is at the extremity of a long peninsula which leads to nothing, nor is there a road to or from it, except by Glengarriff."

From these passages it is evident that her ladyship possesses the best of all travelling companions—a good, tolerant temper. In fact, though labouring under the depressing influences of bad health, she never for a moment seems to lose her good-humour. The Winnifred Jenkins class of travellers, your fastidious fine vulgar folks, would be horrified at the idea of mounting a cart; but when this well-bred lady cannot get a carriage, she wisely thinks a cart just as good, rides in it without repining, and gives to it an air of the greatest gentility and elegance. From Glengariff, crossing the Esk Mountain, she goes to Killarney, the beautiful lakes of which she describes very happily, varying her scenic descriptions (as she does in most other places) with romantic legends and pleasant little stories. After sundry excursions she returns again to the Victoria Hotel at Killarney—a *bijou* of an hotel, which her ladyship paints in such tempting colours, that we shall certainly make it our head-quarters whenever we visit those beautiful lakes.

"The Victoria Hotel," says her ladyship, "is about a mile from Killarney, in a beautiful situation on the lower lake. It is remarkably well kept, and the charges are extremely moderate. We paid for a handsomely furnished sitting-room only five shillings a day, fire and wax-lights included; dinner three shillings a head; for a bed-room two shillings a day; and all other charges are on the same scale."

Dan, the great Dan, seems to be exceedingly well lodged in a good house, (by the way, there is a view of it in vol. i.) in a highly picturesque and beautiful country. The ruins of an old abbey stand near the modern mansion.

"On our descent, we passed a perfect Pagan Altar, which we examined and sketched. After the great pass was effected, we had a smaller hill to cross before Darrynane became visible. At last we reached an entrance to the grounds, and saw the old gray house, amid a grove of trees, near the sandy shore of a little bay. This apparent entrance to the place is not, however, the real one; it is the approach to a public road by which funerals pass to the old Abbey.

"As the sun had not yet gone down, we went direct to the ruins of the Abbey. It is situated in a sunny and well-protected nook on a peninsula, which is, I believe, occasionally an island. The pasture of this peninsula is excellent, and our guide told us it is intended soon to be used as a deer path: 'He will only,' said our guide, 'have to build a wall across here; as on the other three sides it is *walled in* by the sea.' The Abbey was built in a most retired, lovely spot, close to the sea; a part of the walls still remains, and within these is a large monument of the O'Connell family. By the inscription on this tomb, we learn that Dan. O'Connell and his wife, who died in 1770, were interred here by their son, Maurice O'Connell, the uncle of the present possessor, from whom he inherits the estate; there is also an epitaph on Maurice O'Connell, which I regret that I did not copy, as we were afterwards told that it was written by the present proprietor, at his uncle's request, during the old gentleman's lifetime, whose motive was, to prevent the fulsome compliments which otherwise might have been paid him.

"Darrynane-house is situated in a beautiful spot, facing the south, and overlooking a little bay, where the waves come rolling upon the smooth sands. The plantations near seem to thrive, well protected as they are from the northern blast by a fine range of rocky heights. The house is an irregular pile of building, having received various additions at different times; the interior is most comfortable, and affords the extensive accommodation which the hospitality of its proprietor renders necessary.

"The drawing-room is a spacious apartment, on each side of which is a row of windows commanding beautiful views. It is well furnished, and adorned by a fine bust of the owner's lovely daughter. The tables are covered with the latest publications, and numerous good prints and caricatures. Near this room is the library, full of well-chosen books.

"The walls of the dining-room are covered with family portraits; and on a slab at the end opposite the fire-place are some old spear and hatchet heads, of a mixed metal, which were dug up not far from Darrynane.

"The next morning I took a delightful walk before breakfast on the sand-hills at whose base the house is situated, and whose slope, covered with fine grass, forms the grounds beyond the plantation.

"The view over the bay is beautiful:—its fine sandy beach—the rocky mountain which forms its western boundary—the magnificent sea breaking in heavy billows against it—the indented shore of Darrynane—the islands at its entrance, and ocean beyond, create a splendid landscape. The enjoyment of such a scene was rendered perfect by the sunshine and brilliancy of the finest day we have had this year."

A hunt, a piper rejoicing in the name of O'Sullivan Coshier, and several other things and circumstances about Darrynane Abbey, are described in a very amusing way. In the second volume Lady Chatterton journeys to Blarney Castle to Limerick, to Vermont, to the Falls of the Shannon, to Killaloe, to Loch Derg, and to many other places well worth visiting and reading about. We cannot accompany her stage by stage, but will endeavour to select a few more short passages complete in themselves. Perhaps there are many of our readers who have never once heard of the recently discovered Kingston caves in the county Tipperary. The following is her ladyship's spirited account of them. She starts from Mitchelstown Castle, the splendid seat of Lord Kingston, which, large as it is, was built in five years.

"A pretty drive along a good road, which has been cut in the steep side of the glen, brought us in another hour to the hill containing the caves, which have of late become such an object of attraction to strangers. Here we made such alterations in our dress as were said to be requisite for our adventurous excursion into the mysterious depths of the earth. Such of the gentlemen as were not provided with shooting jackets, put white shirts on over their coats, and leaving their hats under the care of various damsels on the outside, proceeded to enter the cave with pocket-handkerchiefs tied round their heads. We formed a most strange group; the dresses not being very becoming. The wild-looking peasant girls, with their long flowing hair and showy-coloured attire, holding lighted candles to escort the ladies, were by far the most picturesque of the party.

" The whole thing was managed by Gorman, a neighbouring farmer, who first discovered these caves. He stood at the door, and, with querulous and vehement gestures, scanned the party of peasants who were to enter, and scolded those who seemed disposed to follow without leave. When all was ready, the little door was opened, and disclosed the dismal darkness within.

" I do not know when I have been so impressed with a feeling of awe, as when clambering down the ladder, which leads by a steep and narrow passage to the caves. The passage is long and uneven, and in some places so small that we were obliged to crawl along: in others it suddenly opens, but as the lights carried by the guides are not sufficiently bright to show the extent, the space only adds to the deep gloom.

" The first large cave we entered is called the House of Commons; it is about a hundred and sixty feet long. Here Gorman wisely dispersed the men with the lights, making us all stand together in the centre; thus we were left comparatively in the dark, while the distant sides and summits of the cave were illuminated. Gorman then shouted to the men in Irish; and their voices reverberating in the recesses of the cavern, sounded most wild and unearthly; indeed, I have always found, that the wild eagerness of the Irish gestures and tones inspires with a feeling of fear those who are not accustomed to them; it is almost impossible to imagine they are not quarrelling.

" In a few minutes we all collected together again, and proceeded up and down, and round and about, stumbling and crawling along passages, narrow and wide, till we reached the cave called the House of Lords. This is indeed grand and beautiful. It is, I believe, about two hundred and fifty feet in length, and there are stalactites in pillars and pendant drops, of every size and form. The largest pillar is called the Tower of Babel: near it, is a strange mass of brilliant white fluted stalagmite, called the Turkish Tent; not far off is a large mass called, and indeed resembling, a gigantic bee-hive; another, the Organ, along the white pipes of which the men passed a stick, when the sound produced was something like that of pandean pipes.

" At the further end of this cave are two fine stalactite columns, called Hercules' Pillars, with another of beautiful and somewhat Corinthian form, for which fifty pounds have been offered. A fine mass at the side of this, my guide said, was Madam Branch.

" 'And who is Madam Branch?' I inquired.

" 'Oh! yer honour,' exclaimed a man near, ''tis mistaking the girl is; 'tis not the name of a woman at all at all that's on it, but the avalanche is what they call that, and they say 'tis a large lump of snow that falls down from the mountains in foreign parts, and smothers alive every mother's son it comes next or nigh to.'

" In the same cave is Aladdin's Lamp, a large stalactite suspended from the roof, something in the form of a lamp, which is transparent; and when candles are placed behind, it shines with a pink light, which has a beautiful and magic effect. This, and an enormous mass of flowing drapery-like looking stalactite, called the Queen's Mantle, and a fine piece which projects on one side of the cavern, called the Angel's Head, and a pillar bearing the name of Lot's Wife, are among the most beautiful of the immense number of objects contained in these extraordinary caverns.

When we arrived again at the House of Commons, being much fatigued with the scrambling, climbing, and sliding walk, I remained at a place in the centre, called the "stone of rest," while the others of the party proceeded to mount to a higher tier of caves, which have been named Lord Kingston's Halls. Although my friends told me afterwards that these galleries were extremely beautiful, I would not have missed, on any account, the lonely hour I passed in the vast cave.

"A pretty girl, one of Gorman's daughters, remained with me, and her single candle, and bright, wild countenance, were all I had to cheer the dark place, and remind me of the real world, and common things above. Soon I even forgot her presence, so absorbed was I in the strange and indescribable feelings which this wonderful place produced.

"There was something peculiarly awful in the dead, still darkness of the place. The solitude was so deep—all around was so totally unlike anything I had before seen, that I almost felt as if I had been transported to some other planet, and condemned to eternal loneliness.

"The numerous galleries, and the confusion of the whole scene, added very much to the awful feelings it inspired. 'No wonder the peasants who come here should be superstitious,' thought I: for the flickering light, as the girl moved, threw the shadows of rocks, stalactites, and fragments, into a thousand unearthly shapes.

"And now I started with real terror, as I beheld the gigantic black shadow of a human figure rise slowly against the remotest side of the dim cave. 'What is that?' I exclaimed, turning round in horror to the girl, who was, with an arch expression on her pretty face, slowly moving the candle downwards behind me.

"'Faix, 'tis nothing at all but yer honour's own shadow ye do be looking at there: and see, here's mine. Now I'll come up on the other side,' she continued, raising the candle above her head, and then slowly lowering it, which caused the immense shadow cast by her figure to rise out of the distant depths in the most mysterious and awful manner.

"Though I knew the cause, I could scarcely help trembling at the strange appearance: so, wishing to dispel my foolish fears, I entered into conversation with the girl. 'Why is this called the place of rest?' I inquired.

"The girl assumed a solemn air, and looked wistfully around as she whispered—'I'll tell you all about it when we get safe out o' the cave.'

"'Why not now?' said I.

"Well, if it's more plazing to yer honour, I'll tell ye now,' she continued, evidently trying to subdue her superstitious fears.

"'It was my father, yer honour, that first exploded this cave.'

"'Exploded it!' I exclaimed, 'where did he explode it?'

"'There, yer honour; there, hard by the very stone of rest where ye are sitting.'

"I looked about in surprise, not exactly understanding at first that she meant *explore*. 'Yes,' she continued, with a terrified glance around—''twas as far as this he and five other men along with him first came; and the fairies—the good people I mane—blew their candles out—the Lord save us! Well! they gave themselves up for lost, and sat down on this stone in despair, and thought they'd never see the blessed light o' day or o' fire agin. They laid hold on this stone, and on each other, poor craythurs, that they might feel whether there was life or breath in them—for sure enough when they were first left in the black darkness 'twas dead entirely they thought they were. Ay, and worse than dead too, for they thought 'twas to the evil spirits they was given up, and under the fairies' power, and they made sure they'd be turned into stone, and have their souls chained here for ever and ever in the dead darkness of death.

"'No gloom or darkness was ever like this. Sure no cellar nor building of brick and mortar could ever shut out the light o' God's day like this—'twas the blackness of the fairy's hell. And sure the four-and-twenty hours they passed here was like four-and-twenty winter nights; for all the thoughts that went and come in their hearts. But the Lord be praised that put it in the head of Jim Sullivan and Joe Riley to come down and look for them: and when the poor prisoners of darkness heard the sound of human footsteps, and saw the blessed light through yonder passage, they thought 'twas the holy St. Patrick himself that was coming to lead them up into heaven. But the Lord be praised, they got safe out on the earth, which my father said was better still.

" 'Well! they all swore they'd never put foot into the cave agin, but there was a great talk in the country about it, and gentlefolks came from foreign parts, and inquired and wanted to go and see the wonders that was within; so my father thought and thought within himself, and at last determined to try agin to explode the cave. Five of them came down, each holding a candle, and they walked one after the other, my father the foremost; but when he got to this stone he was took with such a trembling as he never felt before; for there to be sure what did he see but all the fairies coming round as fast as lightning to blow out the candles.

" 'A blessed thought come into his heart at that very moment. Thinks my father, 'Sure the dirty water that's in these pools is God's element, as much as if it had been blessed by the priest.' With that he stoops down and dips in his finger and crossed himself, and says a couple of aves as quick as he could put 'em off his tongue. Sure 'twas well he did, for from that out the candle never once even flared—no, not even while he was passing this stone—the place of rest. It burnt as bright as bogwood on a Christmas night, and they all crossed themselves with the water o' the pool, their five candles blazing like red bonfires on St. John's eve, and lighting them all over the caves till they exploded every bit of 'em, and came out safe—the Lord be praised!'

" For the annexed view of the interior of Mitchelstown Cave I am indebted to Miss Atchinson. It gives a very good idea of that part of the cavern which is called the House of Lords.

" The Irish are not a moralising people, and yet most of their old legends and fairy tales contain a good moral. The girl who helped me through the difficulties of the caves, and in doing so nearly dislocated my arms, and was twice on the point of setting my petticoats on fire, in her eagerness to prevent me from tumbling down the dark abyss—this said wild-looking, good-natured damsel whispered in my ear, after we had emerged from its shadowy depths, a legend of the cave. I will give it, as nearly as I can remember in her own words.

" 'In the good old times there lived on that mountain opposite a man called Jerry Malone. A fine boy he was as ever danced at wake or sung at weddin', and as generous a heart as ever gave food and lodgin' to the poor. A power of riches he sure enough had—all got by the fine wool he cut from a flock of big green sheep that used to feed on the mountain. Every blessed summer he sheared them himself under the forest trees, and the never a finger would he let nigh or next 'em but his own.

" 'Jerry Malone loved the dance and the song, and a merry heart had he. He thought of nothing in the wide world but divarting himself until he was twenty-one; and then he thought that sure 'twas high time for him to begin to think o' changing his condition and taking a wife. He hadn't to look far for one, for Mary Walsh, the prettiest girl in the place, lived only a mile off.

" 'Mary was mighty shy at first, as well became a dacent well-behaved colleen like her; but at last, after a great deal of coorting and discoursing, she consinted to become Misthress Malone. Well, Jerry was the happy boy, sure enough, the night he got her to make him the promise. ''Tis you that are in luck now, Jerry Malone,' says he to himself, an' he going home; 'an' 'tis an iligant girl you've got, and long may you live to win and wear her. An' 'tis a fine wedding feast we'll have—we'll treat the whole country round, an' have such lashings of mate and drink as will astonish the neighbours; fit for a king's daughter the wedding shall be, and I'll kill the ould big sheep for it—sure, we'll hardly miss him out of the flock—that we won't.'

"'So the day before the weddin' Jerry goes to the fold, and takes hold of the ould big sheep, intending to kill him; but no sooner did the dumb baste see the knife in Jerry's hand, than he knew 'twasn't the shears, and he sets up a bleating—such a bleating as never christian sheep made in the whole wide world before him; and all the others joined with him till Jerry Malone was well nigh stunned, and the ould sheep slipped his head out of the young man's hands as quiet and aisy as a lump of butter would slip down off a hot pratie. Well, the minute the sheep got out of his grip, down he runs as swift as the stream of a waterfall, and all the flock tearing after him like mad, till they reached the entrance of the ould cave, that place you see there on the opposite hill, and then in they tumbled one after the other as quick as praties into the pot.

"'Poor Jerry Malone was frightened out of his siven sinses, as well he might, and ran off to call the neighbours as fast as he could lay leg to the ground; and they tuck lights and exploded all over the cave again and again, but never heard tale or tidings more of the sheep.

"'So Jerry Malone lost his flock and lost his fortin, and what was worse than all, he lost his bride too, for her father would never consent to give his beautiful child, that was reared so tinder and dacent, to a spalpeen that had nothing. This was the worst stroke of all; and sure enough it went to poor Jerry's heart entirely. He took on the more because he thought he had brought all his misfortunes upon himself, for not being satisfied with his fine flock, an' for wanting to make mutton of them that way. 'Twould pity you to see him melting away day after day, till at last, poor craythur, he fairly died of pining and a broken heart.'"

Who keeps the Irish poor?

"My morning at the window has convinced me of what has been sometimes said in the newspapers, but which until now I never had an opportunity of observing myself—that the Irish poor support each other. This literally is the case.

"'How do you live?' I inquired of a wretched-looking woman, surrounded by a group of little ragged children, who represented herself as 'a lone widow,' without any means of support.

"'Why thin, up and down among the neighbours, lady. They're very good to me, an' one gives a bit, an' another a sup, an' 'tis lost I'd be entirely widout them.'

"'Look at that old woman,' said M—, pointing to one who made her appearance with a sickly-looking little child, who clung to her with great fondness while she stroked his head, and looked affectionately down upon the little fellow. 'That poor woman has no friends, and is dependent on charity for her support. Her sons and daughters are dead, and yet in her helpless old age she took compassion on that deserted orphan, quite a stranger to her, and is trying to bring him up. Her kindness and affection towards the little creature are really beautiful. Many of her neighbours would willingly take her in, and give her an asylum in their cabins, were she alone; but she will not consent to part with her charge, and suffers all privations for his sake. A few months since she came here suffering from a dreadful cold: and when I asked her the cause, she confessed that it was owing to her having taken off her only gown in the severe weather, to cut up into clothes for the child after the measles.'

"'How wonderful!' I exclaimed; 'this is charity indeed!'

"'Oh,' said M—, 'I could tell you a thousand instances of this kind:

the charity of the poorest of the Irish poor to each other is such as may well bring us to shame. Yesterday I asked that pretty little girl you observed at the window, who it was had given her the petticoat she had on; ''Twas Marianne Rowan gave it to me,' was the reply; and when she said so, I could not but think of the widow's mite, for I more than doubted whether poor Marianne, whom I must show to you some day, had another petticoat for herself.'

"'Potatoes,' continued M—, who saw my interest was kindled by these touching traits of my favourite Irish peasantry, 'potatoes are the usual alms. The protuberances you see at the back of the wandering mendicant, are nothing else than a bag of these, collected at different cabins. I have been sometimes in a miserable hovel when a group of beggars has appeared at the door to ask for 'something for God's sake.' In a corner was the scanty store of potatoes, which looked hardly sufficient to supply the wants of a family for a single day. And yet to that little heap I have seen the poor woman of the house invariably turn at the appeal, and taking two or three of the best potatoes in it, give them to the beggar with a cheerful—'Here, honest woman, you're kindly welcome to 'em, an' I wish it was more I had to give ye.' Lodging they never refuse; a thing that perhaps will appear more strange to your English ideas than what I have already told you: though, among the poor here, such cheap charity is though very little of. I have known a woman and her sick daughter to be kept for months in a cabin in the village of Clarina; and when I remarked to the owner one day, how kind it was in him to allow them to stay there, he said, in quite a surprised tone of voice, 'Ah thin 'twould be a queer thing for any Christian to refuse a craythur that wanted it, a corner of the cabin, and a lock of straw to lie on. What harm would it do a body for them just to stretch under the same roof, poor, quiet craythurs?'"

Although Lady Chatterton delicately avoids touching upon politics, she frequently furnishes us with good materials for judging of the real condition, temper, habits, and *improvability* of the Irish people. This is a most important subject—an absorbing topic at the present moment; and the evidence of a person of so much candour and good sense will carry great weight with it, and be looked to with some anxiety. On the whole, her testimony is favourable, particularly to the character of the Irish poor, the merriest set of mortals that ever wore rags, and went to bed hungry five nights out of the seven! We cannot follow Lady Chatterton any further, but we may present to her our humble congratulations on the success of her attempt to show "that much interest, amusement, and good, hitherto little noticed or explained, may be found in Ireland."

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.—No. XIII.[1]

LORD CLARE.

Our last notice terminated with Mr. Fitzgibbon's conduct on the regency. That question is too far removed from our times to demand an investigation here, or to inquire into the motives that influenced adverse parties; but we cannot withhold our admiration from the manly firmness of Mr. Fitzgibbon. It may be true that in case of regal incapacity the Irish legislature had a power to supply the deficiency in this country—it may be true that the rapidity with which the address was carried was caused by the sedition of the Irish minister, who was employed at that very time in canvassing for a party against the future government with the royal commission in his pocket; but all this does not detract from his conduct. However reprovable his principles were, he stood true to them, and scorned to kiss the purple of the Tiberius of Carlton House. Many hastened with their pan of incense—they thronged his licentious levees with the most loyal and degraded obsequiousness, and puffed up his hollowness with the most nauseous adulation; but Fitzgibbon, with a provident foresight, for which he was not at all times remarkable, flinched not from his allegiance to the old king, and courageously supported Pitt in his undaunted resistance to the " rabble rout " of parasites and sycophants, who, like the Parsees, are always prepared to bow before the rising sun. We of course except from this censure Mr. Grattan and the other virtuous men of the opposition, who had higher objects in view, and were influenced by more generous motives than to promote their own interests at the expense of their country and their convictions. The Prince was at the head of the Whig party. Under the Rockingham administration the liberties of Ireland were established. When the Whigs came into power, they listened to the call of the nation, and gave prompt and efficient redress. This Mr. Grattan and the liberals were too high-minded not to remember, and when the occasion of requital offered, they rushed forward to the aid of the English Whigs and their champion with more zeal than wisdom. The unexpected recovery of the old bigot darkened the hopes of the Regent and his supporters, and added to the vast influence already enjoyed by Pitt. Nor were the services of Mr. Fitzgibbon unrewarded, or his authority diminished; for his domination augmented in every department, and he became the insolent despot and uncontrolled dictator of the miserable fortunes of Ireland. To support a permanent and commanding influence of the English executive in Irish councils, it appeared necessary to secure a corrupt majority in parliament, and he applied himself with resolution and vigour to effectuate so desirable an object. All the limits of common decency were overreached, and corruption carried to the last pitch of wickedness and disgust to secure parliamentary influence. The market was as open for the purchase of boroughs as for the common necessaries of life. Peerages and titles were brought to as regular a standard of value as bullion at the mint. Every office or emolument within the compass of the crown was granted for services in parliament. Ministers sought to revoke in 1789 what the constitution had gained in 1782; so they bought and bribed to crush the opposition, and destroy whatever restraints still existed to the power of the crown. Seats were procured for the placemen and pensioners of the Castle, and not less than eight peerages were conferred on their creatures in the Lords. The Duke of Leinster, Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. Fitzherbert, and others who held pensions at pleasure of the crown, were unceremoniously deprived of them for their votes on the address. This unconstitutional and scandalous proceeding highly exasperated the liberal party, and they deemed it advisable to concentre their force, both for the purpose of effective opposition to the tyranny of the Castle, as well as for the people to resort to for advice and support in the calamities which all suspected were about to set in. The celebrated Whig Club was established, which adopted the same principles, and acted in concert with the Whig Club in England. At its head were the most illustrious names of Ireland—Leinster—Moira—Charlemont—Arran—Ponsonby—Grattan—Curran. There all measures for ministerial attack were planned, the intellectual force distributed, and the parts assigned for each to take in the debate. The club proceeded in its duties. The declaration of the 19th of August rankled deep in the heart of Fitzgibbon—it was personally directed at him; and while it declared the principles on which the society was constructed, it also exposed the inconsistent and profligate conduct of Fitzgibbon. He was not a person very forgetful of an injury, or unwilling to wound, though he might come off worst in the encounter. In the Commons, however, he trembled before Grattan—his nerves shook in the presence of that great and good man; and though he longed for a blow at the club, he dreaded the terrible recrimination of Grattan, who often before whipped him with scorpions. He was now beyond the reach of his eye, having, by the death of Lord Lifford, succeeded to the chancellorship, being the first Irishman who ever filled that high office: and he soon took advantage of his new position. A few days after his elevation he made a savage attack on the club, comparing it to "porter-clubs, and such like low and riotous assemblies—that its members were persons of the *grossest ignorance*—that they had shown such ignorance particularly in their late resolution on behalf of the rights of the people, and that they showed on this occasion as great a perversion of sense as ever distracted the human brain." These were severe words, and exhibit that reckless flippancy and unparalleled want of understanding which on many occasions characterised the chancellor. To attribute gross ignorance to a body that included among its members the proudest names that ever adorned any country—men whose genius and acquirements were unsurpassed in any political association that ever existed, was a portion of that impudent coxcombry that degraded the character of Lord Clare, and on which Curran afterward inflicted the most signal revenge. The club did not remain long passive—their vindication was entrusted to Mr. Grattan: he drew it up—and a noble paper it is—never degenerating into the vulgar, headlong abuse of the chancellor, but maintaining that just dignity of sentiment and expression worthy of his chaste and accomplished intellect, yet cutting the calumniator with the sharpest and most brilliant invective. The Duke of Leinster reported the resolution of the committee, which was unanimously agreed to. A passage may be interesting:—

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[1] Continued from vol. xxiv. p. 354.

> "We cannot avoid expressing our disapprobation of such a malapert way of addressing the people, a disregard for whom, under any government, is unwise—under a free government graceless—and in a minister, disqualification to hold the reins of power. We cannot forget the gross language once before offered to the people; it was when they defended their country against the famous propositions. We flattered ourselves that we would never again be witness to the like froward discourse. The citizens, however, will bear with patience an evil it seems only they share in common with the rest of their fellow-subjects. As for ourselves, observations falling from no superior height of public virtue make no impression. We associated to preserve the laws and constitution against the attacks of the present administration, who wounded both, and who were pronounced to have done so by parliament. We associated, when the privilege of both houses had been questioned—when the minister was exhorted by his unconstitutional adviser to insult the legislature—when the two houses declared the minister and his adviser to be arbitrary and unconstitutional men—when a number of new places, pensions, salaries, were created for the avowed purpose of corrupting parliament—when peerages were sold to be expended in the purchase of seats for the dependents of the Castle in the assembly of the people—when the liberty of the press and the personal liberty of the subject, by holding him to arbitrary and excessive bail, were attacked—when we had a minister ready to screen such attack from parliamentary inquiry—when a place-bill, a pension-bill, and every other constitutional bill, were rejected by their influence;—when these things took place we assembled. We assembled when the nation was told by authority that, in order to defeat the opposition of the aristocracy in parliament, the minister had, in the government of the Marquis of Townsend, expended *half a million,* and that, in order to defeat the present aristocracy, must expend another half million, which was to inform us that the nation had been, by his Majesty's minister, bought and sold, and must be bought and sold again."

This energetic remonstrance of the club had very little effect in retarding the tyranny which had already been put in motion. The Gunpowder Bill was passed to disarm the people, and the Convention Bill, which completely dammed up the power of popular utterance. By it the public voice was suppressed and private conspiracy generated. Public volition had no outlet, and, as will ever be the case, discontent gained secret strength, and terminated in fierce though unfortunate explosion. We had almost forgotten the Riot Act, one of whose provisions, concocted by Lord Clare, was, that a magistrate be empowered to demolish any Roman Catholic chapel in which any number of persons might be found, not for the purposes of worship. The indignation of the House was so unanimous against this considerate clause, that it was immediately withdrawn. The leaders of the opposition beheld these terrible measures with alarm—they saw that the whole must terminate in national ruin; and to avert, if possible, the evil, and restore the legislature to its true character as a popular assembly, a plan of parliamentary reform, very moderate in its extent, was proposed, but contemptuously rejected; it was again brought forward in 1794, and on that occasion Lord Clare avowed that no Irish representation was at all necessary, and that he would be satisfied to be governed by the English parliament without a single representative. This was the first manifesto of the minister on the destructive policy about to be carried into execution, and it smote the heart of every lover of freedom with dismay. A most injudicious step was now taken. Grattan, Curran, and some other advocates of popular rights, seeing no hope in the future, and all the great privileges they had so long and earnestly struggled for and secured, either already abolished, or their last fragments only existing, withdrew from a scene where eloquence was useless, and patriotism a mockery. This was wrong; but the fine spirit of Grattan, colossal and adamantine as it was in other respects, could not bear to be an eye-witness of that flagrant policy. He was too sensitive to all that affected his country to see it mangled day after day, and, contrary to the earnest remonstrances of his friends, he withdrew, only to be present in time to witness the melancholy catastrophe, to follow to the grave the constitution that he cradled. Curran was less culpable; he was then at the summit of his profession, and every hour devoted to other pursuits was a positive loss. Besides, when Grattan was gone, the opposition was powerless; so he deemed it more prudent to retire with his illustrious friend.

The removal of the Earl of Fitzwilliam left the people wholly at the mercy of their persecutors. The day he arrived, peace was proclaimed through Ireland—from the day he quitted it, she prepared for rebellion. In one week the Beresfords and Lord Clare would have been politically annihilated: the task was already begun, but Pitt treacherously dethroned him, defeated the Whigs, and yielded up the country to Lord Clare, who boasted "that he would make it as tame as a mutilated cat." He soon tried the fulfilment of his menace, and under his fostering protection the discontent of the people took head. This was the signal for more extensive operations. Maxims of constitutional government were now scorned—the forms and processes of law were conveniently superseded, and tribunals were formed, where men presided without law, tried without law, sentenced without law, and executed without law. Acts were passed to enable magistrates to perpetrate, with the sanction of law, those very outrages which they had before committed against it. Indemnity acts were given to secure them against the consequences of illegal murder, or, as Grattan expressed it, the poor were stricken out of the protection of the law, and the rich out of its penalties. This was not sufficient. To stand on the ruins of civil government was not enough—there was a something still wanted, and this was found in laying aside every affectation of law, and handing over the country to a military authority. What were the published words of Lord Clare on this melancholy occasion? "The Irish are irritable and quellable, devoted to superstition, dead to law, and hostile to property. This irritation and these passions must be quelled even by means not recognised by the constitution; their disregard of the laws and hostility to property must be subdued by the most summary application. We will leave to pastors as barbarous as themselves the process of eradicating their monstrous superstitions."

Such language was very dignified from the mouth of the great fountain of justice, and bears testimony alike to his inflammatory fury and his folly. If the Catholics could be disembowelled, deprived of their natural passions and prejudices, and stuffed for preservation with his own pamphlets and speeches, he might have addressed to them long, and with impunity, such startling words; but it was too much to expect that a people so susceptible and sanguine should hear and not resent them. They were scarcely uttered when the Society of United Irishmen had them printed, with no very gentle comments of their own, and circulated among the disturbed districts. It had the due effect—the last links of loyalty were broken—moderation yielded to a wild and turbulent energy, and the rebellion soon reached a full and fearful maturity.

The proceedings that accompanied the insurrection establish the fact that the governing party held itself absolved from all the principles on which governments, however despotic, profess to act towards their subjects. The rebellion was certainly of a formidable character, and required the application of considerable power to suppress it; but it remains for history to determine whether the means used to extinguish did not render it more fierce and difficult of suppression. The horrid practices employed could not exist in any other country but Ireland, so deplorably dead to all the generous sympathies that should connect the governor and governed. We would willingly permit the veil of oblivion to drop over this wretched portion of our wretched history, and not awaken the recollection of events which have long passed away, though we cannot add that they have not left many a sad trace behind; but that period is connected with an extraordinary fact in the life of Lord Clare, which it is proper to notice both in illustration of his own character, as well as that of the times in which he played so important a part. We allude to his defence of torture. In the House of Peers he openly acknowledged and stubbornly defended the utility of that most nefarious of all the instruments of tyranny. When we speak of torture, we do not mean the Beresford flogging or the military picketing, or that most humane of all punishments, half-hanging, practised with such consummate success by the merciful executors of the law; but we speak of it as it was exercised some centuries ago in England, namely, the infliction of the most barbarous cruelties on persons not convicted of crimes, but merely on suspicion, for the purpose of extorting confession. In this sense the enormity is of the deepest dye—it supersedes the last vestige of humanity, and stamps the person who would sanction such a violation of all divine and human law as little, if at all, superior in morality to the most sanguinary savage. On the motion of the Earl of Moira to obtain information on this subject, Lord Clare unhesitatingly said, "The next story is that of a blacksmith who was picketed. What was the case? It had been told that he manufactured a large quantity of pikes, and when a party was sent in search of these pikes he denied any knowledge whatever of them. The soldiers, by way of terrifying him into confession, did certainly put a rope round his neck, and threatened him with hanging, but proceeded no further. *He was taken to Downpatrick, and there, by a colonel of fencibles, who is since dead, he was put upon the picket.*

He gave information then, and not till then, of the pikes, and more than one hundred of them were seized the next day in consequence." And he concludes very coolly with these remarkable words:—"It might be a serious question whether the number of murders prevented by the seizure of pikes did not much overbalance the sufferings, however intense, of the blacksmith." Such were his words, spoken openly in the House of Peers; they admit of no justification, and if anything could extenuate his lordship's arbitrary doctrines, it would be in case of the offender being brought to trial. But the offender was not on his trial, and most probably would not, through the friendly interference of his lordship, had he been living. He was dead, and possibly the act of the colonel might be disavowed and condemned. The story of the seizure of pikes was all a fable; the poor blacksmith suffered without making any other confession than that of his perfect innocence—not a murder was prevented by the seizure of his manufacture, and yet it became a serious question, whether the fencibles were not justified in racking his joints! The chancellor was well aware of his innocence, and yet he not only approved of the cruelty, but, to give the country a notion of what it had to hope from the equity and lenity of the first officer of the crown, he had the speech published, with his name on the title-page, and of course *by authority*. The innocence of the victim renders the conduct of the chancellor unparalleled; but suppose the pikes were seized in consequence of the confession, that diminishes but very little the amount of criminality. At the present day it appears scarcely credible that the Lord High Chancellor of the kingdom should not merely defend the flagitious application of torture before the least proof of guilt, but that he should send forth a public justification of that terrible principle, duly authenticated with his own sign-manual, to enable every self-constituted creature of authority to gratify his revengeful passions under the plausible pretext of obtaining information. Neither was the advice disregarded. Acts were perpetrated on the unfortunate peasantry at which the modesty of nature recoils. The case of Mr. Judkin Fitzgerald remains a memorable example of the manner in which the ungovernable loyalty of the magistrates exercised the authority so liberally confided to them. He prayed by petition to be indemnified for certain acts

> "Done by him in suppression of the late rebellion in Tipperary, as in many other parts of the kingdom, to discover the various and horrid plans intended by traitors for the destruction of his Majesty's liege subjects; he had been reduced to the necessity, *in many instances*, under the advice of several most respectable magistrates and gentlemen of the county, when all offer of pardon and pecuniary reward had failed, to order corporal punishment of whipping to many persons, of whose guilt he had secret information from persons whose names he could not publicly declare, as many, both before and since, had been murdered for giving such information; and therefore, in order to encourage persons to give such information, the magistrates were publicly sworn to keep secret the names of the informants. That two actions had lately been had at the assizes of Clonmell, in both which actions verdicts had been had against petitioner—one for words spoken, the other for corporal punishment *inflicted publicly* in the town of Clonmel, which was to have been attacked two days after by

eight thousand rebels. The learned judge who presided (Lord Avonmore) being of opinion, in point of law, that unless petitioner produced information on oath of the grounds on which he acted, his case could not come within the provisions of the Indemnity Act; but that petitioner, not feeling himself justified to disclose in a public court of justice the nature of the information on which he acted, and knowing that many of the informations on which he acted were in the possession of several generals and officers who had since been ordered out of the kingdom—that some of the persons who had given such information had been banished to foreign parts, and believing that he should be guilty of a breach of faith and duty in disclosing the names of the informants remaining in the kingdom, on whose information, secretly and confidentially given, he had acted as aforesaid," &c. &c.

This is a sample of the proceedings generated by the torture-promulgation; and when Sheriff Fitzgerald presented his petition for indemnity to the House of Commons, Lord Clare exerted all his influence to have the sanguinary offender relieved from the penalty of his unequalled atrocity. That house, corrupt and degenerate as it was, yet retained some sympathy for outraged humanity, and spurned the petition. The decision of Lord Avonmore operated on their minds, and the son was supposed to express the sentiments of his venerable father when he indignantly exclaimed, "Gracious God! will any man say that such conduct is to be sanctioned and indemnified by this house? Are the laws to be supported by trampling on them? Is the man who could commit such atrocities without the colour of justice, or even the shadow of just suspicion, to come for protection to this house? I at least will never vote for indemnity to a *bloody tyrant*, whose conduct surpasses any enormity we read of in the annals of cruelty. On these grounds I shall give the petition every resistance in my power." The cases of Wright and the blacksmith were not rare in these dismal times.

> "When sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air
> Were made, not marked, where violent sorrow seemed
> A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
> Was there scarce asked for who ——"

that foul era, when the trophies of Orange conquests and the apt memorials of their terrible energy were the knife of the assassin and the torch of the incendiary on the one hand, and the gibbet and convictship on the other. Never was man so unpopular at the time as Lord Clare, and once he was almost sacrificed to the fury of the people. When returning from the Castle, a dead cat "mutilated" was pitched into his carriage, as it was afterwards into his grave. The coachman struck the offending coal-porter. This was the signal for a general riot: his lordship received a violent blow from a stone on the forehead, and escaped home by the fleetness of his horses. The multitude, determined on his assassination, pursued him in great numbers. He had barely time to conceal himself when the door was burst in, and he was only saved by the firmness of his sister, Mrs. Jeffries, who, at the risk of her own safety, mingled in disguise with the crowd, and misled them as to the place of his concealment. However, they wreaked their vengeance on his costly furniture, and were hastening to the wine-cellar, when a troop of horse arrived, and liberated both the wine and his lordship.

The rebellion terminated, and, as if dissatisfied with the result, and anxious to stir up to a second insurrection a people now exhausted and prostrate, Lord Clare came forth with another of his pamphlets *by authority*, in which one is at a loss to discover whether imprudence, vindictiveness, or vituperation, most predominated. A generous enemy would look with silent satisfaction on his vanquished opponent —he would triumph in his victory, yet not unmingled with a sensation of pity; but his lordship was of less noble mould, and he vented his exultation in language as ill-timed and venomous as it was cowardly and unmanly. Throughout his life he abused the Catholic party, and was compelled to support the concessions of '93 with the most bitter reluctance. We have seen the consequences of his frantic words before the rebellion, and while yet the country was smoking in ruins: when both parties began to respire from the deadly struggle, he promulgated some of those acid doctrines, which served more as a pitch-plaster to irritate and inflame, than as an emollient to assuage and heal. "If," says he, "the Catholics do not subvert the Protestant government, they must resist the ruling passions and propensities of the human mind—they can never be cordially affected to his Majesty's government. I am convinced the old Romish superstition is as rank in Ireland now as in 1741. The profound ignorance of the lower order, the general abhorrence of the Protestant religion by the people, qualify them to receive any impressions their priests may make; and if their minds be divested of veneration for the priest, such is the ignorance and barbarity of the people, that they would fall into a state of rude nature. The Popish superstition is not confined to the lower order—it flourishes in full vigour among the higher." This shallow and indecent ranting was uttered at a time when the nation still bled at every pore, and the signs of insurrectionary sufferings were visible in every village. It was not to calm the sea of tumult that still heaved after the storm, that the great dispenser of equity, the Lord High Chancellor, came forth —it was not to bring back disloyalty to its allegiance by gentle remonstrance, but to lash it into opposition by violence and invective. An eloquent man described it as insane infatuation—the petulance of power—the insolence of wealth—the intoxication of a minister in a state of giddy elevation, breathing out on a great and ancient description of his Majesty's subjects the frenzy of his politics, and the fury of his faith, with all the feminine anger of a feverish and distempered intellect. The argument that accompanied the attack was of little moment: a man in a fury cannot argue—his reasoning will be exactly in proportion to the strength of his passion, and Lord Clare rarely spoke without indulging in a full flow of intemperance. From the rebellion necessarily followed the union—a consequence direct and inevitable. The people, broken and spiritless, were unable to offer the least resistance, while many of the higher classes, particularly the Roman Catholics, though in principle opposed to an union, were happy on any terms to get rid of the disasters which were likely to continue so long as one faction held uncontrolled sway on the Irish parliament and the country. Lord Clare was at heart opposed to incorporation; he said so at the declaration of independence—he said so during the regency discussion, as well as on many other occasions, though, with that love of inconsistency which was the prevailing element of his character, he recanted in 1799 all his past declarations with the utmost facility. Nor is it strange that he should have really hated an union. He ruled the nation and the parliament—every place, pension, and emolument, from the appointment of a judge to that of a court-crier, was at his disposal—he and the Beresfords divided the Castle between them—he passed the streets with a pomp more like a sovereign than a subject, displaying a gaudy equipage, which drew down on him the most biting sarcasm from Mr. Flood. He twisted to his own purposes every succeeding administration—one alone was hostile, and he extinguished it. The university was his creature, so were the corporations; in fact, he only wanted the crown and sceptre to complete the picture of royalty, for he affected all the trappings. With a measure of power, such as no Irish subject ever enjoyed, it is not likely that he should approve of a scheme which tended to the total overthrow of that supremacy. He well knew that the union would leave him a simple peer and chancellor; but he saw that it was inevitable, as well as Pitt's determination to carry it speedily; and, rather than be left behind, he threw himself into the current. Always in extremes, always plunging from one mistake into another, he put himself at the head of the unionists, while Mr. Foster led the anti-unionists. The members of the government were first sounded, and Sir John Parnell, Chancellor of the Exchequer, proving refractory, he was immediately cashiered. Mr. Fitzgerald was deprived of the prime serjeantry for the same reason; and Mr. G. Ponsonby was erased from the pension list, because in a private interview he reminded Lord Clare that he could never trifle with a conviction "which your lordship entertained not long since, in common with me, that a union of the two countries was destructive to this." Truths of this nature were very unpalatable, as Mr. Ponsonby soon discovered, for he was quickly removed from the list. His lordship next tried his hand at the bar, which was then composed of materials not very pliable for the purposes of treachery. In addition to the great patronage before existing, he created thirty-two chairmen of counties, to soften patriotic stubbornness. The golden lures were held out, but very few were found to nibble. His lordship imagined that he had merely to make a cast, and draw in a voracious barrister; but he was mistaken. The bar was composed of less penetrable stuff, and, notwithstanding all his canvassings and solicitations, there was found "none so poor to do him reverence." A high tone of honour and independence marked the conduct of its members—they were influenced by far more exalted considerations than the smile or frown of a chancellor, or the acquisition of a chairmanship, which did not then possess the magnetic influence of modern times. Place and power were sweet, but Ireland and independence much sweeter. Now the maxim is reversed; and though we shall not be bold enough to say, that at the present bar Lord Clare would have had little difficulty in finding three hundred instead of thirty to accept his terms, we may safely say that the thirty would not be unfilled for one hour on any conditions. This may arise less from an absence of patriotism than (to use the jargon of political economists) from an overgrown population pressing on the means of subsistence; but, whatever be the cause, Lord Clare's experience would have been far more successful in this year of professional patriotism, 1839.

The dismissal of the prime serjeant excited the indignation of the bar, and at a meeting held in William Street, it was resolved unanimously, "That as Mr. Fitzgerald was deprived of his official rank by a proceeding arbitrary and unconstitutional, the bar hereby pledges itself to respect his precedence on all occasions." This sorely annoyed the chancellor, who did not expect so stern and decided a resistance. He redoubled his efforts to soften their resentment, but in vain. In vain did the caitiffs of corruption besiege every man of influence—they assailed him in the streets—in the courts—in private and public, but, with some very insignificant exception, they continued firm in their allegiance, and thwarted and perplexed the minister. "D—n the scoundrels!" said Secretary Cooke; "nothing will tempt them." When the requisition for the great meeting was carried through the courts for signature, the rage of Lord Clare knew no bounds. He was hearing causes, when Mr. Saurin, attended by a group of barristers, entered his court to get the names of some king's counsel. His lordship apprehending at once the cause of Mr. Saurin's unwelcome visit, grew impatient and fretful; he shifted rapidly from side to side—now subduing his resentment, and looking with a complacent smile on the counsel, which most significantly hinted, Spurn that treasonable document, it displeases me—then darting a furious glance at Mr. Saurin, he angrily observed, that it was wrong, very wrong, to interrupt the business of the court; to which Mr. Saurin mildly replied, "I fully concur with your lordship, but to this, as every other general rule, there are exceptions. I should not trespass on your lordship's time, and retard for a moment the business of the courts, unless I felt convinced—and I only speak the general sentiments of the bar—that the dignity and authority of your lordship's court will be less impaired—the rights and privileges of the profession more securely established—and the general welfare of the country based on a firm foundation, by resisting a measure fraught with ruin to all. The paper I have just now submitted to my brethren for their signature and approval, contains a requisition for a bar meeting on that momentous subject, and I pray your lordship to ascribe my conduct, if you look on it with displeasure, to any other feeling than that of the most profound respect for your lordship and this high court." The chancellor bowed, but during the address he watched the success of the paper, which, of seven king's counsel present, was signed by six. The court was immediately adjourned—Lord Clare posted to the Castle with the melancholy tidings: promises and menaces were equally futile—the bar did assemble, and the spirit and language of a lofty eloquence, such as was never before heard in Ireland, went forth to animate the people. We will not here enter into a dissertation on Irish oratory; critics may cavil, and sneerers bark at its transcendent merits; but be it eloquence, or declamation, or by what other name it may be called, it produced the most astonishing effects. We know well the unfairness of testing the success of a measure by the result; but if it be allowed in the present case, so vast were the consequences, that we should ascribe excellence of the first order to the oratory of the bar. The nation, drained of all public spirit by the exhaustive process of persecution, looked coldly at first on the movement; but when they saw the rank, the learning, and wisdom of the bar come boldly forward in behalf of liberty, and felt their blood flow, and their hearts rock from the strokes of an electric eloquence that would well nigh have awakened sensations under the ribs of death, they rushed to the struggle, and for a season the minister was defeated. Beyond all question the bar was mainly instrumental in gaining that temporary victory. Grattan confessed it—Lord Clare acknowledged it. The representatives of the aristocracy, for they were not of the people, soon began to relax their high tone of independence. Before the last session the most violent efforts were made by Lord Clare to obtain a majority. In the annals of profligacy—and, unfortunately for the virtue of the human race, such records testify abundantly to its dishonour—there is nothing even faintly resembling the conduct of the government in the extent to which they carried the science of corruption. It is an ascertained fact, that Lord Clare, when driving through town one day, observed a member of the Commons, a decided anti-unionist, plodding down Westmoreland Street. His lordship popped out his head, saluted the game, and invited him to enter, as he had something important to communicate. The blinds were thrown up: as they travelled on, the chancellor tried all modes of blandishment. The carriage at length stopped; his lordship stepped out first, seized his fellow-traveller by the arm, hurried him along to his great astonishment, and before he had time to ask where he was, he suddenly found himself in front of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Cooke in the Castle. The same solicitations were tried—a fine situation in the customs—provision for his sons in the army—but he could not be shaken from his resolution; he at length bowed to the triumvirate, and retired. This virtuous man died not many years since: he represented a southern borough for the last two years of the Irish parliament, and carried with him to the grave the same principles that he entertained in 1799. Notwithstanding the formidable resistance of a great opposition, the union was carried by a majority of forty-two. Lord Clare introduced it into the Lords with a speech, most certainly of great ability, but, as Belsham states, abounding in vituperation, and all the characteristics of a vulgar and vindictive spirit, which it would pollute the page of history to notice. Such are the remarks of an English historian; and to any person who has read that production, overflowing with the most intense bigotry and desperate malignity, Belsham does not appear very inaccurate in his description. For this display he mustered all his energies; and so he pleased Pitt and his party, he cared very little how far he deviated from truth, and traduced the country of his birth, as well as of his reputation. England now was his all in all. Westminster was in future to be the scene of his parliamentary labours; and as if the depreciation of Ireland, and the calumny of her great men, were the elevation of his character, and the prime source of all favour at the other side, he delivered himself of an oration which falsified all history, substituted slander for truth, and exhibited a most melancholy example of the triumph of affected zeal over candour—of human passion over human understanding. Mr. Grattan said of it, "One third is the common-place of Irish history; much of misrepresentation—much of abridgment: no new discovery—no new remark. The termini or landmarks of historic knowledge remain precisely as they were, in their old sober station. What was long before known by many men, by many women, and by many children, the compendium of the studies of your childhood, this pamphlet reports to you, for the amusement of your age, without any other novelty save that of misrepresentation. The idea is, to make your history a calumny against your ancestors, in order to disfranchise your posterity; the execution is without the temper of a commentator, or the knowledge of an historian." He entered at great length into the condition of Ireland from the earliest times, and, if he reasoned feebly, he at least asserted boldly, attempting to prove that to be true in argument which was false in fact. The most unmixed rancour and most extravagant error pervade the entire. On the constitution of '82 he lavished all his abuse, though he professed to give it his most earnest support. Other questions were treated in a similar spirit. To have uttered these sentiments in the heat of debate might be some justification for their rashness and fury, but without a pamphlet *by authority* half the task was only accomplished. Accordingly it came forth with considerable additions. The most remarkable part of this infatuated publication, which was only slightly touched on in the speech, not from a want of inclination, but a confusion of thoughts and subjects, was the bitter animadversion it cast on the distinguished men who redeemed the character of Ireland, and rendered it illustrious by their genius, patriotism, and eloquence. His most venomous shafts were aimed at Mr. Grattan. He hated that great man with the most desperate hate; and though Lord Clare was the very best of haters, and indiscriminately attacked all liberal-minded men, he singled out Mr. Grattan for his especial indulgence. During the proceedings of the secret committee, he carried his enmity so far as to examine a ruffian named Hughes, for the purpose of implicating Mr. Grattan with the United Irishmen; but Hughes turned out to be perjured and suborned. While Mr. Grattan was in Parliament, this passion seized him only by starts, for he justly feared the powerful eloquence of his adversary. When he seceded, and had no power of replying, Lord Clare scarcely permitted a day to pass without openly assailing, or cowardly insinuating, something against the virtue and integrity of that good man. At one time he called him an "infernal democrat"—at another a "profligate incendiary." In '98 he had his name erased from the privy council and the guild of merchants, and, to gratify his animosity and vanity at the same time, he prevailed on the sages of the university to remove Mr. Grattan's picture from their hall, and have his own substituted. But Mr. Grattan had his revenge; on his return to parliament in 1800, he repaid these various obligations with vast usury. He mangled his enemy in the House of Commons; he took up his pamphlet in the closet, and laid bare its petulance and errors. He successfully vindicated the men whom Lord Clare had wantonly aspersed—the Duke of Leinster, Lords Shannon and Charlemont, Mr. Malone, the Ponsonbys, Brownlow, Burgh, Daly, Yelverton, Ogle, Flood, Forbes, and himself. "I follow," said he, affectingly, "the author through the graves of these honourable dead, for most of them are so, and I beg to raise up their tombstones, as he has thrown them down. I feel it more instructive to converse with their ashes than with his compositions." Then follow some exquisite sketches of the principal characters, among them his rival Flood, where eulogy is as true as it is beautiful. After summing up into ten heads the imputations of Lord Clare, he calls on him publicly to establish any one of them, and concludes with this passage of simple eloquence.

> "I have said thus much to defend my country and myself in opposition to this publication, that takes the name of a minister who has the support of the governments of both countries, and with respect to whom I have no advantage except the cause, my own personal superiority, and another recommendation, which I possess in common with every honest Irishman, and with the Irish nation itself—the advantage which the calumniated has over the calumniator. I might avail myself of many more vulnerable points in this publication, and press the supposed author personally as he has pressed others; but, considering his situation more than he has done himself, I consign him to judges more severe than I could be, and to him the most awful, and on this side the grave the most tremendous—*his conscience and his country!*"

A prophecy which was fulfilled to the letter. Lord Clare, trusting to the character he had acquired in Ireland, and instigated by that commanding arrogance which he had practised with so little restraint, thought to beat down all opposition in St. Stephen's, but he had not a fitting audience. He could not pocket the sentiments and votes of the English peers with the same facility as he had done in his own house. He declaimed on Irish barbarity with his usual vehemence, but he was heard without a mark of approbation. Pitt found in him an efficient instrument for his purposes; when they were accomplished, he spurned and cast him aside, as a worn-out tool—the invariable fate of men who abandon their just convictions to become mercenaries and traitors. Few men knew human nature better than the heaven-born minister; and if it be a virtue to despise the victims of his cajolery when his ends were gained, he possessed that negative virtue in abundance. So it turned out in the case of Lord Clare—he abandoned him without compassion. Despised by the Tories, teased and tortured by the Whigs, branded by the Duke of Bedford as a "plebeian peer," he returned to the country he had calumniated, and died of a broken heart, thus fulfilling the prophetic words of Grattan. The part he took in the union occupied his best thoughts.

By far the most memorable part of his personal history is the unrelenting bitterness with which he persecuted Curran: this at least will render him immortal. If no other stain darkened his character than his unworthy treatment of that illustrious man, posterity would brand him with dishonour, and history describe him as a man of the most vindictive temper, indecorous manners, and ill-governed mind. When Curran was poor and unknown, save in a small circle, which he delighted by his genius and wit, of whom Mr. Fitzgibbon was one, he affected to patronise Curran, and is said to have given him the first bag he ever carried, for *good luck's sake.* Their friendship was less durable than their enmity; as years advanced, the acquaintance of early years faded away, and was replaced by the blackest hatred. Curran's notoriety corroded him; he heard of his success with the acutest envy, and the name of the great advocate was never mentioned in his presence, that he did not vent his dislike in a cutting taunt or silent but expressive sneer. Between men so differently constituted, friendship could never exist. Lord Clare was too arrogant and aristocratic to continue on terms of equality with Curran, whose habits were the reverse of both; he was too democratic and popular to suit the lofty taste of his lordship. Different as their genius was, their pursuits were not less so. Lord Clare thoroughly despised literature, and looked with unspeakable contempt on its cultivators; while Curran loved it, idolized it, and looked on all who shunned it as only half humanized. Lord Clare was cold, morose, and sullen—Curran, for ever condescending, winning, and playful. His lordship thoroughly despised every mental attribute he could not compass, and of course Curran's brilliant wit fell within the range; while Curran laughed scornfully at his pedantic solemnity of expression, heaped ridicule on his affectation, and galled his towering pride with strokes of the most caustic humour. In 1785 their coolness burst out into open and undisguised hostility, and never abated to the last moments of either. During the viceroyalty of the Duke of Rutland, when the volunteers clamoured for parliamentary reform, a requisition was addressed to Reilly, one of the city sheriffs, to call a meeting of the guilds, in order to appoint delegates to the convention. Lord Clare, then Attorney-general, acted with his usual intrepidity, and had Reilly attached for complying with the requisition. This created great alarm; Mr. Brownlow made a motion on the subject in the House of Commons, and the question was argued with great ability and learning, both in England and Ireland. When Mr. Curran rose to address the house, the Attorney-general, with the most signal disregard of propriety, for his own conduct was in question, stretched himself at full length on the benches, and pretended to sleep. "I hope," said Curran, eyeing him with indignant scorn, "I hope I may be allowed to speak to this great question without disturbing the slumbers of any right honourable member; and yet, perhaps, I might rather envy than blame his tranquillity. I do not feel myself so happily tempered as to be lulled to rest by the storms that shake the land; but if they invite rest to any, that rest ought not be lavished on the guilty spirits." He then proceeded at considerable length to discuss the right of the crown to issue attachments. The Attorney-general started up, all inflammation and fury—

"If any man thinks I have acted improperly, let him now charge me. Here I stand and avow myself the author of that measure, but I submit to this committee that they have no right to meddle with the decisions of the King's Bench. You may as well call for a special verdict, and arraign the judgment thereon. If any man thinks the judges have acted corruptly, let them be impeached, but let not their honour be tarnished by such a resolution as this. One member says the enormity of Reilly's crime aggravates the guilt of the judges. And who is the *puny babbler* that accuses the judges of guilt? Again I say, let no puny babbler attempt, with vile unbounded calumny, to blast the judges of the land. If they are guilty, impeach them; but nothing can so much damage the country as inculcating an opinion that the judges have acted improperly. If *every creature* shall presume to insult the judges, under colour of parliamentary privilege, no gentleman, no man of honour, will accept the office of judge."

The retort was fierce, though not in Curran's best vein.

"The gentleman has called me a babbler—I cannot think that is meant in disgrace, because in another parliament, before I had the honour of a seat in this house, I have heard a young lawyer (Mr. F.) called babbler. I do not, indeed, recollect whether there were sponsors at the baptismal fount, nor was there any occasion, as the infant had promised and vowed so many things in his own name. Indeed, sir, I find it difficult to reply, for I am not accustomed to pronounce a panegyric on myself. I do not well know how to do it; but since I cannot tell the house what I am, I will tell them what I am not. I am not a young man whose respect in person and character depends on the importance of my office. I am not a man who thrusts himself in the foreground which ought to be occupied by a better figure. I am not a man who replies by invective, when sinking under the weight of argument. I am not a man who denied the necessity of parliamentary reform, at a time when I proved the expediency of it by reviling my own constituents—the parish-clerk, the sexton, and the grave-digger; and if there is any one who can apply what *I am not, to himself,* I leave him to think of it in the committee, and contemplate it when he goes home."

Mr. Fitzgibbon immediately left the house; a hostile message was despatched, and both parties met at Ball's-bridge, then a very celebrated duelling ground, but now superseded by the Fifteen Acres. The conditions were, that both should fire when they chose. After one shot, Mr. F. declared himself satisfied. Speaking of this subject, Curran afterwards humorously observed, "I never saw any man whose determination was more malignant than Fitzgibbon's. After I had fired, he took aim at me for at least half a minute, and on its proving ineffectual, I could not help exclaiming to him, 'Mr. Attorney, you certainly *were deliberate enough.*'" He was too profound a hater to let his revenge cool for a moment, and so we find him in the Chancery Court dishonouring his lofty situation, setting justice and the public interests at defiance, and giving full vent to his vindictiveness, by depriving Curran of all practice in his court. No solicitor could safely employ counsel distasteful to his lordship; the ear of the court is a treasure to its fortunate enjoyer, and as Curran enjoyed neither eye nor ear, he was rarely retained in Chancery. Whenever he was, the conduct of the chancellor was to the last degree frivolous and irritating. Every person has heard of the introduction of the Newfoundland dog on the bench, and of the attention transferred from the advocate to the animal, during an important argument of

Mr. Curran. In a letter to Mr. Grattan, twenty years after, he said, "I made no compromise with honour; I had the merit of provoking and despising the personal malice of every man in Ireland who was the known enemy of our country. Without the walls of the courts of justice, my character was pursued with the most persevering slander, and within these walls, though I was too strong to be beaten down by any judicial malignity, it was not so with my clients; and my consequent losses in professional income have never been estimated at less, as you have often heard, than 30,000*l*." This was a sad state of things; it preyed upon poor Curran's spirit, and he panted for an opportunity to heap burning coals on the head of his unprincipled antagonist. The wished-for time came, and being wound up to the most intense exasperation, he poured out an overflowing vial of revenge on his devoted victim. In 1790, that celebrated dispute arose in which Napper Tandy acted so conspicuous a part. The question was, whether the sheriffs of Dublin, and the common council with them, or the court of aldermen, had the right of electing the Lord Mayor. It was argued before the privy council. The history of eloquence does not contain a more terrific invective.

"*Mr. Curran.*—In this very chamber did the chancellor and judges sit, with all the gravity and affected attention to arguments in favour of that liberty and those rights which they have conspired to destroy. But to what ends, my lords, offer arguments to such men? A little peevish mind may be exasperated, but how shall it be corrected by refutation? How fruitless would it have been to represent to that wretched chancellor, that he was betraying those rights he was sworn to maintain; that he was involving a government in disgrace, and a kingdom in panic and consternation; that he was violating every sacred duty, and every solemn engagement that binds him to himself, his country, and his God! Alas! my lords, by what argument could any man hope to reclaim or to dissuade a mean, illiberal, and unprincipled minion of authority, induced by his profligacy to undertake, and bound by his avarice and vanity to persevere? He probably would have replied to the most unanswerable arguments by some cant, contumelious, and unmeaning apophthegm, delivered with the fretful smile of irritated self-sufficiency and disconcerted arrogance; or even if he could be dragged by his fears to a consideration of the question, by what miracle could the pigmy capacity of a stunted pedant be enlarged to a reception of the subject? The endeavour to approach it would have only removed him to a greater distance than he was before, as a little hand that strives to grasp a mighty globe is thrown back by the reaction of its own efforts to comprehend. It may be given to a Hale or a Hardwicke to discover and retract a mistake. The errors of such men are only specks that arise for a moment on the surface of a splendid luminary—consumed by its heat, or irritated by its light, they soon disappear; but the perverseness of a mean and narrow intellect are like the excrescences that grow upon a body naturally cold and dark; no fire to waste them, and no ray to enlighten, they assimilate and coalesce with those qualities so congenial to their nature, and acquire an incorrigible permanency in the union with kindred frost and kindred opacity. Nor, indeed, my lords, except where the interests of millions can be affected by the vice or folly of an individual, need it be much regretted that, to things not worthy of being made better, it hath not pleased Providence to afford the privilege of improvement."

"*Lord Clare.*—Surely, Mr. Curran, a gentleman of your eminence in your profession must see that the conduct of former privy councils has nothing to do with the question before us. The question lies in the narrowest compass; it is merely whether the commons have a right of arbitrary and capricious rejection, or are obliged to assign a reasonable cause for their disapprobation. To that point you have a right to be heard, but I hope you do not mean to lecture the council."

"*Mr. Curran.*—I mean, my lords, to speak to the case of my clients, and to avail myself of every defence which I conceive applicable to that case. I am not speaking to a dry point of law, to a single judge, and on a mere forensic subject. I am addressing a very large auditory, consisting of co-ordinate members, of whom the far greater number is not versed in the law. Were I to address such an audience on the rights and interests of a great city, and address myself in the hackneyed style of a pleader, I should make a very idle display, with very little information to those I address, or benefit to those on whose behalf I have the honour to be heard. I am aware, my lords, that truth is to be sought only by slow and painful progress; I know also that error is in its nature flippant and compendious; it hops with airy and fastidious levity over proofs and arguments, and perches on assertion which it calls conclusion."

In this overwhelming invective the character of Sir Constantine Phipps was professed to be described, but it was intended *con amore* for the chancellor, and no person could doubt its applicability. The colours may have been laid on heavily, or without much regard to general harmony, but still the correctness of the portrait was unquestionable. Curran clearly made himself up; in one grand attack he resolved to take vengeance for years of contumely, and though the fire was raking and terrible, he was often more brilliant and effective where he gathered all his power into a single period. He loved diffuseness; and his imagination was too wild, and his language too luxuriant, to yield thorough obedience to his judgment. Once on the wing, he did not know where to end his flight; but if he got no time to soar into the region of declamation, or, in common parlance, was taken aback, his retorts were close and beautiful, and cut always deep in proportion to the shortness of preparation. His fencing with Judge Robinson illustrates this, as well as his numerous fights with all kinds of adversaries. It is not surprising that Lord Clare felt the full force of this savage attack, and endeavoured to arrest the flight of Curran by drawing his attention to the case to be discussed. But he was not diverted from his career; he knew as well as the chancellor that the matter lay in a narrow compass, but not so his hatred; he determined to crucify his enemy. "O," said he, some time before, "if I could catch the s——l out of his own court, I would brand him with a mark as immortal as Cain's, which would be some trifling consolation for the thousands of pounds he has picked out of my pocket." Such unseemly contests between the bench and the bar are highly detrimental to the interests of public justice; the dignity of the one, and the independence of the other, are lessened, and that moral force derivable from courts of justice—the glory as well as the safety of a free constitution—loses all its wholesome efficacy; for how could the people look to the laws for support, when they saw them sacrificed in the personal altercations of the court and the advocate? Such examples are productive of irreparable mischief. In England rencontres of this nature are almost unknown. On one occasion Erskine gave a manly rebuke to Lord Ellenborough, we believe on Hardy's trial, when he unfairly twitted him with carrying party feeling into the calm region of the laws; an offence of which the great advocate was very rarely guilty, considering the powerful incentives he had to indulge, most of his leading cases having a strong party complexion. In Ireland such quarrels were frequent and violent. Neither will it appear strange, when we consider that the judge and advocate did not meet for the first time in courts of justice—they opposed each other in the House of Commons, with the headlong acrimony that then characterised party spirit in Ireland. It is not very natural to suppose that the judge, in assuming the ermine, laid down the man, and the passions that influenced him of old. The ermine, whatever may be its other virtues, has not the magical power of changing hate into love, and prejudices into sympathies.

“ A man's a man for a' that”

is true of him in more things than an independent mind. He is in all his acts a creature of habits, whether in ermine or frieze; though, of course, in the former, better moderated, and under the tempered and chastened correction of a reflective judgment and profound learning. Lord Clare carried his political feelings, all heat and fury, from the ministerial benches to the woolsack. He remembered Curran, and sought to ruin him. Nor was he wholly unsuccessful; but like the triumphs of other conquerors, his cost him dear. Curran tore him asunder with his burning sarcasms; he watched every opportunity, and turned each to his advantage. The last is a monument which will haunt the name of Lord Clare through remotest history.

It remains to say a few words on his character and general attributes. In early life he struggled between the fascinations of pleasure and the cravings of a lofty ambition; his habits were dissipated, but his aspirations for distinction were powerful. The latter soon became predominant, and on the death of his father and elder brother he enjoyed the means of assuming the rank for which he thirsted. Combined with a splendid fortune, he had talents of a high order—a bold and fearless spirit—a stern and self-willed haughtiness, and the most extravagant confidence in his own powers; all which set him prominently before the public, and enabled him to overcome the obstacles to success, which would have dulled the labours, or crushed the spirit, of more elevated but modest minds. Nothing checked, nothing discouraged him; when he sought an object, he set his soul on its attainment; with him nothing was impracticable or impossible that human exertion could compass; he looked to nothing but the ends to be accomplished, however mean, wicked, or dishonourable the means. At the bar he filled a high station; though his learning was far from profound, yet it was various and accurate, and admirably adapted to professional practice. He had a retentive memory; shrewdness to detect, and quickness to meet, the weak points of an argument; the most consummate tact, and a love of labour, which at the bar, as well as in parliament, never left him unprepared. When chancellor, he exhibited a strange compound of excellence and error. He collected and arranged facts with clearness and accuracy, but he decided on them hastily, and without investigation. His ardent temperament, and his habit of throwing himself into whatever he took up with the intensity of a passion, left impressions which he suffered no reasoning to efface; he heard with impatience the opinions of eminent lawyers when they did not second his views, and spurned long established authority when not in accordance with his own. He would lay down abstract principles of law soundly enough, but his faculties were not sufficiently strong to illustrate their force or direct their application; his judgment wanted correctness and sobriety, and that well-poised steadiness which forms the main element in the judicial character—an attribute which he lacked, as was exhibited in the continual irritation he indulged in. The calm and unimpassioned dignity of a pure and lofty mind, confident of its own powers, and relying on the honesty of its motives, rarely appeared in his judicial conduct; he carped and cavilled at everything adverse to the uncompromising consistency of his own extravagant dogmas, and singled out every lawyer as a personal enemy who had the firmness to combat his prejudices and his errors. This was more apparent in his treatment of political adversaries; he continually harassed and annoyed them, at one time attempting to sneer them down, at another openly assailing them with abuse and scurrility. He was the first who introduced into the Irish courts that pernicious system of patronage, that fostering of his own creatures and minions, so perilous to the true interests of justice. Great talents he hated, because he feared them; mean talents he favoured, because they crouched to his will, and were submissive to his authority: he discountenanced solid worth, and hatched into honour and notoriety every passive and unintellectual instrument that flattered his vanity and sacrificed his own convictions to hang on the nod and catch the partial ear of the chancellor. Yet, as a judge, he was not without his merits. He purged the equity courts of numerous abuses, and applied the slashing hook of reform with skill and vigour; he abhorred fraud, and wherever he detected it, he invariably punished it with the most scourging rigour. As a statesman, our readers will be able to form some estimate of his character, though a very imperfect one, from the preceding observations. To him may be traced all the stern and vicious legislation at the close of the last century; he was the inspiring centre of all the Castle movements; the executive was but a name; he controlled and directed every measure. He made Ireland a land of blood and crime; he felt a pleasure in augmenting the measure of her calamities. During all the sanguinary scenes of the rebellion, he never relaxed in his cold and cruel hatred, nor breathed a conciliatory word; never talked of allaying the desperate passions that converted men into demons, and convulsed the land, and whose devastating progress is still visible in many a deep scar. He was the most intolerant of human beings, as well as the most intemperate. He knew this failing, and often attempted to guard against it; but the ruling passion soon broke through all restraint, and, under the ungoverned impulse of a furious temper, he gave full vent to his unparalleled and obstinate bigotry. With all his power he was unhappy. "Yes," said one of his cotemporaries, "he was; and he affords a striking illustration of the false glare that plays round the most envied summits of existence, as well as the little dignity, or worth, or happiness, that may sometimes belong to the possessor of wealth and power."

CHARADE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

The pleasures of my First he tried,
  Eager to banish retrospection,
For he had left in angry pride
  The maiden of his fond affection:
He mingled in the dance and song,
  He gazed on diamonds, plumes, and laces,
And heard the murmurs of the throng
  Who scrambled for hearts, smiles, and places.
But soon the pageant tired his eyes,
  And soon its course he ceased to follow,
Deeming its revels vanities,
  Its friendships false—its homage hollow.

He changed the scene—he sailed afar,
  Borne gaily o'er the dark blue waters,
Conversed with many a son of war,
  And ceased to sigh for Beauty's daughters:
Sang Dibdin's songs—avoided Moore,
  Subdued each thought of smile and dimple,
Conned the "Red Rover" five times o'er,
  And daily studied "Peter Simple."
But weariness soon seized his mind,
  And he declared, with aspect frowning,
That well my Second was defined,
  "A prison, with the chance of drowning!"

His home he sought, his fair one wooed,—
  Time had calmed down her irritation,—
A tender interview ensued,
  Smiles, tears, and reconciliation:
Her mother ordered the *trousseau*,
  Her sire the settlements inspected,
Bridesmaids and friends, a goodly show,
  Soon at St. George's church collected:
The bride was veiled in Brussels lace,
  White horses drew the wedding carriage,
O may my whole in every case,
  Thus end in happiness and marriage!

THE PIRATE.[1]

BY A FRENCH NAVAL OFFICER.

THICK masses of clouds had accumulated so rapidly that we were in almost utter darkness; the waves broke furiously and loudly upon the rocky shore—the mutterings of the rising thunder rolled in repeated and dismal echoes, and the rare but blinding flashes of lightning threw a fitful and weird brightness over the surrounding mountains.

"A precious hurly-burly we shall have to-night," remarked Brissac, "and certainly nothing short of being possessed by the devil would induce our captain to dream of sailing in such weather! Well, there's one comfort, he's up to several score of tricks that no one else knows anything about. Allow me to ask you a question: when we shall have stowed away all our crew in these casks and chests, leaving merely a dozen or so of hands upon deck to work the craft, where shall we meet with the fellow who will fancy that this is the jolly, rakish, devil-may-care Shark?"

"In other words, Brissac," said I, "you are beginning to think the life of a pirate a pleasant, safe, and profitable one enough;—a life which you would like to pass for the remainder of your days."

"No, Daumont, no;—the devil!—be a pirate all the rest of my life? Egad! one's life, however, would probably not be very long in this line of business. O no—just let me accumulate a little more money, and no more piracy for me. Moreover, *I* have made up my mind never to kill any one, fight as often as we may; I shall content myself with taking my share of the booty, and stowing it carefully away, and, to say the truth, Daumont, my little stock looks well already."

Brissac's self-gratulatory babble was here suddenly interrupted by the man at the mast-head shouting—"The English! the English!"

"The English!" replied Stamar, in a voice of thunder, "what do you mean, you stupid animal?"

"I tell you only the truth, captain," replied the sailor, who, trembling with terror and surprise, speedily made his way to the deck;—"there are no fewer than five boats rounding the point to cut us out."

And even while the man was speaking, the leading boat, crowded with armed seamen, rounded the point; an apparition which threw the whole of our crew into a perfectly indescribable state of disorder and perplexity.

"Peters!" shouted Stamar, "get up the arms—every man to his post—silence all—listen attentively and obey promptly: all will be well yet—with *us!*"

But his voice, heretofore so potent, was now only vainly thundered through the speaking-trumpet: the men were too much terrified to heed even him. A panic had seized upon even the boldest; from stem to stern arose the fatal cry—"Save himself who can!"—a cry which completed the confusion, and rendered all attempts at rallying or restoring discipline absolutely hopeless. It was in vain that Stamar threw himself in the midst of the terrified band, using his giant strength "like a giant;" it was to no purpose that four men in succession fell dead beneath his terrible blows. Escape was now all that the pirates dreamed of, and each, as he succeeded in evading Stamar, threw himself, burthened with all that was portable of his accumulated plunder, into the boiling and heaving waves.

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[1] Continued from p. 48.

Stamar, foaming with rage, at length saw himself deserted by nearly the whole of his lately numerous and zealous followers. Then, as if determined to

"Die, like the wolf, in silence,"

he folded his arms, and stood, scorning and motionless, upon the poop.

Lorenzo approached him.—"Stamar!" said the smooth-spoken and cowardly barber, "all is lost!—You plainly see that it is so; why then, needlessly and to no good purpose, brave the enemies to whom you have done so much mischief, and given such deadly offence?"

Stamar answered not a word; nay, judging by his fixed eyes and his unmoving features, I should scarcely think that he heard a word that the barber had said.

"Stamar!" repeated Lorenzo, in a louder tone.

"The pirate now cast a withering glance upon his lieutenant, and said, in a hoarse voice, "What want you with me?—fly, fly, coward! *I* fly, indeed!—and fly, too, without vengeance!"

The look with which these words were accompanied fairly put to flight Lorenzo's very small stock of resolution and devotion; and rushing to the side, he leaped overboard, and swam towards the shore.

The long-threatened hurricane now burst upon us with the utmost fury; the rain fell in torrents, obscuring in its fall even the faint and dying twilight; and the waves, storm-lashed, broke more violently than ever upon the shore, mingling their noise with that of the more and more frequent thunder. Dark as it was, our vigilant enemies discovered our deserters, upon whom they kept up a brisk firing, though, owing to the tossing of the waves, the fugitives presented such uncertain aims that but comparatively little execution was done upon them.

On board the Shark there remained, besides Stamar, only Peters and myself. "Well, Peters," said I, "if you are ready for a swim so I am—I only await you."

"And I, Daumont, only ask you to remain for five minutes longer. Captain," said he, approaching Stamar, "nothing but prompt resolution and bold action can save you from utter ruin. The English will be upon you in an instant."

Not a word nor a gesture gave any evidence that Stamar had heard what had been said to him.

"Captain!" repeated Peters.

Still the same silence.

"No doubt," said Peters, addressing me, "the captain is planning some stroke which will complete his ruin. Upon my soul it goes very much against my inclination to desert him, for, let him be what he may to other people, he has never been otherwise than friendly towards me."

"Hark'ee, Peters," said I, "every instant is now very precious to us, and your extremely kind friend, the captain, does not appear to be in any especial hurry to reply to you. Will you come or not?"

"Humph! There's no help for it that I can see, so here's with you."

And in another instant we were both overboard and battling with the wind-lashed billows. All the English boats being just at that time gathered together in one point, we took the contrary direction, notwithstanding the increased distance which this plan compelled us to swim. Alas! if taking this direction was the safest for us, it also caused us to recede from the point of land at which alone we could reasonably hope to meet with the poor Ermance and her servant.

Even while we were still struggling for our lives, I had the curiosity to glance back at Stamar. He remained standing in the same spot and in the same attitude in which we had left him; and he looked, seen as he now was from a distance, like some gigantic statue reared upon the bosom of the waters. Abandoning him to his fate, we now devoted all our attention to our own safety; and, thanks to the most obstinate and untiring exertions, we at length succeeded in making the land. Our first care was to plunge deep into the dense forest, and, after many vain researches, we found a safe and not uncomfortable asylum in the hollow trunk of an old palm tree.

Comfortable as our asylum was in itself, we soon discovered that it was situated in anything rather than a desirable neighbourhood. Close by us, in fact, was an extensive swamp, whence musquitoes in myriads sallied forth upon us; and we had scarcely been ashore two hours, when the enormous swelling of our features and of every exposed part of our persons was such as to render us unrecognisable, at first sight, by our most intimate acquaintance. Nor was this the only inconvenience to which we were exposed during our temporary halt. In that climate the nights are altogether as cold as the days are scorchingly hot, and we were completely frozen by the humid cold, against which our light linen clothing was quite inadequate to protect us. The worst violence of the tempest ceased soon after we got ashore; but as the evening deepened into night, a new and still more terrible source of dread occurred to us; we called to mind that the forests of this country were the haunts of ferocious beasts, and our only weapon was a clasp-knife between the two of us! More than once, during this most trying and terrible night, the underwood in our vicinity was violently agitated, and we could distinctly see numerous black bodies directing their path towards a stream which murmured at the distance of only a few paces from our retreat; and prolonged and melancholy cries announced to us at once the vicinity and the appetite of a troop of famished jackals. Fortunately we were enabled to remain hidden, instead of having to sustain a desperate and hopeless warfare with the savage denizens of the forest; and our painful apprehensions on this head were at length happily dispelled by the faint and glancing pencils of light which announced to us the welcome approach of a new day. With what delight and gratitude did we not salute the so-much-desired dawn!

It now behoved us to commence our march; and it was a question of fully as much difficulty as importance in which quarter to direct our footsteps. Peters was for going southward, in which direction he thought it most likely that we should meet with Stamar and the crew, supposing the former to have made his way ashore. The very idea of again meeting with so ferocious a wretch as Stamar was unutterably revolting to my feelings; nevertheless Peters gave excellent reasons for deeming it politic, not to say absolutely necessary, that we should do so. "In the first place," said he, "you have nothing to fear, as I shall be with you; moreover, when once we get to Mattance, you will be allowed to depart from us without any great opposition, seeing that the captain, if he has effected his escape, of which I for one do not entertain the slightest doubt, will be extremely glad to get so easily and completely rid of you. Once free, however, I would most urgently advise you to keep a still tongue about all that concerns the Shark and her late crew, at least while you remain either at Mattance or at the Havannah; for Stamar has plenty of spies at both places, and the most trifling indiscretion, calculated to compromise him or any of his followers, would infallibly cost you your life. But the last, and also the best, reason why we should endeavour to meet with Stamar or the crew is this, that we are a very honest two days' journey from any inhabited place, and have not a morsel of food, while Stamar, on the other hand, has had the precaution to lay up a good provision on shore, in a place known only to himself. So, you see, that unless we make up our minds to die of hunger, or be torn to pieces by the jackals, our only rational plan is to endeavour to find Stamar."

To reasoning so cogent what reply could I make? The only alternative that I could propose was, to return to the bay, and surrender ourselves as prisoners to the English; but Peters had little trouble in persuading me that this was even a more desperate expedient than taking our chance in the forest. "If perchance," said this cool and shrewd reasoner, "we are not hanged instantly, and without even the pretence of a trial, we may make our minds up to being sent to rot in a prison."

Convinced by the arguments of honest Peters, backed as they were by our helpless and hungry condition, I at once prepared to follow him whithersoever he might think fit to lead. And wretched, O very wretched, was the march which we now commenced! The stings of the infernal musquitoes had swollen our feet to such an extent that the soles of them were rather round than flat; and it will easily be imagined that, in such case, every step that we took was taken in agony. In addition to the pain thus occasioned, I soon began to experience feverish shudderings, from which I anticipated that I was about to be dangerously, if not fatally, attacked by the fever of the country. However, I used my utmost endeavours to follow as closely and as swiftly as possible in the footsteps of Peters, as it was quite evident that even the most trifling delay or loitering might very considerably diminish our chance of ultimate escape. A cruel day was that! A day of almost incredible exertion, and of quite indescribable suffering!

Torn by the briers that abounded in the tangled thickets through which we were compelled to pass, we had to muster all our courage to encounter the perpetual repetition of smarting wounds; and, in spite of all our determination, the difficulties and obstacles opposed to us frequently proved so insuperable, that we were obliged either to retrace the way we had so painfully trodden, or take circuitous paths instead of making directly in the track which the sun indicated as our proper one. And then, amid all this dense and tangled forest, not a single cocoa—not a single banyan! Always around us the sharp and torturing underwood in the densest and most tangled masses—always above us the seemingly endless array of majestic but barren trees!

At the close of the second day of our horrible suffering and slow but most toilsome journeying, pain, fever, and weakness had so completely overcome me that I fell powerless at the foot of a tree.

"Alas!" I bitterly thought, "the unhappy Ermance and her attendant are doubtless dead ere now, in consequence of this fatal attack having so completely deranged all our plans. Abandoned as she was at the other extremity of the bay—poor, poor Ermance! you have doubtless perished while confidently expecting me to arrive and preserve you! Accursed mischance! Verily, it is indeed a sad fate which has pursued me for some months past, and seems only too likely to continue to the last moment of my existence. Is that last moment to be spent here, in the mingled agonies of fever and of famine?"

Peters, who was of far more Herculean frame than I, had also far better supported our painful march; and while I lay helpless at the foot of the tree where I had fallen, he busied himself in exploring the surrounding spots, in the hope of finding some safer and more comfortable shelter for me during the night. He returned suddenly, and at the most rapid pace that the state of his feet would allow. "We are saved, Daumont!" he exclaimed, as soon as he got within hail of me; "there is a great light on this side; it is a fire kindled either by some of our people or by the Maroons; and faith, it would be far better even to fall into the hands of the negroes than to die here, like a couple of mangy dogs!"

This intelligence, and the joyous and eager tones in which he gave it, produced a most extraordinary effect upon me. I sprang from the ground totally unconscious of either pain or weakness, and we hastened forward in the direction in which Peters had seen the light. Already we had proceeded so far that I could see the fire blazing and throwing its ruddy light in a massive stream through the opening of a deep glade of the wood, when three men sprang suddenly from the underwood, and threw us to the ground before we could even attempt to defend ourselves, and the blades of their daggers gleamed above us.

"Avast there, you confounded lubbers," shouted Peters, breaking from the hold that was laid upon him, "do you take us for savages?"

"*Mon Dieu!*" replied a shrill voice, which I knew at once could belong to no one but Brissac, "why, it's Master Peters and Daumont! In truth, Master Peters, we are mortified at having saluted you so roughly, but you see we are keeping watch over our shipmates yonder."

"All very well for once, M. De Brissac," said Peters, tartly, "only another time I'll trouble you to look a little closer before you bring your dagger into play. And now, you gaping boobies, if you've stared at us long enough, conduct us to the captain, always supposing that those English dogs have not given him his travelling ticket to t'other world."

"A pretty joke for the English to kill the captain!" said Brissac, leading the way; "no, no, he killed half a dozen of them with his own hand when they endeavoured to board our poor Shark, and in half an hour afterwards he was safe and sound among us. But there he is, and Lorenzo with him; the latter feeling quite sure, and not a little glad, that you are both snug enough in the other world."

At that instant, in fact, I caught sight of the nocturnal bivouac, which presented an appearance at once wild, strange, and animated. An immense brazier, constantly fed with fuel by some of the men, threw its ruddy light far among the dark masses of the wood, and around it lay about fifty of the pirates, half naked, some careless and abandoning themselves to sleep, others with hand pressed on their weather-worn brows, as in anxiety or despair. These fifty were all of the lately numerous and terrible crew of the Shark that had not fallen beneath the fury of the English.

"At some distance from the fire was Stamar, seated at the foot of a large palm-tree; his countenance exhibiting, even more than formerly, the hardness and ferocity of his nature. Near him were the doctor and Lorenzo; the latter of whom, pale and downcast, seemed to recoil within himself as often as he encountered the contemptuous glances which from time to time were thrown upon him by Stamar. Our arrival converted the dead silence which had previously reigned in the bivouac into bustle and noise, and Peters, going up to Stamar, gave him an account of all that had befallen us.

"Very good, Peters," he coldly replied, when the latter had concluded, "I believe all you have said, and I must confess that I imagined you and Daumont had both perished by the hands of the enemy. For the rest, I well remember," added he, darting a look of anger and disgust towards Lorenzo, "that you two alone remained with me to the very last moment. This, at least, proves something for your dear Daumont, booby as he is in other respects. Probably you can contrive to eat and drink? Well!—there are plenty of provisions, so you have only to fall to."

He had no need to press us, for we threw ourselves, like impersonations of Famine, upon the biscuit and broiled meat that were set before us; then, giving way to the drowsiness that succeeded to our hunger, threw ourselves on the grass in the midst of the sleepers.

On the following day we prepared ourselves for encountering new perils, and committing new atrocities. Lorenzo, who was always the first to suggest crimes, and who was perfectly well acquainted with that part of the country, informed the captain that at about a day's march from us there was a rich and somewhat lonely English residence. He proposed that we should proceed thither, and pillage it; and his proposition was received with perfectly frantic shouts of joy and approval.

No one was better pleased than Stamar, who enjoyed anticipatively the pleasure of inflicting injury and suffering upon the Englishman, in revenge for the severe check which he had recently received from English courage. Moreover, our provisions could hold out but a little while longer, the men were all but naked, and violence and pillage were absolutely necessary to restore that courage and confidence which recent disasters and sufferings had well-nigh destroyed. Nothing remained, then, but to settle the plan of attack, and Stamar, with his usual promptitude, soon made every arrangement for that.

"I have told the captain how unfit you are to go forward," said Peters to me; "and by way of answer he sent me to a hundred thousand devils, and told me that I may stay with you if I choose, but that he can leave us neither food nor water. It is quite certain, therefore, that you *must* go on with us; and you may rely upon it, I will assist you to my utmost."

These tidings completed my misery. No doubt the atrocities which the pirates would commit upon the rich Englishman's mansion would rouse a host of pursuers; and how, in my weak state, could *I* hope to escape?

"No doubt," said Peters, who guessed my thoughts; "things look anything but smilingly. But, what the devil! you have preserved your papers—you have some acquaintances at the Havannah; and, lastly, you had surely better take up with any *chance* than with the certainty of leaving your body here as food for the birds of the air and the beasts of the forest."

It was impossible to dispute the justice of this reasoning, but my fever and weakness deprived me of the requisite energy for acting upon my conviction. While I still hesitated, the pirates put themselves in motion, gathered together their provisions, and filled the air with their barbarous songs of joy at the near prospect of new carnage and plunder. Stamar, leading the way with Lorenzo, and a few picked men, gave the word to advance, and Peters alone remained near me.

"Come, come," said he, "rouse yourself and decide."

Summoning all my remaining energy and resolution, I rose, and we commenced our march in sight of, but at some distance from, the main body of the pirates. Whether my malady was just at an end, or whether the motion was more salutary than my former quiescence, I found myself considerably better by mid-day; and was greatly aided and cheered by Peters, who supported my tottering frame, and never for a single instant abandoned me. We considered ourselves extremely fortunate in finding some fruits and wild berries on our way; for our dear shipmates never once condescended to offer us any share of the provisions which still remained.

By sunset we arrived at the end of the forest, and before us, on the slope of a gentle mount, we saw, in the midst of vast fields of sugar-canes and coffee-trees, a handsome European-built house, neighboured by a multitude of huts. Stamar now commanded a halt, assembled all the people around him, and decided that the attack should be made at about one in the morning.

How long and tedious seemed the hours to our pirates! They endeavoured to make it hang less heavy upon their hands by indulging in a thousand conjectures as to the greater or less riches contained in the mansion; as for the slaves, though, judging from the number of huts, they could not but be very numerous, the pirates gave themselves no concern about them, well knowing that they would rather join the pillagers than fight against them. The moon at length sank behind the mountain, and the band, under the orders and inspection of Stamar, made every preparation for the attack; and I felt I know not what presentiment that some strange and important event was about to occur to me. In spite of myself, I was compelled to associate Ermance with this prescient feeling. It seemed to me that I was upon the very point of rejoining her; yet I nevertheless could not wholly banish from my conviction the but too horrible truth of the picture my imagination had painted of her agonies and final death amid the howling and dreary wilderness. My powers suddenly became completely renovated, as if by some magical elixir; fever and pain I no longer felt, and I also made my preparations to go forward, in the hope that I might be able to snatch some victim from the cruelty of my companions. While I was thus engaged, Peters, who had been engaged with the captain, came to bid me farewell.

"The captain," said he, "has given me my orders, and I have no course left but to obey them. I promise you, however, that I will do whatever may be in my power to save some unfortunates. Scenes of carnage now no longer inspire me with any other feelings than disgust and horror. If Lorenzo, whose desire to murder you is no secret to any one, should approach you, I see you are sufficiently yourself again to blow his brains out; and if you persevere in making your way to the Havannah, it will not be long before we meet again. Adieu, Daumont! Courage and address!"

As pronouncing the last few words the worthy fellow grasped my hand, I actually shed tears; and I protest, that neither as man nor as sailor, do I feel the slightest shame for having done so.

An advanced guard, consisting of ten men, and headed by the execrable Lorenzo, was sent to reconnoitre the environs of the house, and speedily returned with intelligence that the moment was favourable for the attack, all within the house appearing to be plunged in the most profound repose. The whole band now moved towards the house, Stamar and Peters leading the way through the fields of sugar-cane, and taking every imaginable precaution against a premature alarm.

Urged on by the strange presentiment of which I have already spoken, I followed them, and joined myself to the rearmost rank.

"Ah, Daumont!" said Brissac; "you, too, must needs have a finger in the sauce!"

"Will you hold your tongue, you cursed babbler," said Stamar, approaching us; "or I'll send it to join your eye!"

"What a brute Stamar is!" muttered the Gascon; "n'importe—he's a devilish fine sailor for all that!"

While the Gascon was thus bestowing his eulogy and censure upon one who cared marvellously little about either one or the other, we neared the place of attack, when an accident occurred which bade fair to raise an alarm. One of the pirates stepped upon a serpent, which turned, hissing and furious, and bit him. The pained and startled man gave utterancé to a howl of agony and terror, and Stamar rushed furiously towards him. The wounded man, however, did not await either the reproach or the punishment intended for him; but fell to the earth in perfectly awful convulsions, and expired.

"You have done well," said Stamar, coldly, and giving the body a slight kick; "if you had not done so, I should have had to square accounts with you."

The incident seemed to give no interruption to the peaceful slumbers of the inhabitants of the English house, and, after a short and breathless pause, Stamar proceeded to execute his murderous plan. The main body of his men he placed in ambush among some trees which shaded two of the marble baths which are so commonly seen in the Antilles near the houses of planters, and ordered them to await the signal patiently, and to obey it promptly. Taking with him Lorenzo, Peters, and four of the most resolute of the band, he himself then entered the house by the door, which, after the common custom of those parts, was open.

During some minutes the most profound silence was maintained both within and without the house, so that the very breathing of the impatient pirates who lay in ambush seemed suppressed. Suddenly the silence was broken by shrieks from within the house; one of the persians of the first floor was opened, and we could distinguish Stamar holding, extended at full length along the balcony, a half-naked man, who struggled with great fury, and gave lusty utterance to a rapid succession of Goddams.

"Silence! English dog," shouted Stamar, at the same time plunging his dagger into the throat of the Englishman, and slashing it across and across his features. "Silence, I tell you, this is for my pleasure!"

Then seizing the body of his victim in his muscular hands, he hurled it from the balcony towards the ambush, shouting, "Comrades, behold the signal I promised you!"

And the welkin rang with the answering shout, "Death and plunder! Stamar for ever!"

Scarcely had the corpse of the unfortunate Englishman fallen heavily upon the earth, when his so lately peaceful house was filled with the tumultuous band of plunderers, displacing everything, destroying whatever was unsuitable for removal, and shouting and singing in an ecstasy of fiendish triumph. By this time, however, the blacks sallied forth in crowds from their little huts, and hastened towards the mansion, from which, at the same instant rushed a half-naked and terrified man, pursued by some of the pirates. It was the commander or overseer of the slaves, among whom he threw himself, shouting, "Socorro! Arguda! aqui estan los pirates!—Help! To the rescue! The pirates are upon us!"

To this cry the pirates replied, "Death to the torturer of the slaves! Death to the oppressor and murderer of the negroes!"

The blacks, already hesitating, were decided by this artful appeal to their passions, and made way for the pirates, who seized upon the miserable overseer, and, in spite of his frantic struggles, cut his throat under the very eyes of the numerous slaves to whom but a few hours before his slightest word had been law. The sight of the man's blood, which gushed forth in torrents, had an electrical effect on the fierce sons of Africa; a cry of fury burst forth from among them, and rushing forward they tore the yet warm body literally to pieces, and then joined in the pillage of the house.

One of them cast a burning brand into a window, and in a few minutes a thick cloud of smoke, mixed here and there with a wave of fire, darted from every opening, extending the influence of the ravaging element in every direction of the exterior as well as interior of the house. Just at that period I perceived a white figure dart through one of the windows on the ground-floor, and rush with the speed of a frightened bird towards the forest, followed by one of the pirates.

"This victim, at all events, I might save, be she whom or what she might."

Taking a short cut, I placed myself opposite to the poor fugitive, who had about fifty paces the advance of her pursuer. As the former came near enough to allow of my distinguishing her features, I was for an instant rendered completely motionless by mingled surprise and joy. I speedily recovered myself, and exclaimed aloud, "Ermance!"

"O God! I am saved then!" was the reply, and she fell senseless and powerless into my arms.

The brigand who had pursued her stopped when within about ten paces of us: it was my direst and most villanous enemy, Lorenzo. I laid down the senseless Ermance, and precipitated myself upon him.

"Infamous miscreant," I exclaimed, "at length, then, I can punish your villanies!"

Cruel and murderous wretch as this was, he was no less a dastard. He had only courage for crime; fighting, even for his life, was by no means to his liking, and he endeavoured to take flight; but, after eluding a blow, that he feebly aimed at me with his boarding axe, I grasped him by the throat and dashed him to the earth.

Whatever may be thought of my avowal, I confess that it was with a positively luxurious feeling of rapture that I thrice buried the blade of my knife in his black and callous heart.

I now returned to Ermance, and, to my great grief and perplexity, I found all my efforts to recal her to herself utterly unavailing. While I was pondering how to act, under circumstances at once so novel and so embarrassing, my ears were saluted by a shrill whistle; the peculiar signal which had for a long time been agreed upon by Peters and myself, in the event of either needing the other's aid. Answering in the same note, I soon had the pleasure to see him hastening towards me, and bringing with him the servant of Ermance.

"*Parbleu!* Daumont," he cried, as he neared me, "you have done the cursed barber's business in real workmanlike style; for I just now saw him yield up his soul to that devil who certainly possensed it. But time's very precious, and we must make the most of it. All around lights are flashing, doubtless borne by those who are hastening to attack our sharks, and if we do not very speedily make our escape, we stand a very fair chance of being hanged without ceremony."

After much and persevering effort on the part of Zelia, the servant, Ermance was restored to consciousness, and the first impulse of us both was to rush into each other's arms. Peters, however, allowed us but brief time for endearments. He truly enough said that every instant was precious. We hastened forward, therefore, and by daybreak had gained one of the great mountain roads. Fortunately, Peters, while the house was being pillaged, having possessed himself of fifty doubloons, we were enabled to procure horses, and on the following day we arrived in safety at the Havannah.

How lovely is the Isle of Cuba! What richness has its soil, how vigorous its vegetation! When, arriving in the offing, you gaze upon the bluish outline of its mountains, whose bold points are veiled and softened by dense clouds, ignorant of the surpassing richness of this fertile coast, you can perceive nothing but deformity and sterility, and you wonder where it is that you are to seek that new Eden, of which, in Europe, you were charmed with such marvellous accounts. Soon, however, on approaching still nearer to the shore, you perceive that the air is laden with a thousand soft and balmy odours; as if by magic, those mountains which you at first thought so arid, show themselves covered with vast fields of coffee-trees and sugar-canes, interspersed here and there with shrubberies whose green leaves delight the eye, while their fruit and flowers give forth odours, the exquisiteness of which no pen, however eloquent, could describe; and at the same time you perceive, at the foot of those mountains, long and spacious plains intersected by streams and woods of palm trees, while the numerous hill-fountains leap gushingly forth towards the sea in a thousand sparkling lines of diamond and silver. On the mountain top, proud and splendid, appears the habitation of the planter, its green-painted casements well-nigh hidden by banyan trees, while somewhat lower down are grouped some twenty or thirty dingy-looking huts, the smoky habitations of the slaves and their families. It is now that you begin to recognise the Eden, the promised land of which you have heard and read so much; and if wishes could hasten your arrival in port, swift, indeed, would now be your rate of sailing. Be not too sure, however, that you ought to congratulate yourself upon arriving off this lovely isle. Perhaps, at the very moment when you are doing so, a long slender bark, painted ominously dark, glides along the shore, darts out upon you like lightning, and throws her numerous crew upon your deck; woe to you, then, for that crew are pirates. Even if you have gained your so much desired port, it is probable that your doing so is real misfortune. For in this beautiful land an ounce of gold is a sufficient price for a murder, and the negro poniard may reach you, and just as probably in open day as in the midst of night—in the midst of the thronged street as in the depths of the forest. And, then, there is the hideous yellow fever, twin-sister of death, which rarely leaves in peace the European who comes hither to brave her. Yes, Cuba is indeed a lovely isle; but chiefly will you find it so when, sailing past it in fine weather and with a fine breeze, you have for a long time enjoyed its ardent sky, its long savannahs, and its voluptuous and profuse perfumes. Specially lovely is this isle, when, instead of yielding to its deceitful charms, and being tempted by them to a nearer acquaintance, you have seen it only from a distance, and are thus enabled to preserve a delightful reminiscence of it.

The Havannah, the capital of Cuba, is in itself a complete epitome of the whole island. In the lower quarters you are, on your first arrival, bewildered in the maze of crooked and narrow streets, composed of immensely high houses, provided within with immense openings, with persians to exclude the burning rays of the sun on the outside, and with immense bars of iron to exclude the robber.

In the faubourgs, the Havannah presents a more smiling aspect; elegant houses disclosing the delicate yellow of their façades in the midst of bouquets of camelias and magnolias, while farther and farther are seen groups of cocoas, or of bananas, with their long and drooping leaves. At evening, when the beneficent coolness at length allows and invites egress from the interior of the city, these faubourgs are alive with promenaders, both mounted and on foot.

If, quitting the faubourgs, you return towards the sea, the port presents to your notice its scene of bustle and animation. On a vast bay, the ordinary anchorage of ships of war, the red and yellow flag of Spain is close neighbour to the union-jack of England, the stars and stripes of America, and the tri-color of France. Further on, the merchant ships are so numerous and so dense, that you can scarcely discern the water upon which they float. Upon their decks numerous stalwart fellows, with naked arms, red woollen shirts, and little tarred hats, make the whole scene resound with their joyous songs. Upon the quays you are deafened by the cries of negresses ranging their coast apples in huge pyramids, and offering you a fruit that reminds you, almost painfully, of your own far-distant country. The huzzas of the sailors, the loud tones of merchants bargaining, the rumbling of the vehicles carrying the foreign merchandise, which has been taken in exchange for bags of coffee or of sugar, form in this quarter a concert at least as strange as it is discordant. Farther on still, you perceive the narrow entrance of the harbour, defended by the celebrated fort of Moro. A large ship, under Spanish colours, darts through it into the passes, saluting the fort as she goes through; it is a richly-laden galleon, destined, very probably, to be speedily captured by the independents.

But, alas! the Havannah, beyond any other place, has hideous and horrible contrasts to its picture of marvellous prosperity. Here you may stumble over the still warm body of a man, the dagger which deprived him of life still remaining in his cleft heart—some unhappy victim of an imprudent word on his own part, or of a most vile cupidity on the part of his murderer. And the crowd go and come with such indifference—'tis only an ordinary sight to them.

Disgusted and horrified, you pass onward. You hear joyous sounds, and perceive a group of foreign sailors sallying from some low wine-shop, where they have imbibed more than sufficient spirits to deprive them of all the very little sense they ever possessed. The absolutely scorching rays of the ardent sun pour down upon their uncovered heads. They are far too drunk to cover their heads; it looks lubberly. On a sudden two or three of these silly fellows fall to the ground, and lie there perfectly motionless. You hasten towards them; but all your speed does not enable you to avoid being too late. The yellow fever has seized upon its prey; a black and infectious putrescence surrounds their corpses; return in another hour, and you will find the worms at work upon them.

Such are the various aspects presented to the stranger by the Havannah—the finest port in the world; the city of death and riches, of splendour and of mourning.

On reaching the Havannah, Ermance agreed to take advantage of the very first opportunity to sail for France, and, on our arrival there, to join our hands and destinies, as we had long since joined our hearts. Peters, rejoiced beyond measure at having escaped from a business which he had long held in hourly increasing abhorrence, was as desirous as we were for the hour of departure, and we all waited with extreme impatience the occurrence of an opportunity. Unfortunately there was no French vessel then at the Havannah, except a man-of-war, the Iris, which was compelled to remain on that station some time; otherwise I could easily have obtained a passage in her. On my arrival at the Havannah, I had made it my first business to wait on the French consul there. Conceiving it best to keep my adventures on board the Shark a profound secret, I merely exhibited to him the documents necessary to convince him of my respectability and identity, and that done, he strongly interested himself in my behalf—how unfortunately will presently be seen.*

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* To be continued.

A SPRING MORNING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Awake, dear child! the sun hath long since risen;
  Awake! the smile of Spring is on the earth;
The streams have broken from their icy prison
  To fill the valleys with a voice of mirth;
The little waves creep slowly o'er the ocean
  To cast their glist'ning spray upon the shore,
Full many a white-sailed ship is now in motion,
  And many a boatman gaily plies his oar.
        Awake! Is this a time to sleep,
When joy is on the earth, and music in the deep?

Awake! for now the breeze is onward sweeping,
To dry the dew along the path we'll tread,
The torrent o'er its stony road is leaping,
The harbour rocks the shadows o'er it spread;
The few white clouds, by morn's soft breathing driven,
Are beautiful as angels' cars might be;
A glory by the morning light is given
To barren mound and lake, and flow'ry lea.
Awake! Is this a time to sleep,
When joy is on the earth, and music in the deep?

O come! we'll wander, in these sunny hours,
Over the grassy fields and rugged hill,
We'll wander far to seek the earliest flowers,
We'll search the leafy banks of each glad rill;
And if some bird should chase the lone wood's sadness
With music joyous as a wild harp's tone,
We, too, will shout an answer of like gladness,
We'll sing a lay as merry as his own!
Awake! Is this a time to sleep,
When joy is on the earth, and music in the deep?

Though there be here no yellow cowslip glowing,
No primrose hidden in the hawthorn shade,
No purple hyacinth its soft breath throwing
Upon the air along the forest glade;
Yet there are flow'rs in lovely clusters beaming,
Like fallen stars, upon the wide lake's brim,
And silvery bells about the dark marsh gleaming,
While lily leaves the waters' brightness dim.
Awake! Is this a time to sleep,
When joy is on the earth, and music in the deep?

Are not the things around us fair and cheering?
Does not thine heart beat happily to-day?
Like the thin mists the glorious sun is clearing,
Have not all angry feelings passed away?
In the soft murmur of the winds and waters
Canst thou not hear a low yet mighty voice
Bidding thee love and help earth's sons and daughters,
And weep when they are sad, and smile when they rejoice.
Awake! Is this a time to sleep?
This voice is in the earth, this voice is in the deep!

Come! let us hear and heed the tale it utters—
A tale of God's own care and love tow'rds men;
It is the same the breeze in darkness mutters,
And torrents shout along the lonely glen;—
It is the same, ever the same assurance;
The stars repeat it from their homes above,
" There is a God who pities man's endurance,
A God whose might is equalled by His love!"
Awake! Is this a time to sleep?
This tale is in the earth, this tale is in the deep!

H. P., Nova Terra.

A JOURNEY SOUTHWARD FROM DAMASCUS.

BY C. G. ADDISON, ESQ., OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

Jacob's Well—Mount Gerizim—Yakoub Effendi—Arab Supper—Watchmen—Pilgrims—Bir—The Sheikh's Visiters—The Mosque—Moslem Prayers—Military Conscriptions.

ACCOMPANIED by a tall, one-eyed Arab, I proceeded to pay a visit to the house of Yakoub Effendi, a worthy merchant of Naplous. As we passed out of the khan, a long string of tall, gracefully walking dromedaries, with a party of travellers perched on their backs, who had just come up from Jerusalem, pushed through the gateway. On the humps of the dromedaries was fastened a species of cradle, covered with a tilt, under which dark-visaged women, who had come from far away to the southward, were lying, some of them having gaily dressed children in their laps. The noise and grunting of the dromedaries, as they were made to lie down, to be divested of their precious burdens, were quite distracting; and I was glad to escape from the bustle into the streets of the town. Lights had now begun to appear in the different houses and bazaars, for it was nearly dark, and various lanterns, made of oiled paper of different colours, were hung up against the back of the shops, and little pots and pans, filled with oil and fat, and with a burning cotton wick, were glimmering by the side of heaps of dates, melons, bread, fruit, and tobacco. We were obliged to walk with the greatest caution to avoid being knocked down by the different four-footed beasts, which threaded their way with silent tread and rapid pace through the narrow winding passages. Ever and anon came the tall, stalking, stately camel, looming in the darkness; or the humble jackass, bearing on his back huge skins of water. The water and sherbet sellers were plying their humble calling in different directions, and numerous thirsty inquirers were seeking for a cup of cold water, or a glass bowl of rose-coloured sherbet.

Our progress, as we passed the end of the principal bazaar, was impeded by a crowd in the streets, and I was informed that a bridegroom was just returning from the bath to take possession of an anxious and expectant bride. We got into the shop of a pipe-maker, which was still open, and waited to see the procession pass by. After some considerable time had elapsed, the darkness of the street became suddenly illuminated by a group of men bearing torches and long sticks of bamboo, on the tops of which were fastened small circular frames of iron, filled with blazing combustible materials. Behind these walked some musicians, who made a discordant noise with a species of drum and some wind instruments, and the bridegroom,

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[1] Continued from p. 64.

dressed in a crimson cloak, with a Kashmeer shawl wound round his head, then made his appearance, walking at a slow and stately pace, surrounded by numerous friends, each of whom bore an oiled paper lantern in one hand, and a green bough in the other. When they got opposite the pipe-shop a halt was called, and some of the party began to sing and chant in a very lugubrious and mournful manner; it looked more like a funeral procession than that of a marriage, except that there was no wailing and weeping. The bridegroom appeared young, and was, no doubt, then going home to his first wife; and I marvelled greatly at the slow pace of the procession, and the long halts they made, as I should have thought the bridegroom would have been in a great hurry to rush home to the nuptial chamber, and pay "*the price of the uncovering of the face.*"

The streets of an eastern town, after the shops are closed, which is done usually about the first hour of the night, become abominably dark, and it is unsafe to move about without a lantern. We lost our way in the obscurity, and, after quarrelling with the Arab guide, I returned home to the khan without paying my intended visit. An immense fire had been kindled in the centre of the apartment in which I had taken up my quarters, and all the vaulted stone ceiling was concealed from view by a dense cloud of smoke, which made its escape at the top of the doorway. Various wild figures, wrapped up in cloaks and abbahs, were lying at full length along the gloomy stone vaulted corridor, snoring soundly; and others, having already arranged themselves for the night, were smoking their last pipe ere they yielded themselves to the embraces of Morpheus. In the immense court below were ranged the mules, horses, and dromedaries, the latter of which were all extended at full length upon the ground; and around the fountain in the middle of the large area sat a group of wild and swarthy Bedouins, who were warming themselves by a fire of sticks and straw.

Nov. 18.—I was joined this morning by a worthy Greek, well acquainted with the localities and the topography of Naplous, the modern representative of the ancient Shechem of the Old Testament and the Sychar of the New. We mounted on fast-trotting donkeys, and, passing through the great bazaar, we went out of the northern gate of the city, and passing some rich gardens and a fine olive grove, we took the road leading from Naplous to Szalt and the city of Amma, to the eastward of the Jordan and the country of ancient Gilead. After riding for about a quarter of an hour, we came to a well, marked out by tradition among the Christians of Naplous as the identical well by the side of which our Saviour sat when he conversed with the woman of Samaria, "who left her water-pot, and went into the city and saith to the men, Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did. Is not this the Christ?" The shaft of this well is pierced through the solid rock; it is choked with rubbish, and with the ruins of a vaulted structure which has been built over it. This is certainly one of the most interesting localities in all Palestine, and the tradition, which my guide tells me has been immemorially prevalent among the Christians of Naplous, taken in connexion with other circumstances, conveys to my mind the most powerful evidence that it is the identical

Jacob's well mentioned by St. John. Sychar, called in the Old Testament Shechem, stood, we know, upon the site of the present Naplous, or very near it. Our Saviour, wearied with his journey, sat by the well-side, while his disciples went to the city of Sychar to buy food, according to the present practice of the Arabs, who often halt at a well to eat, for the sake of the water. The well is about a mile and a half from the present town, and a likely spot for persons who did not wish to enter the city to halt and give water and food to their mules and horses, while they sent into the town for any article they might require. The woman who came to draw water was "a woman of Samaria," a woman of the province, and not of Sychar, the city; and after the conversation, overwhelmed with astonishment at what our Saviour told her, she went off to the town, to tell the men of the city whom she had seen. All the old wells in this part of the world have always in ancient times been preserved with the greatest care; and this is the only well in the neighbourhood of Naplous which can be said to be deserving of the name, and to have been deep, all the places called wells immediately about the city being mere brooks and fountains of running water, while the shaft of this well is pierced to a great depth through the solid rock; and the woman of Samaria said to Jesus, "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is *deep*." It may be remarked too, that there are no wells outside Naplous to which women are in the habit of resorting for water, as there is an abundance of that element within the place, which runs down the declivities of Mount Gerizim, waters the gardens, and flows through the courtyards of the private houses.

Granting this, then, to be Jacob's well, every step that we now take is upon the most interesting and sacred ground. St. John tells us that Jacob's well is "near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph," and which was the same mentioned in Genesis to have been bought by Jacob "at the hand of the children of Hamor, Shechem's father, for an hundred pieces of money."

The well is at the head of a narrow valley, which is bounded on either side by a range of mountains; the eye scans with ease its whole surface, and the tract of land bought by Jacob must clearly be within the circle of vision.

Here then it was that Jacob pitched his tent, and that the sons of Jacob were feeding their cattle in the field when they heard that Dinah, their sister, had been defiled by the son of Hamor the Hivite. Jacob, too, we are told in Genesis, took the strange gods and the ear-rings, and buried them under the oak-tree which was by Shechem. This is the first mention of the city by the name of Shechem in the Bible. Previous to the assault it was called Salem, but after that event, and the slaughter of Shechem, son of Hamor, prince of the country, it appears to have been always called in the Old Testament "the city of Shechem." All this valley too is intimately associated with the beautiful and romantic story of Joseph and his brethren. "Israel said unto Joseph, Do not thy brethren feed the flock in Shechem? come, and I will send thee unto them. Go, I pray thee, and see if it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flock."

Joseph, in obedience to this command, was wandering in the valley when he met a man who asked him, "What seekest thou? And he said, I seek my brethren; tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their flocks."

After Joseph had been thrown into the pit, his brethren "lifted up their eyes, and behold a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels, bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down into Egypt." Now, it is an interesting fact that the only direct road at the present day from Naplous, on the site of the ancient Shechem, to Szalt in Gilead, lies through this valley; and at this very day companies of Bedouin Arabs, the descendants of Ishmael, pass and repass on their wandering journeys with long strings of camels, bearing merchandise to and from the countries eastward of the Jordan, which are described in the Old Testament by the name of Gilead. The modern route from these countries into Egypt lies through this narrow valley, and the wild wandering Ishmaelites still sell slaves, and would no doubt gladly purchase another Joseph.

In the neighbouring mountains are numerous sepulchral excavations, called by the Arabs *kalaat rowh'haban*, "the castles of the hermits." They consist generally of lateral excavations, with arched or square doorways, and appear to be of amazing antiquity. After having served as receptacles for the dead, they were used as dwellings for the living; for, in the time of the Christians, they became the retreat of hermits and saints, who passed a life of self-mortification and ascetic seclusion within them, and enjoyed a marvellous reputation for sanctity. These sepulchral grottos in the vicinity of ancient Shechem, and near to the parcel of ground which Jacob purchased, must be regarded with peculiar interest, for we are told in the last chapter of Joshua, that "the bones of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought up out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem, in a parcel of ground which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor, the father of Shechem, for a hundred pieces of silver, and it became the inheritance of the children of Joseph."

After an agreeable ride, I returned to Naplous, and ascended Mount Gerizim, through gardens and groves of fruit trees. The city, with its domes, minarets, and towers crowning the eminences below, and the luxuriant foliage shading the sides of the declivities, and spreading along the bottom of the narrow, luxuriant valley, presented from different parts of the ascent a most striking and beautiful appearance. Near the summit are some ruins tenanted only by jackals, but much venerated by the Samaritans, several families of which peculiar people still reside at Naplous, and ascend the sacred monntain at stated intervals to perform sacrifices and read the law. On the opposite side of the valley rose the bare undulating ridge of Mount Ebal, and upon these two mountains, in the time of Joshua, all Israel was assembled, and their elders, and their officers, and their judges, "half of them over against Mount Gerizim and half over against Mount Ebal," while the curses and blessings respectively annexed to obedience and disobedience were read from the book of the law by Joshua, pursuant to the injunction of the Lord God, to put the blessing upon Mount Gerizim, and the curse upon Mount Ebal. What an awful change has taken place since the fulfilment of that dread solemnity, and how wonderfully has the curse then denounced been carried into effect! The children of Israel had then just obtained possession of the whole land of promise, and God had given them "rest from all their enemies round about." If, therefore, they were then obedient to the commandments, the land was to be blessed, and they were to live and multiply upon it; but if their hearts were drawn away to worship other gods, then the land was to be smitten with a curse, and they were not to prolong their days upon it, but were "to be driven before their enemies, and scattered among all people from the one end of the earth even unto the other," and the spoilers were to come upon all the high places, and the land was to become *desolate*, and the cities *waste*.* The Jews were disobedient, and they have now for more than seventeen centuries been scattered among all the nations of the earth—the land has ever since been in the hands of the spoilers, and the once-fruitful Canaan, "flowing with milk and honey," is now, in the nineteenth century, *desolate*, and the cities *waste*.

I remained absorbed by the many powerfully-interesting associations connected with the spot, until the lengthened shadows of the projecting rocks warned me to return home, and I hurried down the steep declivities, reluctant to divert the current of my thoughts by again mixing with the busy world below.

I traversed the crowded streets, amid donkeys, dromedaries, mules, and dogs, to the khan, and then, accompanied by Evangela and a guide, I proceeded to pay my long-projected visit to Yakoob Effendi. We threaded our way through a great many donkeys laden with large baskets of manure, and, passing the end of the great bazaar, we traversed some narrow winding streets, ornamented with an open drain, which ran down through the centre of them. We halted at a gloomy stone house, and knocked at a door which was securely fastened by a wooden bar. The windows of the dwelling were all fortified with lattice-work, so closely put together as greatly to exclude the sun and the light. Glass windows are an article of luxury quite unknown to the natives. The lattices are used as a substitute, and they serve to screen the women from observation, and to render the apartments more retired. At night a large wooden shutter is closed and bolted behind them, and the nocturnal air is thus imperfectly excluded. After waiting a short period, a *bow'wab'*, or doorkeeper, drawing back a small lattice, exposed a pale, sallow physiognomy to view, furnished with only one eye. He reconnoitred us for some time without saying a word, and then ejaculating "*God's absolute glory—what is this?* —he demanded our business. The wooden bolt was soon undrawn, and passing through the doorway, we were admitted into a dark porch or passage. On one side was a stone bench, covered with a mat, and upon it sat a boy half naked, rubbing his eyes, and yawning; we had just disturbed him from a sound sleep, and he appeared quite confused and bewildered. From the porch we passed into the courtyard of the mansion, which was neatly paved with large stones, and decorated with a fountain, which bubbled up in the centre of it, and supplied the whole family with delicious water.

I was received with true Moslem courtesy and politeness, and was motioned to take the principal seat at the corner of the raised divan at the upper end of the room, on the right hand of the master of the house. This raised divan is considered a more honourable and distinguished place than the lower side divans, and visiters of an inferior rank never seat themselves upon it unless specially invited so to do, but take the lower seat. There is the same distinction with regard to the lower and upper rooms, and being seated in point of rank, as that which existed in ancient times. "When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, sit not down in the highest room, lest a more honourable man than thou be bidden of him, and he that bade thee and him come and say to thee, Give this man place, and thou begin with shame to take the lowest room."

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* Exodus, Deuteronomy.

Yakoob Effendi was a little old man, habited in a green cloak, and in very voluminous trousers, which were girt round his waist with a crimson scarf, fringed with gold. He inquired the news of Damascus and of the north of Syria—was very anxious concerning the disarmament of the Druses, and spoke with great shrewdness of Ibrahim Pasha's system of government, and of the dreadful military conscriptions which had driven the whole population into a state of the fiercest discontent. I was strongly pressed to stay and partake of supper, the principal meal of the Moslems, which is eaten shortly after sunset. I am not fond of Moslem dishes, nor of their mode of cooking, but I consented to remain, and we indulged in several pipes and drank much coffee. Three attendants, accompanied by Evangela, at last entered the apartment, bearing a round tray crowded with viands. A stool made of walnut-wood, inlaid with ivory, was placed in front of us, and upon this were set down the tray and the smoking dishes. Napkins were placed in our laps, and a copper basin and ewer, soap and water, were handed round for us to wash our hands, mouths, and beards, during which operation old Yakoob exclaimed loudly in praise of God, his compassion, goodness, and mercy. He looked at the smoking dishes, and ejaculated, "*Ya' man'ta kere'em ya' Rubb*—O how bountiful thou art, O Lord!" And then washing his beard with great vigour, and wiping his mouth with the napkin—"*An'a deuf Allah wen-ne-bee*—I am the guest of God and the prophet," said he, in a tone of exultation.

We gathered ourselves around the tray, and Yakoob Effendi, tucking up the loose hanging sleeve of his green cloak, and baring his right arm, ejaculated "*Bis-mil-lah*—in the name of God," and then pounced upon a thin cake of unleavened bread, and tore it in halves. These round thin bread-cakes, pliable and tough, were placed all round the tray, and grasping one of them I made it serve me in lieu of a plate. The centre dish consisted of a large pilaff made of boiled rice and mutton fat, and around this were placed some wooden spoons, which were the only artificial helps we had to get the food to our mouths. Next to the pilaff was a boiled fowl, stuffed with raisins and pistachio nuts, and by the side of this stood a little bright copper dish, filled with gourds of the size and shape of a small cucumber; these gourds are stuffed with rice and minced meat, seasoned with pepper, onions, and garlic, and are called *khara-kooshee-mah'kshee*. The worthy Yakoob, doubling up a piece of the thin pliable bread between his thumb and two forefingers, suddenly extended his arm towards the gourds, and seizing one of them in his hands exclaimed, "*Tafud'dal*—do me the favour to eat," and suddenly thrust it against my lips. It would have been the height of indecorum and rudeness to have rejected the offer of this delicate morsel, the making of which is considered the very pink of politeness, so I was obliged to open my mouth, and get rid of it as soon as I could. Fortunately a bowl of *koo'shab*, a sweet drink made of water boiled up with raisins and sugar, and scented with attar of roses, was near at hand; and to this I quickly applied myself, to obliterate the effects of Yakoob's delicate morsel. In front of us stood an attendant, holding in his hand a long brush, made of the fibre of the palm tree, with which he kept away the flies, and by his side there was another man, holding in one hand a large earthen water-bottle, and in the other an embroidered napkin, with which he approached and wiped our mouths as soon as we had finished drinking. Besides the dishes already enumerated, there were a dish of pickles, a dish of beans fried in butter, and some small dishes of vegetables; upon all of these Yakoob made vigorous attacks in succession, each time tearing the thin pliable bread as one would tear up a sheet of paper, and rolling up the morsels of food within it. After supper the attendants again handed round the ewer and basin, and towels, for washing our greasy fingers, and then they produced embroidered scarlet tobacco bags, and furnished us with pipes.

It was late ere I returned home to the khan, and we were obliged to furnish ourselves with lanterns to prevent molestation from the watchmen. The night air swept down cool and chill from Mount Gerizim, and not a soul besides ourselves was visible in the streets. There were no lamps to light the place, and but for our lanterns we should have been left in total darkness. One of Yakoob's attendants led the way with a light in one hand, and a stick in the other, and I was obliged to proceed with the greatest caution to avoid a tumble into some one of the holes and drains which occasionally obstructed the path. "*Wah-ha-heed Allah*—attest the unity of God!" shouted a gruff voice, as we abruptly turned the corner of a projecting building. It was a watchman, who stood across the road, with a lantern in one hand and an unsheathed yataghan in the other. "*La i-lah-i-lah Allah*—there is no God but God," shouted we all with the greatest sincerity; but old Yakoob's servant, raising his voice to a high pitch, added, "*and Mohammed is God's apostle.*" This assertion, however, I could by no means second; but the watchman, seeing we had lights, and being satisfied with our attestation of the unity of God—words which it is supposed a person bent on evil designs would never have the audacity to utter—we were allowed to proceed in peace to our homes. On arriving at the Khan, we had to batter the door furiously with our sticks ere we could gain admission, and we found the old doorkeeper asleep in his bed, with his pipe sticking fast in his mouth.

Nov. 19th.—I was called at half-past three o'clock in the morning, and Evangela, after lighting the fire, and preparing the coffee, according to custom, informed me that the Greek Pappas, the Damascene, and his women, and all the pilgrims, were collected together in the court-yard, awaiting my arrival. I had hoped during my stay in

Naplous to have got rid of their company, but fate decreed otherwise.

My baggage being arranged, and the saddle-horse pronounced ready, I threaded my way through the gloomy corridor of the khan, and descended the stone staircase by the light of a miserable wax candle enclosed in a paper lantern. I mounted on horseback, and rode to the gateway, and there I found a great quarrelling, and a great confusion. On inquiring the cause, I was told that the pilgrims refused to pay some customary charge, and that the khan-keeper would not open the gates until his demands were satisfied, lest some of the defaulters, as there were many of them, should take the opportunity of making their escape in the dark. Knowing that these peregrinating gentlemen are very cunning, and thinking they might have a lurking hope that I would pay for them rather than be put to the annoyance of being stopped, I determined to disappoint all such expectations; and as in some of these cases it is best to take matters very quietly and patiently, I ordered Evangela to light me a pipe, and throwing my cloak over my shoulders, I sat quietly on horseback in the rear of the disputing parties, and, by my perfect and Moslem-like resignation to the course of events, strove to disappoint all hopes of pecuniary assistance, if any such were entertained.

The chattering, screeching, and yelling, were quite amusing; the dark passage leading under the buildings to the gateway seemed a perfect Bedlam, and various curses, punches, thumps, and kicks, were occasionally heard. "*Per Bacco, che baruffa!*" said my servant, and pulling out flint and steel, he followed my example, by lighting his little short cherry-stick pipe.

The loud screaming and disputing by degrees subsided into angry growlings; a stubborn obstinacy seemed gradually gaining ground on both parties; and a dogged determination to tire each other out. This would not at all do, as I was desirous of proceeding on my journey; and my pipe being smoked, and the excitement caused by the violence of the dispute having passed away, my patience was exhausted; so I despatched Evangela to the doorkeeper, requesting civilly to be let out, my share of the dues having already been paid. He swore with an oath, that not a man or a dog should pass out until every body had paid up their money. Knowing that it is useless to argue with these people, and that everything depends on the first impression you give an Arab of your determination to carry your point, I sent the servant for a light; and a large lantern being quickly brought, a curious and extraordinary scene was displayed before us. The Greek Pappas on a tall bony gray horse, the Damascene with his crutch, seated on a mule's back, various baggage-horses, and various men in humble attire, some on little donkeys, and some on foot, were all crowded together into the passage leading to the gate, where the doorkeeper, supported by one of his attendants, was opposing their progress. I was mounted on a spirited little bay stallion, and I jerked the pointed corners of my Turkish stirrups into the flanks of the animal, which immediately dashed into the midst of the crowd, and hurled the little Damascene, crutch and all, through a door into a stable; he then forcibly put a donkey aside from his path, easing him of a couple of baskets, which were strapped on to his back, and quickly brought up in front of the gate in question. Evangela followed with the lantern, leading his own horse and the baggage mules. Nothing, however, could be done with the door without a key, and turning to the doorkeeper I demanded it rather impatiently. The man's choler was excited, and he treated me to some such epithets as "infidel dog," or "son of a pig!"—epithets which, whatever may have been the case in times past, are not now to be tamely borne by any Englishman; so, catching at his head, I seized his turban, which forthwith became untwisted in the struggle, and was left in my hands, a long waving scarf. The man, with loud screams of "yaoor," prepared to resent the indignity, but I held in my hand a stout elm stick, which had a knob at the end of about half a pound weight; this I flourished with such rapidity close to his bald head, that he thought it best to make a rapid retreat. I had no intention, however, of letting him escape before the door was opened, so I rode after him; and my little horse not being accustomed to such scenes, or wishing to increase the confusion, turned round and round, and with sundry kicks quickly cleared the passage, driving the old doorkeeper back again against the door. He now saw that it was his best policy to get rid of me as soon as he could, so he flung open the door, and out I rode, keeping the gate open until my servant had passed with the baggage-mules. There was now a rush at the door, but all further egress was stopped by the doorkeeper, and the rest of the party was again fast imprisoned in the khan. Here was another difficulty; the muleteer was still shut in; he would not come away without his gray horse—the gray horse could not come without the Greek Pappas, who was on his back, and the Greek Pappas had not paid, and would not pay, the sum that was demanded of him, but sat in dogged silence on his four-footed beast. It was quite dark, we knew nothing of the road, and in despair I was about to negotiate for the release of the captives, when the gate creaked on its hinges, and the muleteer was heard loudly shouting the name of my servant, and informing him that the matter was arranged, and that we might now proceed.

As we traversed the dark and narrow streets of Naplous, I was astonished at the industry of the people, many of whom, at that early hour, (two hours before daybreak,) could be seen through the chinks of the doors and shutters, working hard at their different trades, by the light of miserable oil lamps. Smouldering pipes were lying by their sides, and through one or two half-open shutters, sickly-looking objects, with faces as white as the cotton they were weaving, brought to mind the miserable pent-up objects in our English factories—a class more deprived of the common enjoyments of life, and of animated nature, than any existing in this country. Along the whole length of the street, or bazaar, all seemed hard at work; the shoemaker was plying at his trade, and the sound of anvils and hammers broke upon the stillness of night, whilst in one or two *chah-wehs*, or coffee-shops, dimly lighted, a few loungers were already taking their first pipe, and drinking their first cup of coffee. It must be recollected that these people sleep during the middle of the day, so that their early industry is not so astonishing. The population of this country appears naturally industrious, but the tyranny of the government, and the insecurity of property, prevent the more general developement of industry.

We passed through a narrow stone gateway, which was opened by some Egyptian soldiers, and then traversed the gardens and olive groves which surround Naplous. After riding for about half an hour, we, as usual, passed beyond the circle of cultivation. We left the rich gardens and the olive grove, and traversed a stony rugged mule-path across a lonely country, dimly and indistinctly visible through the darkness. When daylight came, a bare and undulating landscape was spread before us, presenting the same scene of solitude and desolation as that to which we had of late been so much accustomed.

About two hours and a half after leaving Naplous, the first human dwellings we saw on the route became visible. A small village of mud huts was perched on an eminence a short distance to the right of the road, and in the valley below some oxen, driven by a man and three boys, were turning up the soil with a rough ill-made plough. We then travelled over a stony, rugged, and hilly country, destitute of cultivation, and bearing in no part any trace of the existence of man. At nine o'clock we passed near to some lowly cabins of sun-dried brick, and pursued our way along a valley, here and there partially cultivated, to Khan Leban, where there are a well of water, a ruined khan, and some shattered vaults and foundations of buildings, the remains of a ruined village.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at the small miserable mud village of Bir, and pushing on with my servant in front of the pilgrims and the rest of the party, I rode through some scattered mud huts to the dwelling of the Sheikh, which was easily distinguished by the superiority of its appearance to the rest of the houses. It was situated in the centre of the village, and I found the Sheikh seated on the flat top of the house, surrounded by his friends, who were all smoking their pipes in solemn silence. After the salaams and customary salutations and compliments had been duly exchanged, I was pressed to take a seat, and the Sheikh offered me his own pipe to smoke. I inquired as to the accommodation which the village afforded, and expressed my intention of passing the night in it. "*Mohammed is the prophet of guidance,*" said he, turning to a very dark little man who sat on his right hand, enveloped in a brown woollen abbah; "*God is the Lord,*" too, he added; and entering into conversation with the little black man, he in a short time announced to me that I was welcome to take up my quarters in the village mosque, and added that I should find myself much more comfortable there than in any of the houses; at the same time, if I liked a house, he would forthwith order one to be prepared for me. I made choice of the mosque, and despatched Evangela with the horses and mules to the sacred building.

There were in all ten or a dozen people gathered round the Sheikh on the top of the house; they sat crossed-legged upon mats, and each man had his pipe. They were all dressed in long brown woollen shirts, fastened to the waist with a leathern strap, and the loose sleeves were drawn up to the elbow by cords passed round each shoulder, crossed at the back, and there tied in a knot. This gave the dress a graceful appearance. Some of them had only this one single garment, while others were enveloped in abbahs, or had a striped scarf passed under the right arm, and thrown gracefully over the left shoulder. Each man wore a ring on his finger, made either of brass or copper, and some had a large knife stuck in their belts. The conversation was of a most dull and sombre cast, and there was an old man constantly bothering me for physic, under the impression that I was a *hakkim*, or doctor, profoundly versed in the knowledge of medicine. I was obliged to quiet him with half a dozen pills made of bread, coffee, butter, and red pepper, a paper of which I generally carried about with me, in order to quiet people who importuned me to administer to their maladies.

Having smoked my pipe, I took leave of the Sheikh, and was conducted through the village to the mosque. This consisted of a large circular hall, clean and neatly swept. At one end of it was a raised floor, covered with matting, upon which my mattresses and cushions had been laid down, and in the centre of the building a large fire had been kindled by my servant, over which he was cooking a fowl. I was astonished at being thus permitted to make use of the sacred building; it would have been considered a dreadful desecration further northwards.

I walked through the village to the ruins of the church, said to have been built by the Empress Helena. It must at one time have been a very handsome edifice: the pointed arches, the columns with leafed capitals, and the sharp lancet windows, surrounded by green foliage, presented a most picturesque appearance. The interior of the church is cultivated as a garden. It is very possible that this village of Bir, situate, as it is, to the eastward of Ai, and near to Jerusalem, on the road to Shechem, may be the ancient Bethel Luz, where Jacob " dreamed that a ladder was set up upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven." It has been supposed to be the ancient Micmash, but that town, on the authority of Eusebius, must be nearer to Jerusalem.

The village appears in the same state of gradual decay as that in which we witness almost all the villages of the land. Some of the houses have entirely lost their roofs, and the crumbling walls of others, scattered here and there around the dwellings of the present occupants, manifest that the village was at one time much larger than it is at present. Accompanied by one of the villagers, I wandered among the humble habitations, and entered several of them, to witness the condition and domestic state of the occupants.

The exclusive customs which exist among the upper classes in the cities are here no longer to be found; all the inhabitants are reduced by poverty to the same common level; no particular rooms in the house are set apart for the occupation of the women, neither are they shrouded from the eye of the visiter. They are obliged constantly to busy themselves in the necessary occupations of the family, and in a great deal of out-door labour. The men seem to impose the burdens of the stronger sex upon the weaker, and to live in a state of inactivity and idleness, while the women are compelled to fetch water, gather fuel, attend the goats, and cultivate the ground.

Although the people are in extreme poverty, and possessed of scarcely one single article of furniture in their dwellings—a circumstance which imparts to the interior of the houses an air of great discomfort—nevertheless there is a much greater degree of cleanliness within them than I have witnessed in the dwellings of the lower orders of people in different parts of Europe. Pigs are nowhere to be seen defiling the habitations, as among some christian communities, from the horror the Moslems have of that unclean animal. The mud floor is well swept, a clean mat is spread down over a third or one half of it, and upon this is placed a coarse mattress, stuffed with the dry leaves of Indian corn, which in the daytime serves for a divan, and at night for a bed.

When we survey the present state of the people of this country, the poverty of the villages, the scantiness of the population, and when we cast our eyes over the sites of ruined cities, and regard the crumbling fabrics of past times mouldering to pieces, the towering column and the sculptured stone half covered by the burying sand, what an extraordinary contrast do we witness between the past and the present, "when the land was full of silver and gold, neither was there any end of their treasures; the land was also full of horses, neither was there any end of their chariots."

How completely has the prophetic denunciation of Isaiah been fulfilled!—"The land shall be utterly emptied and utterly spoiled, for the Lord hath spoken the word."

Here, as in other villages, it is depressing to the mind to witness the silence and solitude which hang around the very dwellings; the children, dirty and neglected, either run after you for alms, or are seen lounging listlessly around the doors of the huts; the men gaze with a vacant stare, or sit in solemn silence smoking their pipes; there is little of the childish sport and boisterous mirth which so generally surround our own habitations. A sombre silence and sober gravity seem to have settled upon all, and, in the prophetic language of Isaiah, "all joy is darkened, the mirth of the tabrets ceaseth, the noise of them that rejoice endeth."

The Arab women of the place wore round their heads Spanish silver dollars, in lieu of the small gold sequins worn in other places; as yet the women's ornaments have been held sacred by the greedy tax-gatherer, but the day will come when these, too, will share the fate of all their other worldly goods.

It was now nearly dark, and I returned to the mosque, which presented a comfortable appearance; a splendid fire blazed cheerfully, and volumes of smoke escaped out of the upper windows of the building. As I was eating my dinner, an old man walked in, leaving his shoes, according to custom, at the door: he came in to say his prayers, and knelt down upon the pavement, without taking the slightest notice of me, or testifying any surprise at the curious spectacle before him. This custom of taking off the shoes when entering a mosque, prevalent universally among the Moslems, is an interesting perpetuation of a very ancient custom, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is *holy ground.*" "And the captain of the Lord's host said unto Joshua, Loose thy shoe from off thy foot, for the place whereon thou standest is *holy.*" The old man bowed his head at intervals to the dust, and touched the pavement with his forehead; he then sat back on his heels and muttered his prayers; sometimes placing the palms of his hands upon his knees, at others upon the ground. Now he turned his head over one shoulder, then over another, and continually ejaculated pious expressions, calling upon the name of the Lord; the most Bountiful—the Compassionate—the Forgiver—the Eternal—the Existing—the Supreme—the Just Judge—the Most Great. He continued to praise God and the prophet for a lengthened period, and when he had at last finished, thinking he looked hungry and exhausted, I offered him the leg of a fowl; this he received with thankfulness, and putting his hand to his forehead, and then laying it on his breast, he remarked that their own Mussulman governors took the food out of the mouths of the true believers, while English infidels gave them food to eat.

Ere I had finished my dinner, a large collection of villagers made their appearance; they came to pay me a visit, and to satisfy their curiosity. There is a deal of good breeding among these people; they first sent in to say that they wished to pay their respects to the English Effendi, and would wait outside until he was ready to receive them. I immediately sent to request them all to come in; and about a dozen forthwith entered the mosque. Each man held a pipe in one hand, and with the other he made his salaams and salutations with customary oriental grace. They all seated themselves in a row with their back against the wall, a short distance from my bed, which I was using as a divan; and my servant, seating himself between me and them, with a plate of food in his lap, assisted me in my inquiries, and in comprehending the tenor of their conversation. They asked the news from the northward, and whether there were any troubles in the Haouran. We then conversed about the Sultan, and about the state of the country when under his sway. We commented upon the present condition of the land, and on Ibrahim Pasha's government. This was evidently a very tender topic, and the usual apathy of the people was dissipated as they spoke concerning it. All were discontented, hated Ibrahim Pasha, and regretted the government of the Sultan.

"To be sure," they said, "one could not go about the country with the ease and security that you do now. It was much worse for travellers at that time; but then they did not seize the poor people of the villages and carry them away from their families to be made soldiers, and to be killed in the African deserts. We live now," said they, "in fear and trembling; we never lie down in peace, or get up in the morning without trouble. The last time the soldiers came to this village to seize recruits, they dragged us all out of our houses, and carried off twenty-five of our best men to be sent into Egypt and drilled. There has been nothing but crying and lamentation ever since. In the time of the Sultan, a janissary came about twice a year to collect the miri, or land-tax, and sometimes extraordinary contributions; but then we knew somewhat near the amount we might be called on to pay; but now one soldier comes with a firman from the Pasha for money, then another; they say, we want so much, and you must make it up among you; if we can't pay it, they seize our goats and cattle, carry them away, and sell them in Jerusalem. They seize and sell everything; even the property of the women, which the Sultan's officers used to respect, is now taken away; and if they go on at this rate, taking the young men from the plough, and the food out of our mouths, we must at last all starve. Many of the old people last winter died of want; the many houses you see tumbled down, were some years ago all inhabited; the old people have now no sons to mend them; we are all careless of what may happen to us; it is of no use trying to be comfortable and happy—the Pasha forbids it."

"There was an old widow woman here," said one of them, "who was once well off, being supported by her son, a fine young man; but at last he, in common with others, was ordered to join the army, and the Pasha's soldiers came to carry him away to be one of them. The old widow woman wept and wailed, but they heeded her not. When her son was gone, she could no longer pay the contribution: the officers of Ibrahim Pasha then took her cow to sell, and she died of sorrow."

Of the young man, they said, no one had heard since he left the village, and they were utterly ignorant of his fate. This picture is not overcharged, and what a harrowing example does it afford of the dreadful state to which the country is now reduced under the iron sway of the Egyptian usurper!

"They drive away the ass of the fatherless, they take the widow's ox for a pledge."

"They cause him to go naked without clothing, and they take away the sheaf from the hungry."

BARONIAL RESIDENCES IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

No. I.

DUNROBIN CASTLE, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

THE oldest inhabited house now existing in Britain may well claim precedence in sketches of this description. Age generally carries with it dignity and respect—unless in the case of certain unmarried ladies; and old mansions embosomed among old trees, coeval with the court of Mary Queen of Scots, seldom fail to inspire a feeling of veneration. Dunrobin Castle has weathered about six centuries: it has still the air of an ancient feudal stronghold. It is situated near the village of Golspie, county of Sutherland, and stands on a high bank overlooking the sea, or Murray Frith, which approaches close to its base. There is a profusion of wood around it, and a large sloping garden; but the noblest feature in the landscape is undoubtedly the sea, which suits the character of the antique towers of the castle, rising with a sort of baronial pomp and sternness over the subject waves. A few pieces of cannon, like retired veterans, still do duty *on parade*, on the edge of the bank near the castle, but moat and portcullis are gone. The walls are of enormous thickness; the recesses in the windows seem capable of accommodating a band of men-at-arms. A large addition was made a few years since, by the late Duchess-Countess of Sutherland, with the view of affording additional accommodation for servants. Fortunately the design is such that it does not interfere with the appearance of the original structure. Mr. Westmacott, the sculptor, paid a visit to the spot and drew out a plan of the improvements, and they were carried into effect according to his suggestions and design, at an expense of about five thousand pounds. The interior of the castle has been kept as much as possible in its primitive simplicity, and the noble family do not appear to have transplanted thither any number of those splendid paintings which adorn their English collections. In the drawing-room is one curious picture, representing the Duke of Alva sentencing Protestants to death. The figures are genuine portraits, as has been ascertained from an old engraving in the British Museum; but the piece is partly allegorical, as in one place a cardinal is made to blow with a pair of bellows into the ear of the duke, while the devil stands by, witnessing the scene with evident satisfaction. Portraits of some of the beauties of Charles the Second's court, so plentifully scattered over the kingdom, are also found here; and the merry monarch himself, with his usual aspect of grim voluptuousness, darkens the walls. A Scottish poet, Macneil, laments that Burns degraded his muse by chanting the praises of whisky: we may equally lament that the fine invention and brilliant colours of Lely and Kneller were devoted to immortalise the coarse sensuality of Charles the Second and his court.

The country and grounds around Dunrobin Castle are highly picturesque, from the mixture of cultivation with mountainous scenery, and from their extent and variety. A famous breed of cattle are reared in the park. One of the most perfect Pictish towers that ever delighted an antiquary stands to the east of the castle, and, on digging at the spot lately, some bones and charcoal were found. This seems to prove that these ancient remains were places of sepulture. The *burn*, or brook, of Golspie is a romantic little picture—a Ruysdael in miniature. It flows through a deep-wooded ravine, of singular wildness and beauty; the banks being precipitous and the bed of the stream rough and rocky, and it is enriched with a series of waterfalls.* A gentleman informed me, that he once witnessed a very interesting scene at the bridge over this burn. A clergyman from Orkney had brought his son, a fine intelligent boy, with him on a visit to some friends in the south. They had travelled during the night, and when the scenery of Golspie, seen on a bright sunny morning, burst on the view of the boy, who had been a total stranger to woods and trees, and familiar only with the bare rocks and ocean of his native island, he seemed perfectly entranced with astonishment and delight. He ran about, wondering at all he saw, and eagerly exploring every leaf and flower, as if entering on a new world of enjoyment.

The late Duchess-Countess of Sutherland was famed for the hospitality she maintained at her Highland castle. She used to send regularly to an inn, during the travelling season, to inquire if there were any arrivals of strangers; and if their name or family, or external bearing, were aught promising, or even barely tolerable, they seldom failed to receive an invitation to the ancient pile. In this way I obtained a seat one day at the family table. The manners of the old duchess were, as Byron remarks, truly *princessly*. She had seen and read much—had travelled far and wide—and was in France at the time of the *great* revolution, when she succoured Marie Antoinette in her distress. On this subject she spoke impassionedly and eloquently. She had a fine taste for drawing; and in talking of the countries in which she had been—in describing an Italian or Swiss province, or line of road—she seemed to have treasured up a recollection of all the picturesque turns, and windings, and objects that lay in her way. I thought there was something of delicate art and concealed pride and tenderness in the manner she pointed out a favourite view from one of the drawing-room windows. A mass of wood and foliage, then slightly tinted by the autumn, lay below; a range of lofty mountains formed the background, and on one of these, full in view, was part of a monument, in process of creation by the tenantry on the estate, to the memory of the late duke. It was to be surmounted by a colossal statue designed by Chantry; and I was told that the duchess went to the window duly every morning to watch the progress of the works.

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* Golspie burn unites the *utile* with the *dulce*, in a way worth mentioning, by way of example to all improvers and embellishers of rural domains. In the most picturesque part of its progress—a spot resorted to by tourists and sketchers—the burn is adapted to the following useful purposes. A scarcity of water for the castle, and several of the parks, induced the late duke to pen up the waters of the brook, and by means of an under-ground drain, unseen by the visiter, who stands above it on a beautiful walk, to convey an abundant supply of the pure element to the barn-yards, thus enabling them to thrash the produce of an extensive arable farm. From the farm the water is conveyed to the parks and stables, and from them to the castle, reaching to its summit; whence it is taken to the harbour below, which it cleanses effectually when any accumulation of sand occurs. This improvement does not in the slightest degree mar the character of the burn as an object of admiration, while it undoubtedly is calculated to excite the surprise of the visiter. The space through which the water is conveyed must be considerably above a mile: but the burn continues flowing on by rock and tree, fulfilling its double destiny, like many other sources of improvement and happiness, unseen and unknown to those who gaze only upon the surface.

Lord Brougham's visit to the remotest northern region formed a sort of era in its annals. He was at Dunrobin in 1834, immediately after his famous Inverness speech, when he spoke of writing to the king by that night's post! The duchess and the chancellor walked and talked *con amore*, she accosting every person with her accustomed frankness and urbanity, and Brougham rendering himself highly agreeable, as he well knows how to do, to all they met. The bailies and magistrates of the little fishing towns in the neighbourhood came with addresses to the chancellor: he received them half gravely and half in burlesque, repeated his courtly expression of the king living in the hearts of his subjects; and told them (for he was then preaching up sedatives, not stimulants,) that the ministry would not be driven faster or farther than sound policy warranted. The bailies returned to their constituents, marvelling at the lord chancellor's plain manner, but all agreeing that he was a far better-looking man than they expected to find him. I was assured that the noble lord received a letter from his Majesty while he was at Dunrobin Castle, part of which he read at the dinner-table. The king sent his compliments to the duchess-countess, and stated that he remembered cruising off the castle in 1797, or some year about that time. Lord Brougham's fine tartan waistcoats were not forgotten. He had purchased cloth for no less than six of these gaudy vests in Inverness, and got measured by a tailor there, leaving particular directions that the waistcoats, when made, should be *sent* to him at Dunrobin Castle, under cover of his all-potent frank, through the post-office. Indeed, the love of a shilling (by no means a ruling passion with Brougham) seemed at that time to have engrossed the mind of the chancellor; many stories were told of his pecuniary strictness, and of his squabbling with innkeepers as to the charges of posting, &c. But it is easy to nibble at the foibles and peculiarities of a great man—though we must say these anecdotes were all told in love, not in anger or malice. An amusing story was related of the adventures of the great seal during this loyal tour of Chancellor Brougham. He had stopped in his journey at the Highland residence of the Duke of B——. The duchess, always full of fun and frolic, got up a dance on the green, at which all the Donalds and Janets of the district figured in their best. Brougham was tired, and, being an early riser, slipped off soon to bed. He was missed; upon which one of the party, whose word could not be gainsaid, insisted that they should all go and see how he looked in his nightcap. A procession was formed: Mr. Edward E—— led the way, carrying two large lighted candles, and the dormitory of the chancellor was fairly stormed and carried. He bore the siege with good humour; a mock deed was drawn up, constituting the fair duchess governess of some imaginary island, and Brougham was forced, after a good deal of bantering, to tell his secretary to unpack the great seal, (which he kept in his bed-room,) and affix it to the document. The party then retreated amidst peals of laughter. The scene did not, perhaps, accord with the "fitness of things," but we confess we love to see the stateliness of the great relax into such good-natured *badinage*, and even a chancellor may sometimes throw aside the gown and wig, and yield to the importunities of a not unamiable pleasantry. The dance on the green would diffuse as much enjoyment among the people of the mountains, as the scene in the bedroom amused the aristocratic portion of the party.

The old Duke and Duchess of Sutherland now rest together, their long career of worldly honour and prosperity over, in the cathedral church of Dornoch, about ten miles from the castle. The duchess had, after her husband's death, restored the cathedral at an expense of six thousand pounds, and with a splendour which throws every other Presbyterian place of worship into the shade. An inscription at the west end of the edifice records that—"This ancient cathedral, having fallen into decay and ruin, was re-edified, decorated, and restored to religious service, by Elizabeth Duchess and Countess of Sutherland, in the years 1835, 6, and 7. *The Lord is in his holy temple.*—Psalm xi." In the transept, between the years 1248 and 1766, were deposited the remains of many of the Earls of Sutherland, and of various branches of that ancient family. It is said that the duchess was desirous of constructing the windows of the cathedral of stained glass, which would have had a pictorial and solemn effect, shedding a "dim religious light" over the interior of the structure; but the clergyman of the parish objected to such an innovation. A sort of frosted glass, divided into small compartments, has been substituted. It is certainly to be regretted that so admirable a design was frustrated by such a puritanical objection. The stern, austere simplicity of the Presbyterian church has rejected, on all occasions, the aid of ornament with too rigid and exclusive a spirit. At no time do men feel more impressed with religious awe and veneration of the Deity, than when worshipping in one of those old majestic cathedrals that still adorn the lordly soil of England. The feeling of self-abasement quells all emotions of vanity and pride, for we feel how utterly insignificant we are in such a place and presence; and when the organ peels its deep thunder notes through the aisles, chequered, perhaps, by intermingled shadow and sunshine—like a grove of oaks—the most careless are melted into adoration. The feelings thus produced may not be altogether devout, but they are so closely blended with devotion, that only a severe casuist could distinguish the difference, or separate them.

GORDON CASTLE, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

Gordon Castle, near the village of Fochabers, in the ancient province of Moray, is a mansion of the modern school. This is almost to be regretted, for the old, rude, and varied Gothic, with its round towers and battlements, would harmonize better with the associations connected with the spot and the family that so long possessed it. In building Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott is said to have made a romance of stone and mortar: it sets all the orders of architecture, as his genius set the canons of criticism, at defiance ; yet its appearance is highly imposing. Gordon Castle is too regular; but its great height (four very lofty storys,) and its length, (in all nearly six hundred feet,) render it dazzling and overpowering at first sight. The situation is splendid. Around the town of Elgin the scenery is rather tame; but as you approach the bridge of Spey, blue hills, finely mapped and dotted on the horizon, begin to peep forth, and to impart a sterner and more impressive character to the landscape. It is like bringing John Balfour of Burley, or some old Cameronian veterans, down to a plain filled with gilded courtiers and youthful beauty. The river itself is no great ornament to the scene. There is too much of the bare shingly beach exposed—for the Spey is a stream that must have ample room for his winter floods; and the red freestone *scaur* on the opposite bank is a poor substitute for the gray cliffs, lined with alpine shrubs and plants, which girdle in many of the Highland valleys. The Spey, though a bad master, is an excellent servant. It not only waters a long tract of country, but it produces abundance of exquisite trout and salmon. The Duke of Richmond receives yearly the sum of 8,200*l.* for the fishings of the stream—a revenue worth nearly all the feudal privileges of the former possessors of the estate.

In the castle were, and I suppose still are, some fine works of art. Marble full-length copies of the Venus "that enchants the world," and of the Apollo, by Italian sculptors, and busts of some of the ancients by Harewood, ornament the hall. In the dining-room are two busts, easily recognised to be from the chisel of Chantrey, of the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Bedford—both excellent likenesses. The peculiar beauty of Chantrey's busts seems to be the marvellous felicity with which he imbues cold marble with life and expression. They are not mere casts or models of the head and face—the soul is visible through the features. Excepting one or two of Roubillac's happiest efforts in Trinity College Library, Cambridge, and old 'Nolleken's statue of Pitt, in the Senate-house, also in Cambridge, (the latter is really a wonderful work,) nothing in the way of portrait sculpture seems equal to Chantrey's busts. Mr. Lockhart says he would not give Chantrey's bust of Scott for all the pictures and portraits that were made of him, and he is right. I saw it once, and shall never forget it. The most valuable painting in Gordon Castle is a three-quarters portrait of an old man, by Rembrandt: it is full of dark kindling energy and expression. The most glittering and imposing picture in the castle is a full-length of the late king in his coronation robes, by Lawrence. It was presented to the late Duke of

Gordon by William IV., and the gift is said to have provoked some envy and regret with the Duke of Devonshire, and other titled amateurs, who longed to possess the splendid prize. There is another *chef d'œuvre* of English art—a piece by Landseer, containing portraits of the Duke of Gordon, the Duchess of Bedford, &c., with dogs and dead game on the ground. Sir Joshua Reynolds has contributed three pictures, full-lengths of George III. and his Queen, who usually go together on canvass, as they went together in life, and a portrait of the celebrated Duchess of Gordon. The latter is peculiarly soft and expressive, and seems to unite the qualities, rarely blended in one countenance, of great beauty, intelligence, and sensibility. The duchess was a remarkable woman—"charming, witty, kind, and sensible," as Burns eulogistically styles her; and she appears to have been the idol of the wits, poets, artists, and fashion of the day. Several productions of Sir Peter Lely—soft and dreamy, with "the sleepy eye of love"—of Teniers, Wouvermann, Angelica Hauffman, and other artists, lend grace and interest to the ducal mansion.*

The grand charm of Gordon Castle must ever be its situation, its woods, and parks. These have all the exuberance of the finest sylvan scenes in England, as seen in Hants or Nottinghamshire, or as described in Ivanhoe. The lime trees are particularly fine, and one is of such immense growth and spreading foliage, that his grace might dine a regiment under its boughs. The late Duchess of Gordon was fond of this tree, and had its branches propped up that she might enjoy a "spacious circuit for her musings" within its shade. It is now enclosed by a fence, to protect it from the cattle. Opposite the dining-room is a large and massive willow-tree, the history of which is somewhat singular. Duke Alexander (father of the late duke,

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* Whilst on the subject of paintings in the north of Scotland, I may remark that the best collection to be found there is that of Mr. Munro of Novar in Ross-shire. The house of Novar was built by the late Sir Hector Munro, and the grounds laid out, after his Indian toils and campaigns, at an expense of about 70,000*l*., no less than 10,000*l*. of which are said to have been expended in forming the garden. He garnished all the hills on his property with pillars and imitations of ruins, which have a singular appearance from the road—he constructed a pond with an artificial fountain—and (far better) he planted trees in all directions. His descendant, the present laird, in addition to great rural improvements, has added the last and highest touch of refinement, in furnishing out a splendid collection of pictures, gathered at an expense of at least 50,000*l*. Here we have landscapes by Salvator Rosa, Ruysdael, Poussin, Watteau, Cuyp, De Witt, Both, and Swanevelt; an allegorical piece by Rubens, a Holy Family by Titian, and scriptural subjects by Carlo Maratti, Parmagiano, Vanderwert, Bassano, and Le Brun; here Jan Stein revels in his Dutch humour and character—Teniers has his bowl-players—Murillo his Spanish archness and beauty—Wouverman his battle-pieces—Vernet and Vandervelde their marine views; while productions of our own Reynolds, West, Gainsborough, Glover, Stothard, Smirke, Bonnington, Turner, Calcott, and Constable, cover the walls. Strange that such a collection should be found in such a remote place! The painter, like the poet, works for fame, but his genius is destined to delight only a few—he steals but a "single glance of time," and his triumph is proportionably limited. The results of many years of anxious study and labour, and of the highest talents, are here crowded together; many a moment of inspiration, sleepless nights, and throbbing heads, have these works cost amidst the fairest scenes and objects of creation; and we ask ourselves if the "bright reversion" of a fame so uncertain and limited is worthy of the sacrifice? But this seems like quarrelling with the destiny of nature—so we shall seek "fresh fields and pastures new."

"the last of his race,") when four years of age, planted this willow in a tub filled with earth. The tub floated about in a marshy piece of ground, till the shoot expanding "burst its cerements," and struck root in the earth below. Here it grew and prospered, till it attained its present goodly size. The duke regarded the tree with a sort of fatherly and even superstitious regard, half believing there was some mysterious affinity between its fortunes and his own. If an accident happened to the one by storm or lightning, some misfortune was not long in befalling the other. The tree, however, has long survived its planter—the duke, at a ripe old age, yielded to the irreversible destiny of man; but his favourite willow, like the cedar-tree of the prophet, has reared its head among the thick branches, and is flourishing. Duke Alexander was a man of taste and talent, and of superior mechanical acquirements. He wrote some good characteristic Scotch songs, in the minute style of painting national manners, and he wrought diligently at a turning lathe! He was lavish of snuff-boxes of his own manufacture, which he presented liberally to all his friends and neighbours. On one occasion he made a handsome pair of gold ear-rings, which he took with him to London, and presented to Queen Charlotte. They were so much admired in the royal circle, that the old duke used to say, with a smile, he thought it better to leave town immediately for Gordon Castle, lest he should get an order to make a pair for each of the princesses! His son, the gay and gallant Marquis of Huntley, was a man of different mould—he had nothing mechanical, but was the life and soul of all parties of pleasure. There certainly never was a better chairman of a festive party. He could not make a set speech, and on one occasion, when Lord Liverpool asked him to move or second an address at the opening of a session of parliament, he gaily replied that he would undertake to please all their lordships if they adjourned to the City of London Tavern, but he could not undertake to do the same in the House of Lords. He excelled in short unpremeditated addresses, which were always lively and to the point. I heard him once on an occasion which would have been a melancholy one in any other hands. He had been compelled to sell the greater part of his property in the district of Badenoch, to lessen the pressure of his difficulties, and emancipate himself in some measure from legal trustees. The gentlemen of the district resolved, before parting with their noble landlord, to invite him to a public dinner! A piece of plate, or some other mark of regard, would certainly have been more *apropos*, and less painful in its associations; but the dinner was given and received. Champagne flowed like water—the Highlanders were in the full costume of the mountains, and great excitement prevailed. When the duke stood up, his tall graceful form slightly stooping with age, and his gray hairs shading his smooth bald forehead, with a general's broad riband across his breast, the thunders of applause were like a warring cataract or mountain torrent in flood. Tears sparkled in his eyes, and he broke out with a hasty acknowledgment of the honours paid to him; he alluded to the time when he roamed their hills in youth, gathering recruits among their mountains for the service of his country—of the strong attachment which his departed mother entertained for every cottage and family among them—and of his own affection for the Highlands, which he said was as firm and lasting as the Rock of Cairngorm, which he was still proud to possess. The latter was a statement of fact: in the sale of the property the duke had stipulated for retaining that wild mountain range called the Cairngorm Rocks. The effect of this short and feeling speech—so powerful is the language of nature and genuine emotion—was as strong as the most finished oration could produce. In its power over the audience (trifling as was the matter) it certainly rivalled anything that ever "fulmined" from the pnyx or the forum.

Gilpin, in his "Forest Scenery," has denounced the hawthorn-tree as having little claim to picturesque beauty, and as a poor appendage to nature. The worthy recluse of the New Forest had never visited Gordon Castle; for if he had witnessed the gigantic hawthorns which mingle in the avenue, and the distant and shrubby grounds, with the deep masses of the holly and the alder, and the ash and the oak, he would have recanted this opinion. Some of these fine trees are ten and twelve feet in girth, and tower up with their white blossoms to a great height. Duke Alexander exercised much judgment in laying out the grounds, so that the various parts might harmonise. Subsequent improvements have heightened the effect of the whole; the woods have been judiciously thinned in some places—new paths and drives are made in the park and lawn—a rich flower-garden is added—and walks extend from side to side, on height and hollow, which present rich and magnificent panoramas of sylvan beauty. The Spey, winding in the distance through the woody amphitheatre, gives additional interest to the scene, and the great variety of game, deer, hares, &c., which cross you at almost every step, impart life and vivacity to the whole. Much of this luxuriant beauty is owing to the excellence of the climate and the soil. A gentleman at the castle informed me that he kept a register of the flowering shrubs, that he might compare it with another kept by a friend in Devonshire, and he found the most delicate plants were nearly as early in the north as in the garden of England. This delightful amenity must have tended to the growth of the huge forests which in early times covered the country. In the hall of the castle there is an immense plank, apparently six feet in breadth, round as a shield, on which there is the following inscription, cut in a brass plate:—

> "In the year 1783, William Osborne, merchant, of Hull, purchased of the Duke of Gordon the forest of Glenmore, the whole of which he cut down in the space of twenty-two years, and built, during that time, at the mouth of the river Spey, (where never vessel was built before,) 47 sail of ships of upwards of 19,000 tons burden. The largest of them, 1,050 tons, and three others but little inferior in size, are now in the service of his Majesty and the Hon. East India Company. This undertaking was completed at the expense, for labour alone, of above 70,000*l.* To his Grace the Duke of Gordon this plank is offered, as a specimen of the growth of the trees in the above forest, by his Grace's most obedient servant,
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> "*Hull, September* 26, 1806. "W. OSBORNE."

The sum at which the duke sold the forest of Glenmore (the finest fir-wood in Scotland) was 10,000*l.* It was contiguous to the noble woods of Rothiemarchus, and together they formed a region of great wildness, intersected by lakes, which for ages reflected the endless forests of pine that clothed its steeps and unbroken recesses. In obedience to the law of nature, the Glenmore forest is fast replenishing itself. "Nothing," says Sir Thomas Dick Lauder," could be more savagely picturesque than that solitary scene when we visited it some years ago. At that time many gigantic skeletons of trees, above twenty feet in circumference, but which had been so far decayed at the time the forest was felled as not to be useful for timber, had been left standing, most of them in prominent situations, their bark in a great measure gone—many of them without leaves, and casting a pale, unearthly-looking light upon their gray trunks and bare arms, which were stretched forth towards the sky, like those of wizards, as if in the act of conjuring up the storm which was gathering in the bosom of the mountains, and which was about to burst forth at their call." Sir Thomas Dick Lauder is an enthusiastic naturalist, and I like his observations and descriptions so well, that I would rather see him among scenes like the old forest of Glenmore than the "smoke and stir of that dim spot" which men call the city of Edinburgh.

The late Duke of Gordon was attentive to his deer park, and had usually about a hundred and fifty fallow deer, and forty large red deer, with a few roe, within its limits. In the forest, outside the park, the red deer swarm in hundreds. They approach sometimes to the front of the enclosure, toss their antlers, look around, and, as Campbell says,

> "Unhunted seek their woods and wilderness again."

The accession of the Duke of Richmond to this extensive Scotch property has made comparatively little change in its management. His grace has introduced his English system of meeting all his tenants once a year at a round of dinners; he keeps up hospitality and state, and is a most liberal landlord.

INVERGARRY HOUSE, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF HUNTLY.

This is a wild retreat in the West Highlands. The mansion stands on a lawn or glade, on the edge of Loch Oich, a sweet inland lake, fringed with birch trees. It was a perfect solitude until the formation of the Caledonian Canal; but the lake is now traversed thrice a week by steam-boats to and from Glasgow and Inverness. The Marquis of Huntly purchased the property a few years since from Mr. Macdonell of Glengarry, son of the famous Glengarry, who died in 1828, and who was recognised by all his countrymen as the last of the chiefs of the ancient mind and manners. Glengarry, like Don Quixote, lived a century or two too late. His revival of the old Highland sports, many of them savage and cruel, (such as setting his clansmen, as a feat of strength, to pull live cattle asunder by the legs;) his riding constantly about with a shield, pistols, and dirk, (he figured off in this fashion, to the alarm of several ladies, at the coronation of George the Fourth;) his readiness to quarrel with any man who would not style him Glengarry and Clanranald; for, according to his genealogical tree, he united in his person the honours of those two septs or clans—were a source of mingled dread and merriment to the people. He used to attend the Inverness races in his most imposing Highland dress, with the eagle's feather in his cap, his *gillies* or followers behind him, and his piper blowing beside him with might and main. His love of pomp, of idle retainers, and of law, burdened the estate so heavily that his son was forced to sell the greater part, and to reside among the fastnesses of Knoydart. The family, however, still use the old burying-ground on the banks of Loch Oich, and I remember once seeing the funeral of one of Glengarry's daughters at the spot. It took place at nightfall; the procession winded along the shores, the clansmen carried the body, and the piper played a wild and doleful lament. As they passed the ruined castle of Invergarry, the seat of the Macdonells, and which was blown up by the royalist forces in 1746, the clansmen, remembering the greatness of the family in the "olden time," and the melancholy office they were then discharging, paused to utter the *Ochon-a-chree*, with which the Highlander expresses his grief—the piper prolonged his strain, till it almost died away in the stillness—and the party were all strongly affected. It was a scene not easily to be forgotten.

Glengarry erected a monument in his native glen, which discloses the taste and character of the man in a very simple but striking manner. In the sixteenth century an incident occurred which is thus related in the "History of the Highlands and Islands" by the Messrs. Anderson. "Two sons of Keppoch had been sent to be educated in France. During their absence the father died, leaving his affairs under the management of seven brothers, his kinsmen. The prolonged stay of the young chief had so habituated his cousins to the pleasures of power, that they murdered him and his brother on the night of their unwelcome return. The old family bard was the means of bringing deserved punishment on the murderers. After fruitless endeavours to engage various Highland chiefs in the object he had devoted himself to, and repeated applications to Glengarry's ancestor, he at length prevailed on one of them to furnish a body of men, with whose aid having achieved his purpose, the attached *senachie* glutted his thirst for revenge by mutilating the corpses of the ruthless assassins." On this hint spake Glengarry—he raised a monument, and he surrounded it with seven human heads, carved in stone, adding the following choice inscription in English, Latin, French, and Gaelic.

"As a memorial of the ample and summary vengeance which, in the swift course of feudal justice inflicted by the orders of the Lord Macdonell and Aros, overtook the perpetrators of the foul murder of the Keppoch family, a branch of the powerful and illustrious clan of which his lordship was the chief, this monument is erected by Colonel Macdonell of Glengarry, seventeenth Mac-Mic-Alaister, his successor and representative, in the year of our Lord 1812. The heads of the seven murderers were presented at the foot of the noble chief in Glengarry Castle, after having been washed in this spring; and ever since that event, which took place early in the sixteenth century, it has been known by the name of *Tobar-nan-cran*, or the Well of the Heads."

A very dainty dish to set before the Lord Macdonell and Aros! When I last saw the well, a girl was drawing water from it in a pitcher. I recollected Wordsworth's tale of Hartleap Well, and thought the sanguinary spot should have been curst. The late Glengarry must have been insensible to the spirit breathed in that exquisite poem.

"The Being that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

The pleasure-house is dust:—behind, before,
This is no common waste, no common gloom:
But nature in due course of time once more
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

She leaves these objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may be known;
But, at the coming of the milder day,
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

One lesson, shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals,
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

The mansion-house of the Marquis of Huntly is a modern white-washed building, very poor and plebeian in comparison with the ruined castle that frowns in its vicinity. It has been lately repaired and enlarged, and the marquis has carried into effect a series of important improvements throughout the whole of the property. High hills encompass the spot, and there is abundant pastime on the wilds and in the streams, for the lovers of grouse-shooting and angling.

DUFF HOUSE, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF FIFE.

It has long been a just and sincere argument with the aristocracy of this country, when reminded of the liberality with which the noblesse and gentry of the continent open up their walks and pleasure-grounds to the public, that the spirit of destruction is so strong with our youth and the lower orders generally, that they cannot be entrusted with the same privilege. Young trees are pulled up or cut to pieces—walks are destroyed—flowers and plants are scattered about—works of art are mutilated—and rustic seats, rails, and fences are broken down and displaced from mere wantonness and brutality. This, it is alleged, does not happen in one, but in *every* instance in which the public have free access to walks and plantations, or to the lawns and grounds surrounding the residences of the nobility. There is too much truth in the statement, as the experience of most persons will enable them to decide. I cannot boast, with Dogberry, that I have had *my losses* in the patrician fashion, but I can truly say that I have often witnessed and deplored those of others. Even our churches and churchyards are not exempt from this mischief, as many a noseless and wingless cherub can testify.

The residence of the Earl of Fife affords one gratifying exception to this rule. Duff House stands within a few minutes' walk of the town of Banff. It is surrounded by extensive woods and walks—some stretching far around in the wild exuberance of nature, and others duly cut and dressed, like those "trim gardens" which Milton commemorates, and in which our ancestors loved to take their pleasure. These lie constantly open to the citizens of Banff, and to all strangers, and in no one instance, we believe, has any outrage been committed. Nay, his lordship is still more indulgent. Any person may obtain admission to his princely mansion, which is enriched with a fine collection of paintings, and works of art and vertu, gleaned from all quarters of the globe, and in which the pencils of these masters shine forth in apartments not unworthy of their lustre. These "cool airy halls," in which the genius of the artist

> "Bids the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,"

or has immortalized forms and features that would else have faded into oblivion, are, without restriction, patent to all desirous of seeing them. There is a domestic ever ready to act the part of cicerone, and his lordship accommodates the public so far as to move from one apartment to another, that the whole may be beheld.

The liberality of Lord Fife to the poor is another admirable feature in his character. He lives perfectly retired, gives no parties, and even has his dinner sent daily from the inn; but he gives employment to about three hundred persons on the grounds, where the old and feeble may be seen tottering about, picking up leaves and fagots, and keeping the border plants and walks in order. He is constantly among his labourers, chatting familiarly to them, for he seems acquainted with the history, the wants, and circumstances of every person near him. If a theatrical stroller or vocalist reaches Banff, the earl patronizes the performance; if there is a charity-ball, he buys tickets for a dozen or two of the town's people; if there is a subscription to relieve a decayed tradesman or repair the loss of a shipwreck, he is ever foremost with his name and his purse. Thus, a nobleman, whose manhood certainly promised no such usefulness or dignified close, is beloved by a whole district—his property, like his person, is sacred, and he is the means of diffusing all around him a tranquil and permanent happiness and comfort that must be reflected back on himself, and which would be ill exchanged for the glare of fashion, or the turmoil of party.

ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE TURKS.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A RESIDENCE IN CONSTANTINOPLE."

The protection accorded to letters and arts by Alp-Arslan was increased by his son, Malek-shah, and still directed by the same wise minister, Meedham-il-Moulk. The glories of Bagdad were transferred to Ispahan, his capital, and the brilliant days of the caliphate seemed renewed in his court, where the Persian language and literature were cultivated with success. The hundred poets who sang his praise may have exaggerated his acquirements, and they have long been forgotten; but science has preserved the name of Malek-shah Gelaleddin, who engaged the astronomers of the East in the reformation of the calendar. "From the days of Mahomet the lunar course had measured the Persian year, but the intercalation had been neglected, and the vernal equinox was removed from the sign of Aries to that of Pisces. But a new era was now introduced into Mahometan chronology, and the Gelalæan style is scarcely inferior in accuracy to the Gregorian calendar."* A fact which modern historians have neglected seems to merit attention, as showing in a strong light the dependency in which this great Seljukian monarch held the spiritual chief of the Mussulmans. In the year 1081 Malek-shah married his daughter to the Caliph Moctadi-billah, giving with her a portion of fifty thousand pieces of gold, but insisting that no other wife or slave should share the bed of the Commander of the Faithful; nor was the marriage concluded until that condition was formally accepted by the caliph, who probably was well inclined to indulge in the polygamy permitted by the Koran. Twenty-five years before, when Togrul-beg gave his sister to the caliph, he insisted on no such conditions, but the power and dignity of the Seljukian princes had risen as much in the interval, as those of the caliphs had declined.

From Bagdad, where he remained a whole year, giving himself up to the pleasure of the chase, in which it is asserted he was sometimes followed by a train of more than forty thousand horse, Malek-shah returned to Ispahan, whence, on the following year, he performed a pilgrimage to Mecca in a style of magnificence and expense that might vie with that of the great caliph, Aroun-al-Raschid. The silken tents and the rich carpets that were spread for him in the desert—the moment's pageantry might vanish like a theatrical exhibition, but on the long journey he could learn the wants of humanity; he caused wells to be dug, and water carried across the thirsty sands; he built caravanserais and even villages in the desolate waste, and succeeding pilgrims blessed the name of Malek-shah, as fainting in the wilderness they were relieved by his provident care. The year after this splendid pilgrimage we find the sultan, whose movements have almost the rapidity of magic, advancing beyond Samarcand, and dictating to the king of Kashgar, who was thenceforth to impress his name on the coins he struck, and to offer up prayers in his mosques for Malek-shah. It was on this expedition that the charge of the passage of the army across the Oxus was defrayed by orders on the revenue of the city of Antioch. The murmurs of the confounded boatmen, who could hardly repair to the extremity of the empire to get the money they had earned, reached the ears of the sultan, and he summoned into his presence the grand vizir, the director of this and every measure. "It was not to postpone their payment that I selected so remote a place, but in order to show to posterity that your kingdom extended from the Oxus to Antioch," was Needham-il-Moulk's reply and delicate compliment.

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[1] Continued from p. 14.

* Mill. c. 4. "Pendant que Soliman chassait les Grecs de la Syrie, Malek-shah s'occupait à reformer le calendrier. Il avait fait rassembler dans son observatoire les plus savans astronomes de l'Asie qui convinrent tous de fixer le Neurouz on commencement de l'année, au tems que le soleil commence à entrer dans le signe du bellier. Elle commencait auparavant au milieu des poissons. Cette epoque fut appellée l'Ere Dgelaléene ou Malikéenne en l'honneur du Sulthan Djelaleddin-malek-shah."—De Guignes, lib. x. It commenced on the 15th March, A.D. 1079, or 471 of the Hegira. Gelaleddin, one of the titles of Malek-shah, signifies "the Glory of the Faith."

It is painful to turn from the contemplation of virtue and grandeur to the dark ingratitude with which Malek-shah rewarded the invaluable services of his and his father's vizir—his guardian, his tutor—the architect of all his greatness, and to see the last years of his splendid life disgraced by folly and crime. Needham-il-Moulk fell a victim to the intrigues of "the faction of the interior," which we shall frequently have occasion to refer to in the course of the singular history of Turkish politics. Tarkhan-Khatoun, one of Malek's wives, conceived the project of having a son she had borne the sultan declared heir to the crown; but the vizir opposed her wishes, and supported the cause of an elder son by another wife, both with his master and the people. Resolute in her purpose, and enraged at his interference, the fair wife dared accuse the aged minister to her fond husband.

The uxoriousness of Malek prevailed over magnanimity and justice; he listened to suspicions, and finally determined on disgracing his long-tried and faithful servant. The officer of the sultan who repaired to the vizir to accuse him of offences, and to threaten to take from him the turban and ink-stand, the marks of his office, inquired, on the part of Malek, when and how he had presumed to share his supreme power, and make himself a sultan. The old man's reply had the moderation of age and wisdom, and he acknowledged himself to be the humble subject of Malek-shah, and no sultan; but, as he grew warm, he presumed to remind his royal master that he was indebted to Needham-il-Moulk for his empire; that it was he who, on the death of his father, had taken the helm of affairs; that it was he who had subjected the rebels, and established peace throughout his dominions. During all this time of storm and trouble, Malek-shah honoured me with his friendship, but now," added the minister with a sigh,—"now that all is calm, and my services no longer indispensable, he listens to the calumnies of mine enemies. Yet will he not long be ignorant that my turban and ink-horn are so connected with his crown and throne, that by the eternal decree of Providence these four things cannot exist without each other!"

This reply irritated the sultan, who at once carried his threats into execution, and transferred the insignia of office from Needham to his enemy, Tudge-el-Moulk-kami, the chief of the empress's councils. Shortly after, the court took its departure for Bagdad, the aspiring Malek having felt that the inferior magnificence of the city of Ispahan no longer suited him. The deposed vizir followed its steps; but on arriving at Nehavend, the hand of a Bathenian, or assassin, employed by his rival to secure himself in his recently-acquired post, struck him a deathblow. Yet had the fallen and murdered favourite time and strength to write to his ungrateful master ere he expired.

"Great monarch, in the shadow of your authority I have spent a part of my life, in the virtuous attempt of banishing injustice from your dominions. I carry with me—I am going to present to the Sovereign Master of the Universe the accounts of my administration, the vouchers of my fidelity, and the titles of the just reputation I have acquired in serving you; and those titles are signed by your own royal hand. In my ninety-third year I have reached the fatal term of existence, and fallen beneath a murderer's knife. I have nothing more to do than to remit to my son a continuation of the long and faithful services I have rendered you, in recommending him to God and your majesty."*

Such was the fate of that truly great minister, to whom Malek-shah was indebted for nearly all his glory; but the sultan had to feel the speedy fulfilment of the prediction which identified his throne and crown with the vizir's cap and ink-horn. That prince arrived at Bagdad, which he now determined to make the capital of his empire, relegating in some city of inferior note the trembling Mocktadi, the feeble pageant of royalty that sat on the throne of the caliphs. Mocktadi requested a delay of ten days to make his preparations for the disagreeable transfer, and in that short interval an indigestion and a fever saved him from the humiliation. The glory of his reign had sat in the tomb of Needham-el-Moulk, and in a few months after his murder, Malek-shah, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, followed him to the dark regions of death. He expired at Bagdad after a reign of twenty years. (A.D. 1092.)

As a somewhat necessary introduction to the history of the Ottoman Turks, we have devoted a few pages to the grandeur of the Seljukian dynasty—a few lines may tell its decline and extinction.

"In the East," says a philosophical observer,† "so much is personal, or dependent upon the character of the prince;" and the historian of Mahometanism,‡ in describing the fall of another vast oriental despotism, adds, in the same sense, "The difference of the talents of monarchs in despotic governments has been the main cause of the transient duration of the various eastern empires. In well-formed

* De Guignes.

† Sir John Malcolm.

‡ Mr. Mills.

kingdoms, institutions, rather than princes, are the support of the state; but on the decease of an Asiatic despot, the proud fabric of his wars and politics begins to totter." Thus did it happen with the Seljukian empire, whose greatness and unity expired with Malek-shah. The earth had scarcely been thrown over his remains, when four factions, attached to the four sons he had left, rent his vast dominions, and afforded to the scattered emirs the opportunity of raising, each in his district or province, an independent banner. It is curious to observe, that during the civil wars, and the dissensions of his sons, the caliphs, the popes of the East, so abject under Malek-shah, again recovered transient power, and availing themselves, like the Roman pontiffs, of a spiritual supremacy, dared to interfere with the rights of princes, and the order of succession. Among the numerous independent tribes that preyed upon the fast dissevering empire of the Seljukians, particular mention is made of that of the Bathenians, or Assassins, who established in the very centre of the kingdom, at the very gates of Ispahan, a state of their own, formidable from the number of strong castles, and the ferocious fanaticism of their sect, every member of which was bound to murder whomsoever the chief might point out, even when a death of torture was the inevitable consequence of his deed. Inimical alike to Mahometanism and Christianity, these cruel pillagers swept the open country; caravans, whether for commerce or devotion, (but they generally united these two objects,) durst no longer keep the road, and in the neighbourhood of Rhei they pillaged the associated devotees, who, from India, Maouarennahar and Khorassan, were repairing to the holy city of Mecca, and inhumanly slaughtered most of the pilgrims and merchants.

Four contemporary dynasties, namely, that of Persia at large, that of Kerman, that of a large portion of Syria, and that of Rhoum or Asia Minor, at last divided the splendid heritage of Malek-shah. The first three soon expired; but the Seljukian kingdom of Rhoum, which at one period extended from the Euphrates to the Bosphorus, from the confines of Syria to the Black Sea, had a more important duration, and it is the descendants of this division of the great Turkish family, mingled with the Ottomans, that have preserved the name of Turks, and an empire to our days.*

BOOK II.

A. D. 1260 to 1360. From the first formation of the Ottoman Turks into a nation to their establishment in Europe, with Adrianople for their capital.*

Sultans—OSMAN or OTHMAN,
ORKAN,
MOURAD or AMURATH.

The origin of the proud Ottomans is very humble. To the north of the Caspian Sea, in the plains of Kipjak, wandered a shepherd race called Ogusians or Goza Tartars, and from these they descend.

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* "During the irruption of the Moguls, all the branches of the Seljuks established in Western Asia were destroyed."—De Guignes, liv. x. "The scattered fragments of the Seljukian empire in Tartary were collected and organised by the successors of Zingis-khan, and the territories in Syria, belonging to the various

They are not heard of until the twelfth century, when they appeared in Khorassan, to the sultan of which country they soon became obedient subjects and valiant troops. The destructive conquests of the Moguls, the amazing emigrations which followed under the successors of Zingis-khan, when tribes and nations were precipitated upon each other, rooted up the Ogusians from their settlements, and induced the necessity of a fresh movement, and the choice of new masters or allies.

Their tribe, which must have increased during their establishment in Khorassan, divided itself into several clans, whose fate was as various as the directions they now took. One of them, in the middle of the thirteenth century, and under the command of Solyman-shah, advanced into Asia Minor, and to the frontiers of the Seljukian kingdom of Iconium. The Turkish sultan gave them, in his vast and fertile plains, ample pasture for their flocks and herds, which, as with the Turkomans of the present day, formed their only wealth, and Orthogrul, the son of the first emigrant chief, presided at Surgut, or Soguta,[*] in Bithynia, on the verdant banks of the river Sangar,[†] over a camp of four hundred families or tents, whom he governed in peace or war for the lengthened period of fifty-two years. The union of these warlike guests with the Sultan Aladdin's own forces preserved Iconium from the Moguls; but the Ogusian Turks and the Seljuks by degrees became as one people, their distinctive appellations were destined to merge into the common name of Ottomans, and the sword and sceptre to be transferred from the indolent princes of the Seljukian dynasty to their more active and ambitious generals of the shepherd tribe from Khorassan.[‡]

The son of Orthogrul, Thaman or Athman,[§] whose rude Turkish name has been softened into that of Othman or Osman, was the obscure father of the Ottoman line, and the founder of a great empire. If historians could not conceal the humble origin of his race, they could indulge in the general liberty of accompanying his birth with prodigy and prophecy. Some weeks before Osman came into the world, his father Orthogrul saw in a dream a source of water spring up in his house, and flow thence with such abundance and rapidity that it soon formed an immense torrent, which in its impetuous course inundated nearly all the globe. On waking he repaired with affright to a venerable Sheyk, an interpreter of dreams. "Take courage," said the reader of futurity; "thy race is blessed of God, and a son will be born unto thee, in whom thou shalt see the founder of a monarchy which shall embrace all the countries of the

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princes and emirs of the family of Seljuk were devastated and convulsed by the Fatimite Caliphs of Egypt, the Crusaders, and the Ottoman Turks."—Mill's Hist. Muham, b. iv, "The Turks were by them (the Moguls) driven out of Persia, with the countries thereabouts, and their kingdom extinguished there, about the year 1202."—*Knolles, Hist. of Turks.*

[*] The Ottoman emperors consider Soguta, which is still but an inconsiderable village in Bithynia, as the cradle of their house, because Orthogrul and his son Othman were born there.

[†] Fl. Sangarius.

[‡] Mills, Mignot, Rampoldi, &c. &c.

[§] Athman signifies in Turkish "the bone-breaker."

universe."[*] Shortly after this vision, Orthogrul, who had passed a night in solemn adoration before a copy of the Koran, (it is not hinted that he could read it,) on falling asleep towards morning dawn, heard a celestial voice address him in these words:—" O Orthogrul, thou hast honoured and respected my word, and so will I bless thee and exalt thy race; it shall one day possess a great empire, whose glory and splendour shall endure until the end of time."

A part of these predictions was soon verified in the birth of a beautiful boy; nor did the voice of prophecy cease then. Mewlana Djelal'ud-dinn Roumy, a great sheyk, surnamed the Molla-Hounkear, or priest-king, and the founder of the important order of the Mewlevi dervishes, lived in those days at Conya or Iconium, in the odour of sanctity. The devout Orthogrul frequently visited him, and one day that his infant son was with him, the holy man took Osman's hand, and foretold the most brilliant fortunes, concluding with the somewhat selfish assurance, that the power and glory of the child's race would endure as long as the attachment of his descendants and successors to the family and descendants of himself, (the Molla-Hounkear.)[†]

Another Sheyk, named Coumral Abdal, who lived in a holy solitude near Yeny-Shehher, sought the fortunate youth, and declared that the prophet Elias had appeared to him, and desired that he should announce to Osman, in his name, a brilliant success to all his enterprises—that he should be the most luminous sun of the East, and that his posterity should reign over the seven climates of the earth.

Meanwhile the young prince grew up in wisdom and virtue, and showed his mental superiority in the choice of his associates, who were always men of learning and religion. Among these there was none so dear to him as the aged Sheyk-Edébaly, who resided in the vicinity of Esky-Shehher, and enjoyed a high reputation for piety and speculative knowledge. This part of the early history of the founder of the Ottoman empire is dwelt on with delight by nearly all the oriental writers,[‡] and really possesses in itself the charm of romance. Osman was attracted, by the sheyk's lessons of morality, religion, and philosophy, to the humble abode of the sage, where he frequently passed whole days, and even nights; but love, which might have interfered with his studies, soon added attractions still stronger than the voice of philosophy. The sheyk had a daughter, young and beautiful; and we must suppose either that the sexes were not so carefully separated in the East as they are at present, or that the humble sage allowed his daughter more than the general liberty, for Osman saw her, and such charms could not be seen by youthful eyes without awakening passion. His love was soon told, and whatever responsive feeling might have existed in the young heart of the maiden, she had the modesty and prudence to represent to her ardent lover that the wide difference between their fortune and birth must for ever keep them separate; that the daughter of a lowly sheyk, who had no possessions but wisdom and virtue, could not aspire to the hand of a lord of his rank, the son of the great Orthogrul, whose power was even as that of a king. Such an answer was calculated to inflame rather than to damp the passion of Osman; yet he felt the obstacles to their union; he durst not speak to his father, and the fear of losing the occasional sight of his beautiful daughter imposed the necessity of being silent with the old sheyk. In the generous confidence of youth he disclosed his secret to a friend, the governor of Esky-Shehher, and implored that he would use his good offices with his father, Orthogrul, to induce him to consent to a marriage which was essential to his happiness. This friend, as in so many instances on record of a like nature, was a traitor.* The touching picture drawn by Osman of the beauty and grace of the sheyk's daughter so enchanted the governor, that he became enamoured without ever having seen her, and determined to use every effort to gain the peerless Malhoun-khatur for himself. The direct offer of his alliance was however rejected by the sheyk, who was not dazzled by wealth and grandeur, and despised the vices of the man. On his refusal, the powerful governor had recourse to such vexatious measures, that the sage was feign to quit his territory. He fled with his lovely daughter to the peaceful country occupied by Orthogrul, and found a humble abode in the environs of Sugut, the birth-place of his attentive pupil Osman. Love and revenge first put arms in the hands of the young hero; for, on learning the perfidy of his friend, he declared a ruthless war against him, which only terminated in the ruin of his hated rival. In the midst of this species of civil war between the partisans of the governor and those of Osman, the founder of empires still burned with love for the daughter of the humble sheyk, in whose new residence he was again a visiter. On the evening of a day which had been spent in conversation with his master, and in the expression of sentiments at once affectionate and elevated, Osman retired to the solitude of his chamber, to employ his hours in prayer an dmeditation. Prostrate, with his face to the earth, which he wetted with his tears, he prayed to God to direct his heart and mind. Sleep fell upon him in this ecstatic situation. Anon a splendid vision arose.

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[*] D'Ohsson, Tab. Gen. De L'Ep. Otto. Von Hammer, Geschichte der Osmanischer Reiches, II.

[†] "This is the origin of the particular respect that the Otteman sultans have always entertained for the ancient house of the Molla-Hovnkear, and for all the sheyks and dervishes of their order."—*D'Ohsson*. For some account of the present condition of this priestly family, see "Constantinople in 1828."

[‡] "And particularly Idriss Bidlissy, who even enlivens his narrative with ingenious verses on the loves of the founder of the Ottoman monarchy."—*D'Ohsson*.

He saw a sweet soft light, equal to that of the moon when in her full, rise from the sides of Sheyk-Edébaly, and after a rapid evolution, descend and rest upon his own body, whence, in an instant, there sprang up a prodigious tree. The lofty head of this tree touched the sky, its branches were immeasurable, and all loaded with delicious fruits; its rich foliage, extending in the immensity of space, seemed to overshadow the universe. One of the branches, distinguished from the rest by its beauty and dazzling green, bent in the form of a sabre towards the west, and the city of Constantinople. Under the shade of that tree Osman saw extending, beyond the reach of sight, plains, and mountains, meadows and gardens, houses and splendid palaces.

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* D'Ohsson. Von Hammer.

Rivers and brooks in countless numbers poured their cool and limpid waters on every side. Divers races of men flocked from the different corners of the earth, to quench their thirst, to water their grounds and gardens, to erect fountains and aqueducts, to promenade, disport themselves, and repose, and all in the transports of joy, wonder, and admiration.[*]

Overcome by this prodigy, Osman ran to the sheyk, who possessed in a superior degree the art of interpreting dreams. It would have been hard, after the aspiring son-in-law had seen or invented so good a vision, if the interpretation of the future father-in-law had not been favourable and apposite: it was both. The brilliant meteor, and the measureless tree, the provinces, rivers and mountains, the capital of an empire, and the multitudes of men, proclaimed, more distinctly than language could do, the pure Mussulman faith of Osman, the future grandeur and conquests of his race, and his subjects of many nations, who would enjoy tranquillity and wealth under the just laws of the Ottoman dynasty. The seer did more; for, on maturer investigation of the dream, he discovered that the pure bright light, equal to a full moon, which had arisen from his sides to repose on Othman, could signify nothing else than his daughter, then in her fifteenth year—the age of womanly maturity in those eastern countries. The rest was obvious, and the holy sage hesitated not to propose to Orthogrul an alliance which prognosticated in such splendid characters the grandeur of his house.

The dream and interpretation, which might indeed have been the skilful work of an intelligence between the sheyk and his disciple, gained ready credit. Orthogrul hastened the preparations for the splendid marriage, and the constancy of Othman was rewarded by a beautiful and affectionate bride.[†] (A D. 1279.)

Such was the gentle source of a turbulent and unhappy race, which has survived five centuries, though now, in the persons of the Sultan Mahmoud and his two sons, it seems hastening to extinction. We may be excused for dwelling on the history or fable, as such passages rarely occur in the sanguinary annals of the Turks, and we must take a long farewell of the gentler feelings of humanity, when we begin a review of the lives of the Ottoman emperors.

A.D. 1289. Orthogrul expired full of years and honour, and though not the eldest of his sons, Othman, the favourite of God, whom concurring predictions pointed out, succeeded to whatever rank or power his father had possessed among the Ogusian Turks. His title was not as yet of a loftier style than Osman-beg, or the Lord Osman; the district over which he exercised an authority independent of the Seljukian sultan, was not extensive, and his subjects were rough and rude herdsmen and shepherds, unacquainted with the arts and courtesies of civilised nations.

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[*] It may be suspected that some parts of this vision were added, or magnified, by the Turkish historians, who were on the "safe side of prophecy," having written after the events had taken place. But are we to suspect the Koran itself of interpolations? "Know ye a city encompassed on two sides by water, and on the third by land? the last hour shall not come before it be taken by sixty thousand of the faithful." In another passage the prophet is more explicit—"They shall conquer Constantinople; the army that conquers it is the best of armies."

[†] D'Ohsson.

The Ogusians had indeed never partaken in the grandeur and civilisation of the Seljuks: after their emigrations, they preserved in Asia Minor the same homely character of Scythian Nomades, that had distinguished them when wandering with their flocks and herds to the north of the Caspian; and this new Romulus, with little pomp or state, legislated to a shepherd tribe—the nucleus of a great nation.* But Osman acted in a double capacity, and using, as it seems, the privileges of an independent ruler among his own tribe, he served the Seljukian sultan of Iconium, as a lieutenant or general, as Orthogrul, his father, had done before him. The dreadful incursions of the Moguls had ceased, but Anatolia was divided between the Turks and the Christians of the Greek empire, who were almost constantly at war with each other. In the weakness of the Seljukian dynasty, a host of Turkish emirs, paying little respect to the Seljukian sultan, governed as independent chiefs, and the cross might have expelled the crescent from those beautiful provinces, but for the union which soon took place under the great Osman and his successor.

The hostilities in which Osman was engaged on the part of the sultan possess little interest, except inasmuch as they show the superior bravery of his Ogusian bands. One of the greatest of his battles was fought under the classical Mount Tmolus, where he gained a complete victory over the Greeks, and lost a valiant brother. The grateful sultan, Aladin, appointed him general of all his armies, and sent him a golden crown, which was placed on his head in the presence of the troops. All these successes, and the honours heaped upon Osman, awoke the jealousy of some of the Turkish emirs; and some Greek governors or princes, fearful of the rise of so dangerous a neighbour, resolved to rid themselves of him by treachery. One of them, who possessed the town and strong castle of Jar-hissar, on the occasion of his daughter's wedding, at which many of the Greek officers and some friendly Turkish chiefs had promised to attend, sent a special invitation to Osman, intending to murder his guest. The governor's messenger betrayed his master's intentions, and Osman could not rest satisfied with a simple escape; he determined on taking signal vengeance on the traitor. He pretended to accept the invitation, and requested his neighbour, the governor of the castle of Belejick, the intended son-in-law and accomplice of the treacherous governor of Jar-hissar, to receive within his fort, his (Othman's) wives, and most valuable effects, under pretext that, being at war with another neighbour, he feared lest his foe should avail himself of his absence at the festival to attack and pillage the place of his residence. The governor of Belejick joyfully assented, in hopes of inheriting the murdered hero's harem and wealth, which would thus be within his power. But the forty figures in female attire, masked with the yashmack,† and covered with long veils, that were sent as guests to the fort, were forty of Osman's young and bravest warriors, furnished with torches and arms concealed in long cases; and each bale of valuables, carried on horses and camels to the castle, contained a soldier or a supply of weapons. The marriage festival was to be held in a plain near this same castle of Belejick, whither, at the appointed hour, Osman repaired with but few followers, having taken care to place a hundred men in ambuscade, in a wood not far from the place of entertainment. The guests were scarcely assembled, when smoke and flames were seen to issue from the bridegroom's castle, which Osman's pretended wives had set on fire. The governor and his father-in-law, who ran to extinguish the conflagration, were vigorously charged by the men in ambush, and cut to pieces with nearly all their party. Pursuing his success and revenge, Osman took on the same day the castle of Jar-hissar, which belonged to the bride's father, the original projector of the dark plot. The young bride he gave to his son Orkan, who was destined to succeed him, and had shared in the exploit; and entering the bed of the Turkish warrior, who had slain her father and her lover, the fair captive afterwards became, by him the mother of the Sultan Amurath I.*

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* Knolles. D. Cantemir.

† A Turkish veil, or rather wrapper, of cotton or linen cloth, which entirely conceals the face, except the eyes.

But the next exploit of the restless Osman was of a more important and more glorious character; he took the city of Iconium from the Mogul Tartars, who had possessed it several years, and drove many hordes of those ferocious plunderers farther into the interior of Asia Minor.

After this conquest, the weak Sultan Aladin sent to him, in token of his favour or his fear, a brilliant ensign, a band of drums and trumpets, a sword, and princely robes, with written documents still more honourable. He was entitled to retain for himself full and tranquil possession of whatever territory he could wrest from the Christians, and henceforward his name was to be united with that of the sultan in the public prayers offered up in the mosques of the faithful.

Nothing of kingly power was wanting to him but the name, and this Osman soon acquired by the death of the sultan Aladin, the last of the royal race of the Seljuks.† (A.D. 1300.) The few obstacles that interfered with his way to the throne were easily overcome by the arts and valour of Osman; he asserted and maintained rights that had slipped through the feeble hands of the preceding dynasty; most of the independent chiefs bowed to his supremacy; the Turks were made happy by an extension of their conquests, and from this period we may date the foundation of the present Turkish empire and the reigns of the Ottoman family.

In laying the base of a despotism that has endured so long, and, in spite of innumerable revolutions, is still held by his lineal descendants, Osman, who has been qualified as a shepherd and a robber, displayed astonishing policy and foresight. It is probable he was much indebted to his old tutor and father-in-law the Sheyk Edébaly, who survived to direct his councils, and became, on Osman's ascending the Turkish throne, the mufti or primate of the Turkish church—a dignity then first created, and as the holder of which the priest could most efficiently serve the interests of the prince, his daughter's husband. The omens that had accompanied and followed the birth of Osman, his dazzling, uninterrupted train of successes, certain virtues which he possessed in an eminent degree, and the power he had obtained, all showed him, to the eyes of a simple and superstitious people, as the special favourite of the Almighty; and though the holy character of *Imam*, or successor, in a spiritual sense, to the prophet and the caliphs, was not asserted until long after,* it appears that, at the very foundation of his empire, Osman could impress on his subjects that he reigned by divine right, and was virtually the head of the Mussulman church as well as state. Long before this period a divided caliphate and repeated schisms had destroyed the hereditary advantages of the descendants of the prophet Mahomet's daughter. Fifty-eight years before Osman ascended a throne, Mostasem, the Abasside caliph, was murdered in Bagdad by a Mogul conqueror, the grandson of Zingis-Khan; and the caliphs of Egypt, who could trace their descent from Mostasem, without a shadow of temporal authority, were too remote to exercise a spiritual influence over the affairs of the Turks in Asia Minor. In fact, Osman declared himself to be the envoy of God, sent to restore the faded triumphs of Islamism, and a humble, an obedient, or perhaps, in many instances, a believing hierarchy, presided by his father-in-law, could inculcate this opinion in the mosques of the rising kingdom. With the koran in his hand, in the words of the prophet, Osman could address his people—" Be obedient and submissive to your God, to your prophet, and to him who hath authority and command over you." And no one better than he could assert the dogma,† " that sovereign power appertains of right to the conqueror—the strongest—whose right of command rests on his sword." Indeed the whole religion of Mahomet, essentially a military system,‡ abounded in arguments to support and consecrate the fortunate warrior: in the rude Turks, moreover, Osman found a people of strong passions, as prone to believe, and as ready to fight, as the Arabs, those first energetic propagators of the Koran; and many of the tribes that gathered round the stem of the Ottoman tree, to be formed into a nation, were animated by the enthusiasm of a recent conversion, and only required a spiritual and temporal chief, who should lead them on to emulate the deeds of the early disciples of Islamism. Osman's first subjects were docile to the voice of their chief; and such was the devotion with which he inspired them for the blood of their ruler, that it resolved itself into an essential part of their religion, and identified to their minds their existence as a nation with the existence of his lineage. The faith was strongly founded, for the Turks still believe, at this day, that the one cannot exist without the other, and that the extinction of the house of Osman will be the end of their empire. As a last proof of their veneration for the founder of their kingdom, the

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* L'Abbé Mignot and Knolles. Cantemir and Rampoldi.

† It should, however, appear that neither Osman nor his three immediate successors took the title of sultan. They contented themselves with that of emir. But all the Turkish historians begin their list of sultans with Osman.

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* For the cession of the caliphate to the Ottoman emperors in the year A.D. 1517 see D'Obsson, vol. i. p. 270.

† Foussoul-Istérousching. One of the most ancient and esteemed commentators of the Koran.

‡ Mr. Hallam's Middle Ages, vol. ii. cap. vi.

Turks renounced the distinctive appellations of their races or tribes, and assumed the general name of Osmanlys, or the children of Osman. They still pride themselves in this name, and even consider themselves insulted by being called Turks.*

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* "On emploie la dénomination de *Turc* à l'égard d'un homme brutal et grossier; et c'est ici le lieu d'observer que, selon les nationaux, elle ne convient qu' aux peuples du Turkistan, et à ces hordes vagabondes qui croupissent dans les déserts du Mawerainnehbr, de Mazenderann, du Khorassan, &c. Tous les peuples soumis à l'empire ne sont désignés que sous le nom collectif d'Osmanly, du nom d'Osman fondateur de la monarchie; et ils ne conçoivent pas pourquoi en Europe on les appelle *Turcs.* Comme ils attachent à ce mot, l'idée de l'insulte la plus marquée aucun étranger dans l'empire ne se permet jamais de le proférer."—*D'Ohsson.*

THE DEAF AND DUMB BOY.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Although thou canst not breathe, fair boy,
  The language of mankind,
I know that thou canst well enjoy
  The intercourse of mind;
And gaze on thee with feelings blent
  Of pleasure and of grief,
Since God, who thy affliction sent,
  Hath sent to thee relief.

Oh! scarcely can I mourn the ill,
  So softened and relieved,
Wonders, transcending human skill,
  For thee have been achieved;
Words of instruction, peace, and good,
  Thy ready sense can reach,
And thou canst tell thy gratitude
  Without the aid of speech.

Thou lead'st a kind of hallowed life,
  These sheltering walls within,
Safe from the tumult and the strife
  That rack a world of sin;
Language to thee displays alone
  Its best and purest use,
Nor has thy shuddering spirit known
  The grief of its abuse.

When thought within thy breast has held
  Its sweet and holy reign,
Thou hast not felt the calm dispelled
  By speakers light and vain,
Turned from a phrase of doubtful sense,
  And wished that phrase unheard,
Yet mourned the haunting influence
  Of a debasing word.

How seldom rightly we exert
  The senses God has given,
Daily to evil we pervert
  The sacred boons of Heaven;
And when vain colloquies arise,
  To which our hearts incline,
Oft may we wish our faculties
  Were closely locked as thine.

Why should we listen, wherefore speak,
  While here on earth we rove,
Save for the glorious truths to seek
  Imparted from above?
And all that mortal search can win,
  Within thy mind hath place,
Since thou canst tell of innate sin
  And mediating grace.

The time of miracles is o'er,
  Yet hope, sweet boy, and pray,
That God thy senses may restore
  In his own blessed day;
When thou the seraph band shalt hear,
  Who sing to Him their lays,
And add, in tones distinct and clear,
  Thy own glad song of praise.

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF CHUMPY, MR. CHUMP'S DOG.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT LIFE."

WHILE I was at breakfast on the following morning, a tap came at my door, and Becky, our maid, entered, saying, "O sir, if you please, here's somebody that you little expect has come to see you;" and Becky looked rather archly at me, as if conscious that she had an agreeable surprise to amuse me with.

"Oh, very well, Becky," I answered; "did he send up his name?"

"No, sir; but it's somebody from over the way," said Becky, with one of her girlish, good-humoured giggles.

"Oh, ay! the churchwarden, *I* dare say, sends over to inquire what damage he did my head last night. He is very good—send him up, Becky."

Away flew Becky, with a peculiar sort of smile on her pretty, housemaidenly face, and I could hear her giggling to herself as she descended to the door. I wondered who was coming; but I was not long left to conjecture: for in a moment or two my room-door sprang open again, and Becky crying "Walk in, pray, sir!" in walked accordingly my old friend Chumpy, in the most familiar and neighbourly way in the world, snuffing and blowing, as he was getting "fat and scant of breath," with mounting up so many flights of stairs, and wagging his good-humoured tail in all sorts of directions, to express, as well as he could, the pleasure he felt in seeing me again. I was surprised but not undelighted to see him, and, giving him a hearty welcome, bade him be seated and make himself perfectly at home: which he complied with, and faced me at the other end of the hearth-rug, making himself at once cozy and comfortable. He did not, as do your common run of curs—your cowardly, stupid dogs—creep into my room, (as though he had no business there, or had come to steal,) and get under a chair, to render kicking him out a work of difficulty; but, like an honest, well-intentioned, well-mannered, and intelligent dog of good reputation, as his sole intention in coming at all was coming to see me, he came, directly and at once, up to me; and having paid his compliments, and found that they were most graciously received, and having observed, as well, that I was particularly engaged for the moment, he modestly retired a few paces, till I was more at leisure to attend to him. I attended to him all the time; and I could not help remarking that he did not go smelling and sniffing at this and the other article of furniture about my room, as your common curious curs would assuredly have done, but that he took his station in the centre of the apartment, and cursorily but critically

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[1] Continued from p. 96.

surveyed the pictorial adornments of my walls, like a dog of some taste for the fine arts. Before one picture, in especial, which seemed to please his eye almost as much as it does mine, he paused some moments; and was indeed so taken with it, so "cheated with the blear illusion," that, after affably wagging his tail many times to draw the attention of the girl-like effigy, (whose fixed eyes he might well think were looking at him,) as it spoke not to him, nor gave him any sign of encouragement, he spoke to *it*, barking good-naturedly in its lovely face. Finding, however, that it would not be familiar with him, he mounted up into a chair which stood under it, and looking into its countenance more curiously, he saw that it had not life, and yet looked like it: then, descending, he seemed disappointed; and again he looked at it, as if he could hardly believe his eyes, and he turned to me, as if demanding an explanation of the mystery—to him. He need not have blushed, nor did he, that I saw: greater critics than he (in their own opinion) have made as common a mistake.

I was now at leisure to attend to him. I found that he had breakfasted, for upon my offering him half a slice of toast, he sniffed at it, and then turned his head away with a "No, thankye" air: but perhaps the toast was a trifle too hot for his taste or his teeth. I could not refrain from saying, "Well now, my good old friend, this visit, I take it, is extremely neighbourly; and I trust that, though it is the first call, it will not be the last;" and we exchanged paw and hand in the friendliest spirit possible. Chumpy expressed with his intellectual eyes that it should not be, and his hope that I would drop in over the way upon the same neighbourly terms. These being understood, Chumpy then made himself so much at home, that, a loud single knock coming at the street-door, he gave an official bark, just the same as if it had disturbed his reposeful love of peace and quiet at Mr. Chump's; and when Becky ran down to answer it, he followed her to see who it might be that knocked so loud, and he barked again as the door opened. I then heard a confused murmuring of voices below, and one of Becky's exclamatory "O la's!" and presently up came Chumpy, scampering first this time—then our house-cat, hight Tibsy—and, finally, Becky, bearing a handsome China dish, with half a dozen cured sheep's tongues neatly arranged upon it, root and tip alternately, and this gracious message:—"O, if you please, sir, Mister and Missus Chump's compliments, and they've sent you over some tongues for a relish, and hope you're quite well this morning?"

I need not say that I received the message from "the other house" with all proper respect, and immediately tried one of the linguals, which I was pleased to find was extremely nice, relishing, juicy, tender, and, I should say, provocative of a desire for Guinness's best bottled stout. Chumpy now picked a bit with me, the root of the tongue being a favourite morsel with him, and Tibsy took the parings; and eventually, between us, we managed to pick a pair of those innocent members. I was somewhat surprised to observe the sociality of Tibsy and my friend, and I attributed it to the winning affability of demeanour of the easy old fellow, which makes everybody on good terms with him upon the shortest acquaintanceship; but Becky accounted for their exceeding good understanding by informing me that they were very old cronies, and that Chumpy had known Tibsy when she was so small a creature, that, being once missing for some hours, and hunted for in every hole and corner, they found her at last comfortably cuddled up in the warm silver teapot, where Master Teddy, our house's roguish son and heir, had stowed her away, and clapped the lid down over her, to keep "the winds of heaven from visiting her too roughly." And in addition to this gratifying information, Becky also put me in possession of the genealogical fact, that Tibsy is, if I may so express her descent, a grand-daughter of Tibby, (a feline friend of Chumpy's, whom I have favourably mentioned in my first account of that worthy fellow,) Tibsy's mother being no less creditable a cat, on her side, than Smug, daughter of Mouser, (the famous Angola favourite of all the puss-loving spinsters of my neighbourhood, far and near,) who, settling in this country, left a numerous progeny chargeable to the parish when she departed this life.

Breakfast being over, as the morning was raw, and he saw that I had my books and papers to attend to, Chumpy seemed to say, "Don't mind me, I beg. Let me be no interruption to business!" and quietly laid himself across the hearth-rug, warming his nose. Tibsy then placed herself down beside him; and whenever he wagged his expressive tail, to testify the satisfaction he had in the domestic joys of life, Tibsy patted it playfully till it lay still; and pleased, and purring to herself and friend, she sat and looked at his grave, reflective face, as if vastly admiring the sedate old fellow. Meanwhile I read the morning paper, undisturbed by my companions; and two or three times I felt much more than half inclined to read out a paragraph here and there for Chumpy's particular information; but finding him engaged with his own private meditations, I would not break in upon their quiet current. "Shop" was clean cut and neglected that morning by Mr. Churchwarden Chump's head superintendent, for Chumpy stayed with me till I walked out and crossed over the street to pay my compliments to Mistress C. As I crossed the road, Mrs. Chump caught sight of me—her quick, black eyes brightened up, and her quick feet advanced to meet mine, which were taking their own old deliberate time, and her hearty hand was squeezing mine with somewhat more than female-handed power. She, good, easy woman, was as pleased to see me as before—no matrimonial morning frown lowered upon her comely countenance, in black resentment of my keeping the churchwarden up two hours beyond his time, and superinducing three or four glasses beyond his usual quantum. On the contrary, she was all smiles; hoped that I was well, and that I liked the tongues, (of her own curing, it came out,) and that Chumpy had not been troublesome.

"He troublesome!" I warmly said of him "that he did not know how to be troublesome."

"C. had said to him," she explained, "that the least he could do was to step across and inquire how his geographer [biographer the good lady meant to say] was that morning; and no sooner said than done, for away he went, and there was no whistling him back."

I expressed the neighbourly, and I might say literary, pleasure I had received in making his acquaintance, and I need not add hers and her husband's, and that I hoped it would not end at the beginning. The good woman hoped so too, and again said "She was glad to see me—very! Poor Mr. Chump, he *did* put his hand three or four times to his forehead this morning, and looked so as if he could not help it! He left half his usual round of toast, which he attributed to the butter; but I'm sure no butter could be sweeter; and he's just gone down now to the river for a look round; for, between you and I, sir, smoking and drinking don't agree with him: but he says it does; and so he's very how-come-you-so-ish this morning! But you—you seem as gay as Green'ich this morning!"

"Education, ma'am, education. I resist the inclination to be affected by drinking, as a weakness—amiable, no doubt, but a weakness. Indeed, I am of such confirmed sober habits, that I do not suffer drinking a great quantity to affect them." Mrs. C. looked puzzled, but she smiled. "And, moreover, such is the force of custom, that I am used to it. As the fishwife said to the lady, who thought that skinning eels *must* be very hurtful to them, 'Lor' bless you, ma'am, they're *manured* to it!'"

Mrs. Chump, who is not at all pedantic *herself* in the use she makes of the Queen's English, seemed mightily tickled with the verbal mistake of the good fishwoman, and laughed till her eyes at last became invisible, from the puckering up of her fat, fair, and fifty, but very comely cheeks. Chumpy, too, in his way, seemed to enjoy the joke as much as his mistress, and barked applause.

While we were afterwards chatting on graver matters, I noticed that most plaintive of all distressful cries, the cry of a blind man. It was the well-known voice of an old man, who had been dog-led round the parish for the doles of the charitable, ever since I can remember it and him, and his pathetic "Please to pity the poor blind!" which some good, tender-hearted Christians were pleased to do. As he approached nearer and nearer, Chumpy, I noticed, walked to the door, and looked down the street, and then turned round, and, with a peculiar kind of whine, looked up at his mistress.

"Now, sir," said she, "if you would wish to see poor Chumpy in his most amiable moments, take notice of all he does."

I attended accordingly. The blind man was now before the shop-window, and, in a few faltering steps more, his dog Bob was standing erect on end, working his paws in an imploring manner, as dogs of the mendicant order—those four-footed monks of the order of the Franciscans—are taught to do. It was to Chumpy that he appealed, and not in vain; for that charitable fellow immediately crossed the shop, and going to a little corner shelf, where some odd bits of meat were put by, evidently as alms-meat for the poor petitioner, he took the largest piece in his mouth, and, returning, dropped it into the basket which hung bobbing under the chin of Bob. That patient fellow instantly set down the basket, and speedily extracted the savoury morsel, and, lying down, prepared to eat it. Chumpy, meantime, had returned to the same shelf, and, first and last, had laid down about two pounds of scraps upon the stone before him; and when he had cleared the shelf, he then sat himself down before him, and seemed to watch the slow progress which his humble guest was making, with a great deal of patience, and much more satisfaction: for as poor Bob was old, and had lost many of his teeth, and what he had were feeble, he rather mumbled his meat than masticated it, and he was too mannerly a dog, or else too wise, as his digestion was not so good as it had been, to bolt it. While there were yet three good-sized pieces remaining, some strange dog, who had looked on for a long time with something like impatience of his slow progress, thought the best thing he could do would be to pick a bit with him; and accordingly he sneaked round and round, till he gradually got near enough to snap up the largest lump. But Chumpy's eye had been upon him during these circumventing manœuvres of his, and no sooner had he thus ceremoniously and unceremoniously helped himself, than Chumpy flew upon him, and gave him such a fright, without hurting him, as made him drop the bone and meat of contention, and, with his tail between his legs, run yelping down the street. Chumpy then pushed the recovered piece up under the nose of Bob, who was very nearly ready for it; and to prevent the intrusion of any other unbidden guest, he stood guard over it till his old friend had time to attend to it, and accepted it upon his recommendation. The meal being despatched, and Bob having licked up his plate, which I thought unmannerly, though I have seen a young gentleman or two do the same greedy trick, Chumpy then turned his attention to blind Peter. His next business was to inquire below if matches were wanted. Mrs. C. opened a side-door in the shop, and down scouted he, and up he came again with the maid, who said, "Yes, we want some, ma'am." Accordingly three-pennyworth of these useful combustibles were called for from blind Peter, who carefully counted them down, bundle by bundle, and received for them; and then pulling the string which put him in communication with Bob, he said, mildly, "Now, Bob, you've had your dinner—so lead me home to mine. But thank your friends before you go."

Bob then made his obeisances, and was ready to go on, when Mrs. Chumpy broke silence, and said, "Stay, Peter!"

"La! are you there, ma'am?"

"Yes, Peter, I'm here. Sally, go down and bring up that piece of cold mutton, and the bread I laid by for Peter."

Sally, a good girl I'll warrant, was down stairs and up stairs in the turn of a wheel, and the cold good things being wrapped up in a sheet of some House of Commons Report, (which seem to be printed for these good uses,) was safely stowed away in Peter's basket; and Mrs. C. having thrown in some halfpence for drinking money, away went Peter, with "many a thankye and low bow," the light of gladness shining in his blind face.

As for Bob, it seemed to me that he walked, or rather waddled, now, somewhat in the fashion of one of those guttling fellows you sometimes see in City halls, who have eaten so heartily that they are afraid to move. Chumpy, however, went a little way with him down the street; but what to do, or what to say to him, or whether it was mere sociality and fellow-feeling, I am not yet informed enough to communicate to the reader.

"Now, sir," said Mrs. C. to me, when this scene was over, "what do you think of the good sense of our Chumpy, now?"

"Good sense, madam? That is not the term—for good sense I should read good heart. And yet it is—good sense is kindness in man or beast. What do I say, madam? Why, that I am astonished at the good instincts of that fine old fellow! Surely there is some truth in the belief of the old heathen, and the soul of some admirable human nature, Socrates or Plato, lives again in a new form, and is called Chumpy! I wish to heaven, madam, that some upright brutes whom I have seen had half that creature's heart, and they would be men. That dog is—and I shall not hesitate to call him—human! He has many of the best qualities of a good man in almost human perfection—such as attachment, faithfulness, courage, forbearance, thoughtfulness, feeling, pity; and may I not call the manifest pleasure he took in being the distributor of your alms to poor Peter and his pitiful trundletail a work of charity?"

"Ah, sir," said Mrs. Chump, with a bewailing shake of the head, "I fear there are many human beings not half such good Christians as my poor Chumpy! He has a good nature, and, as my husband says, a good heart; and I'm sorry to say that I've seen enough of my fellow-cre'tures to say that some of 'em have bad natures, and if they have any hearts at all, they have forgotten how to use 'em!"

In the course of conversation I learnt from Mrs. Chumpy some additional instances to those I have related in my former chapter, of the exceeding humanity—I can call it nothing else—of this brave old animal. Four years since he had saved them from being burnt in their beds by his instinctive sense of something wrong going on in the house. Dragging the clothes off, they awoke, and found their shop on fire, Chumpy having run up stairs, and forced their door open, to tell them of it. Within these three months he had saved their John's life while bathing, the boy being taken with the cramp, (for your Blue-coat boy is like a water-dog, always paddling,) Chumpy having gone with him to mind his clothes. "The boy gave but one cry," she said, "and in jumped Chumpy, and catching hold of him by his locks, hauled him to the shore, and, leaving him there half dead, came scampering home, seized hold of my spouse by the apron, pulled him out of the shop by main force; and Mr. Chump, fearing the worst, guessed what had happened, and ran down to the shore—poor tender-hearted Chumpy whining all the way; for he adores John—he is a boy so much after his own heart."

It was a strong expression of the good woman's, but it seemed to me a happy one. And only three weeks before my visit, I learnt that the noble brute had pulled a child by the petticoat from under a horse's feet, he plunging violently at the time from fright at feeling something unusual in his way, in which last exploit the brave fellow got himself hurt severely. "But he did not seem to mind it," said Mrs. C., "and never once complained; but he went limping about for a week afterwards. I'm not ashamed to say, sir, that he had the best of medical advice; I should be more ashamed if we had begrudged it."

Excellent-hearted woman!—excellent-hearted Chumpy! There is more than a blind, unreasoning, unthinking animal instinct in these instances of the brute's love of man, or I am much in error.

I should have gone on expressing my admiration of the character of my new canine crony, had he not at that moment run hastily into the shop, whiffling and snuffling with a lively sense of pleasure, which I at first mistook his nature so far as to set down for the signs of too much self-satisfaction in the good he had so lately done—a self-pleasing which, though warrantable, (for I know not why any one, whether dog or man, should not feel a sort of pleasurable complacency when they have done their duty towards their neighbour,) would perhaps have a little lowered my humble friend in my poor estimation. But I was mistaken, it soon appeared, in my man—I have written it—but I meant dog. The cause of all these lively movements of his was the approach of his old master, whom he had run on before, to announce that he was coming. And presently that good, and surely great, man appeared in such state as does not often attend upon mundane man! For lo! on either hand, in proud yet humble wise, and in full official costume, namely, with whity-brown coats trimmed with gold lace, and hats edged gloriously with the same, walked a pair of those great functionaries, and *no* brief authorities, the beadles of the parish, deferentially discoursing with Mr. Chump on some church matters, which it belonged to him, as one sitting in the high pew on Sundays, to order, and approve or disapprove. Mr. C. having finally said, "Let it be so," and the grave men having touched the gold-laced edgings of their hats, and bowed themselves away, of all which ceremonious marks of respect, it struck me, Mistress Chump was no indifferent observer, though her simple husband heeded them not, the worthy churchwarden then turned shopwards, and catching sight of me, he, with a good-humoured smile, and a shake of the head, which I understood rightly to signify reproach of me for having given him what Sandy calls "a sair heid," he said, "I have walked off 'the last glass' and 'the other pipe' which I would take, and persuaded you to do likewise; and now, as I forgive you, I'll make it up with you, and ask you how you do this morning?" And squeezing my hand in the same warm way as before, and then clapping me so heartily on the shoulder that I could see that our maid Becky does not half dust and brush my clothes, he added, "Sit down, for I want to talk with you, and I've something to show you;" and as he said this, he put both his hands upon my shoulders, and pressed me down into a chair. "You are a bookish man, I know," continued he: "I have an odd volume or two which have come here as waste paper; but as I am bookman enough to know what is old when I see it, and what is good when I read it, I've always spared what was curious and good; and" (opening a small closet) "here are all my brands plucked from the burning."

And so saying, he placed upon the table about forty volumes of old plays, old poetry, and other old-book rarities, such as Dr. Dibdin would have jumped clean over Mr. Chump's chopping-block to have ransacked; and when his eyes had been blessed with the sight of the old print, and his nostrils had dilated to take in the goodly savour of that "most ancient and book-like smell,"—best proof of their antiquity,—he would have yearned and groaned to possess. I looked at them, and some were rare, and all precious; but the crowning curiosity of all was a one-covered Shakspeare, in folio, the first, with this inscription, in time-yellowed ink, on the blank leaf:—" *E lib. B. Jonson.*" I clapped my hands and raved—" O precious line in a most precious book!"

" Ah!" said Mr. Chump, " I thought that would tickle your eyes!"

" Tickle them?" I cried: " torment them."

" No, no; that sha'n't be," said Chump, most kindly; " the book is yours, sir: pray accept it."

I did, most thankfully.

" Take it away at once, and then it will be safe from all irreverent hands;—but here, Jack!"—and his boy ran in: the old man wrapped a newspaper round it, and said, " Take this book over the way to this gentleman's lodgings, and be sure, you dog, that you drop it where the road is dirtiest, as you go over."

John grinned, and determined not to be obedient for this once; for he squeezed the book with such a grip under his strong arm, that if it had been the gentle poet himself, and not his works, I think he would have cried out.

I followed, with anxious eyes, the sturdy bearer of that goodly argosie—I saw him rest it on his knee—I heard him give his usual business-like one knock, and facetiously cry " Boot-char!"—the door fly open, and Becky lift up her hands in wonder at the sight of so ponderous a tome; and John was, after all, I saw, obliged to carry it up stairs. I watched their shadows as they crossed my room—as my windows were open, I heard it laid upon the table with a good sound bang—and the precious gift was mine! Some wicked wit has said that gratitude is the lively expression of a hope of other favours. Shall I confess my gross ingratitude? As I had never hoped to have this treasure given me, I had fixed my affections upon a smaller hope, in squat quarto—a clean, choice copy of John Fletcher's " Faithful Shepherdess," that most poetical of pastorals; and ere I had half done thanking the donor for his great gift, I had fixed a desiring eye upon the smaller one, for so I hoped it would be. He saw that I was taken with it, and said, " Take it;" and he placed it under my arm.

I am not a man of many thanks, but look and think much more than I can say; and so, after hammering and stammering to get out a vote of thanks to Mr. Chump, I broke down in the præordium, and was compelled to resort to the " butt end of my old grandmother's blessing," and seizing his hand, I shook it heartily, and confessed that I could not thank him enough.

" O," said he, " you have no occasion to thank me at all: you should thank my wife, for it is all her doings. She said we must pay you a compliment in return for yours, and that is a part of it."

As Mrs. C. was absent, I reserved myself till I should see her, and then hurried home, to examine further into my treasure, and plan how handsomely to restore the faded honours of its binding, and make it the noble corner-stone of my collection. I had hardly collated fifty pages, and found them perfect, when a second loud knock came at the door, and the same peculiar cry to Becky, who, upon attending to it, gave me a cry up stairs, in return, of " La, sir! here's John, from Mr. Chump's, with a big trayful of books! Shall I send him up, sir?"

" Why, bless the good people!—yes, certainly."

And up stumped John, heavily booted, and heavily booked. Beef is erroneously said to be a great spoiler of your wit, but it has not hurt John's; for, having confidence in my easiness of nature, he said, facetiously, I think, "I hope, sir, these books 'll not be so heavy to read as they are to carry." And he set them down with a strongly aspirated "Ugh!" much like one of those which give ease to paviers. "O," added John, fumbling in all his pockets, and at last producing a neatly-folded letter, "here's a note from master, sir."

I opened it, and in well-expressed terms I was pressed "to accept these poor additions to my library, with Mr. and Mrs. Chump's respectful compliments, and a hope that as, in the British Museum, shelves of books are arranged under names of classical and literary repute, and one case is called Cottonian and another Harleian, and so on, I would be pleased to honour the donors so far as to inscribe this collection with the style and title of the *Bibliotheca Chumpeiana.*" Not so bad for a churchwarden and butcher!

I was wonder-struck. As John was waiting while I put the volumes by, for the present, under the custody of John Milton, (at least a head of him,) who, I had no doubt, would take all care of them, I took that opportunity to remark to John that his master seemed to be an educated man.

"Why, yes, sir," said John, "he was brought up among the Blues, and so was I."

"The Blues?" repeated I, and visions of Mr. Chump, as a retired sergeant, and of John, his boy, as a discharged kettle-drummer, late of the splendid regiment so called, came like shadows and so departed.

As the intelligent butcher-boy saw that I was mistaking the civil for the military, he set me right by illustrating the Blues he meant in the following ingenious manner:—doubling up the cap he had brought with him into about the size of a biffin, such as you see at the confectioners' shops, and sticking it flat, with a pat of the hand, upon the crown of his head, he said, with a facetious face, "Now, I should think, you know the Blues I mean, sir?"

"Oh!" I cried, enlightened now, "the Blue-coats of good young Edward's school? That fully accounts for that same Latin."

"Yes, sir, they *do* teach the boys something there; not a little Latin, and not less Greek," said John, exulting in the honours of his school. As he was running his eye not incuriously along the backs of my books at the time, "*Charles Lamb's Works*" caught it; his face immediately lit up with pleasant and proud recollections, as he cried, "He was one of our Grecians, sir!" In another moment some volumes of Leigh Hunt's writings met his eye: "And here's another!" he exclaimed, and then carefully wiping his hands on his sleeve, which was not the surest way in the world to clean them, he asked me if he might look at Coleridge's "*Friend*," which elbowed the "*Indicator.*"

"Yes, John," said I, readily, "you may look at any *Friend* of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's."

"Why, yes, sir," briskly replied the lad, "as he was a good man, any *Friend* of his will bear inspection; for, as we Blues used to say, when we chopped logic," (a butcher's boy chopping logic!!) "the friend of a good man cannot be a bad man: therefore he will bear looking at."

Need I say that I regarded the young chopper of chump-ends with no little admiration? and that I smiled when I reflected that a lad with more logic in his brains than you could, perhaps, extract from the heads of ——— College, should be thus humbly placed in life, when many a duller *caput* sits covered with a trencher?

"I should so like to read Coleridge," said John, earnestly, having dipped into the volume, "though I must say that he looks a little too philosophical for me;" (I smiled;) "but, as he's a true Blue, I should like to say that I had read him."

"Take his 'Friend,' John," said I, "and any friend of mine—there are ten of them now at your service—and keep it and them till you have done with them, and thoroughly understand them, for I do not."

John took the joke with a relish for it, and the book with the same; and premonishing me not to expect too many dog-ears, and that all the passages he found to admire should be illuminated with spots and patches of grease, he tucked his erudite school-fellow under his arm, and making me a good scholarly Christ Church bow, such as he was wont to render unto a dominie on the foundation when he met him in the cloistered walks of those old walls and halls, he went his way, well pleased, I could perceive, with his reception. Everything seems to be good that comes out of the shop of the respectable Mr. Chump—chops, steaks, sirloins, lamb, veal, mutton, beef, books, butcher's boys, dogs—*all* have their several excellencies—*all* are the best of their kind. But good collects good.

The following day was Sunday, and the service-bells of St. Mary were chiming—(for so their three simple summoning notes sounded to my fanciful ear)—"Good room now! good room now!" as I stood loitering in the churchyard, musing, in my way, over the tomb of those celebrated merchant-travellers, the Tradescants, father and son, when suddenly I felt something poking between my legs from behind, and at the same moment I was stoutly grasped by the arm. I looked down, and it was my good friend Chumpy going to church, according to custom. I looked round, and it was the worthy churchwarden who had me in custody.

"Now, my dear thoughtful sir," said the latter, "as I have not yet quite forgiven you the way in which you punished my erring head on Monday last, I shall take a christian-like revenge—do good for evil." And, so saying, he gently hauled me to the church-door, adding by the way, "My brother warden is out of town, and so you shall be his dignified depute, and sit in the high places."

In a few moments, with a little modest resistance of such unmerited honours, I found myself safely enough installed or impewed in the first place at church; and, as a christian-born creature should, immediately resigning all worldly thoughts, I gave myself to seriousness. For one moment only I was not serious. It was when I opened the huge folio which gives such pre-eminence of prayer-book to the wardens' pew, and noticed that Chumpy seemed to be looking out the Morning Service with me; and when I had turned to the right place, now fixed his eyes upon the page, and now scrutinizingly upon my face, to satisfy himself, as I supposed, that I was properly attentive. I could not suppress a smile; and it was not till I had laid my hand upon his head, and so covered over his face, that I might not see its irresistible gravity, which disposed me for anything but the devotional spirit, that I could resume the seriousness that belongs to all religious places, whatever creed is said or sung therein.

In my previous account of Chumpy, I have mentioned that he is in the habit of accompanying his master to church, and, as Mr. C. is one of the churchwardens of this parish, of occupying a not undignified place in that dignified seat, the churchwardens' pew. Unless the weather is very wet, which, in that case, would render his feet unfit for their usual position on the green-cushioned bench which those worthies occupy, Chumpy still follows his master to church; or rather, it would be more proper to say, goes before him, for he is always first at the church-door, and has taken his place in the pew before Mr. Chump and Mr. Dent, his brother warden, have passed from the vestry-room to their appointed pew. Chumpy waives the dignity of the beadle ushering him in, and is indifferent to the official courtesy which Mrs. Scroggs, one of the beadles' wives, drops at the pew-door as she shuts the wardens in. Nothing, as I have said before, can be better than the behaviour of Chumpy at church. His sense of the decorous is a silent lesson to the rest of the congregation. I could not but observe his conduct on Sunday last. A young beau—(the Adonis of the parish, who is looked up to by all the young fellows who follow the fashion, and looked down to by all the young ladies who have seats in the galleries, and glanced at aside by all the other young ladies who occupy seats in the body of the church, whenever they have an opportunity of looking off their prayer-books)—whose pew is situated immediately under the churchwardens' pew, kept coughing, on and off, for ten minutes after he came into the church. Young gentlemen, when handsome, if they really have colds, should always cough in their white cambrics, unless they desire to draw the attention of the fair part of the congregation to themselves. Chumpy bore with his indecorous behaviour for some time, before he took official notice of his improper conduct; but as he seemed likely to continue the annoyance, and a rival beau, in another part of the church, was beginning to attract attention to him by sneezing as often as the other coughed, Chumpy, to put a stop to such proceedings, in his parish at least, slowly raised himself on his hinder legs, and placing his fore-paws on the front of the pew, he looked the catarrhal young gentleman rather severely in the face, and seemed to say, " Sir, I beg you will remember where you are, and not cough merely to show that you have *not* a cold, and excite an undue sympathy." As my young beau's cough was mainly addressed to the fair ear of a certain sweet young lady in the gallery, immediately over his head, and had had the desired effect in moving her to look tenderly down upon his sufferings, and as he had also drawn the attention of the churchwardens (through Chumpy) to him, he had done all he desired, and coughed no more, the service having by this time commenced. Shortly afterwards, a small urchin forgot himself so much as to giggle just under the pew-door, because Scroggs, the head beadle, going to strike another unruly boy, missed him, and, hitting the form, split up his cane. Chumpy pricked up his ears at the indecency, looked sharply over at him, and by the steady gravity of that look awed the urchin into becoming seriousness. Not long after this, a dog—not a churchwarden's dog—a dog not so dignified—had straggled into the centre aisle, and, as dogs are apt to do, had got his toes trodden upon, and, as would have been proper enough anywhere besides, but not there, he yelped out loudly, feeling himself hurt. Chumpy very composedly looked over the pew-door, gave one of his soft, significant *wuffs*, to draw the attention of the beadle to him, and having caught his eye, the expression in Chumpy's might thus be rendered—"Turn him out, Scroggs, and take care that he does not show his face here again!"—and the strange dog was turned out as immediately as if either churchwarden had so ordered it. Indeed, Chumpy is, I verily believe, of more church-service than all the four parish beadles put together, as far as conserving the decorum of divine service goes; and if there should ever be a vacancy, as beadles are too long-lived, and he is desirous of the place, I shall certainly give a plumper vote for Chumpy as one of the four officers of the church, in preference even to the candidate with an infirm wife and nine small children, who has been a householder, and paid scot and lot for twenty years.

His attention to (may I not call them) *his* religious duties is remarkable, exemplary, exact, to the nicest of niceties. Dr. Samuel Sparecushion, the rector of *his* parish, has not a more attentive hearer. (I don't think that Chumpy admires the curate's preaching quite so much, for I have two or three times noticed that he looks off him, if I may so say, during the afternoon service, and I have detected him in dozing before his sermon was half done. But the Rev. Mr. Readwell is but an indifferent preacher—his manner is weak, hesitating, and his voice so feeble that he is not heard half over the church; while Dr. S. fills it, and "shakes the superflux" over the churchyard. Besides, the worthy curate was, at one time, violently opposed to Chumpy's entering the church at all, and went so far, indeed, in opposition as twice to turn him out himself, till Scroggs at last told him that he was Mr. Chump's dog, and as he was an influential man in the parish, and one of the churchwardens, he ceased his opposition so far as only to warn the beadle to keep his eye upon him, and see that he did not interrupt the service. I should be sorry to think that Chumpy entertains a prejudice against the curate on that account, but I fear that it is so. (But this by-the-bye.) The worthy doctor, I verily believe, is not unambitious of the admiration and estimation of Chumpy, and commonly, when he meets him at the church-door, bestows some kindly mark of regard upon his humble hearer. It is instructive to see him, during sermon-time, fix his fine intelligent eyes upon the doctor's face, and never take them off till he has done speaking, and sat down. He even watches him with the greatest attention while wiping his warm face with the whitest of cambric; and not till that is over does he resume *his* seat. Even then—as the doctor does sometimes—if he rises again to give notice of something interesting to the congregation, Chumpy is immediately all attention; and when the doctor sits down again, and the organ strikes up the concluding hymn, then, perhaps, Chumpy looks round at the gallery, and fixes his regardful eyes upon the orderly charity-boys, against whom he has no complaint to make while *in* church; *out* of church he has his own private opinions of their conduct, and, if it was worth while, would occasionally take one or two of their numbers. Yes, it is, I repeat it, instructive in the highest degree to observe his conduct during the doctor's lecture. I don't believe that he misses a word; and that he understands all he hears I almost as truly believe: for the doctor very properly discourses in that plain and familiar style which comes home to the meanest capacities. But Chumpy's is no mean capacity. I should say that if the doctor elevated his style, he would follow him up, and keep intellectual pace with him. But then he attends—he attends!—inclines his ear, and bends all his other faculties pulpitwards; and I know no better way to "learn, mark, and inwardly digest" a discourse. There are about three hundred young people sitting under the ministry of Dr. Sparecushion: I think I am safe in saying that Chumpy, during any given sermon, pays more strict attention than two hundred and fifty of those young persons.

As he sits close to the side of his master at church, I have noticed that he has occasionally had the onerous office of rousing that worthy churchwarden when he has caught him napping during afternoon service. This he does in the most gentle and delicate way, with a mingled feeling of kindness for his master and respect for the man. I have seen him softly push his cold nose into the palm of his hand, or else jog his elbow by pressing his head against it, when Mr. Chump instantly wakes up, and, perfectly unoffended, pats his old faithful Sunday monitor on the head; or clasping his muzzle with his hand, gives it a loving squeeze; or laying his arm over his shoulders, hugs him to his side. Never was more affectionate dog, or more affectionate master! They are worthy of each other.

I have but one more noticeable circumstance to record of Chumpy's behaviour at church. There was but one thing which seemed likely to disturb the else unalloyed pleasure which that not unworthy neophyte had in attending the morning, and afternoon, and evening services, for Chumpy attended them all during his master's joint churchwardenship. Mr. Sostenuto, the respectable organist of St. Mary's, ———, would sometimes play a few passages of his voluntary in that particular key which is said to be so disagreeable to canine ears that they cannot choose but howl at hearing it, from disaffection. Poor Chumpy had the greatest difficulty in the world to conquer his repugnance to those sharp sixths and acute passages in the minor key; but feeling the sacred character of the place, and the responsibility and respectability of his position in it—sitting as he did in the churchwardens' pew—he suppressed his antipathies, listened with painful patience to the capricios, and endured rather than relished the organistic learning and fine playing of Mr. Sostenuto, the Novello of St. Mary's, ———. He was, perhaps, the more induced to grin and bear with this portion of the service by discovering, upon having curiously straggled upstairs into the organ-loft, that Mr. Sostenuto was one of his master's oldest customers, and *his* (Chumpy's) most intimate personal friends; and as Mr. Sostenuto seemed very glad to see him there, and made much of him, and gave him the freedom of the organ-loft, Chumpy, in his considerate way, thought that it was the least he could do to hear him and bear with him in return: so he gradually accustomed his ear to what was disagreeable to its fine sense, and listened with much pleasure to the agreeable parts of his performance. The old work-house-man, who blows for Mr. Sostenuto, has since informed me that Chumpy was highly interested in the entire process of organ-playing; and that, if anything, he seemed much more struck with his performance than with his master's playing, and that he watched him, for more than half an hour, with a curiosity and a spirit of examination which would have done honour to the inquiring mind of a Member of the Committee of the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge![*]

CORNELIUS WEBBE.

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[*] Let no fastidious person suspect the author of this article of an irreverent spirit in here following up the humours of his fancy, even into a church. He intends no such thing, and hopes he shall not be misunderstood.

HEBREW MELODY.

VIOLENCE no more shall be heard in thy land,
  In thy borders destruction nor wasting;
But thy walls in salvation for ever shall stand,
  And thy gates shall be praise everlasting.

No more shall the sun be the light of thy day,
  Nor the moon thy night's gloominess brighten:
But thy Lord and thy God, with ineffable ray,
  Thy darkness for ever shall lighten.

No more shall the sun of His presence grow dim,
  Nor the moon of His love be expended;
For life everlasting belongeth to Him,
  And the days of thy mourning are ended.

W. BROWNE.

New York.

MEMS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.[1]

BY LAUNCELOT LAMPREY.

Chi va lontan dalla sua patria vede,
Cose da quel che gia credea, lontane.

No. XI.

Etna—Ascent of the cone—The crater—View at sunrise—The Casa degli Inglesi—Descent of the mountain—Giarra—Taormina—The ancient theatre—Messina—Scenery of the straits—A Speronaro.

Our hot soup was now ready, and a good dose of it administered to the doctor as he sat up in the bed, with a white nightcap grotesquely perched on his blue and red mottled countenance, gradually restored him to his former ruddiness. A slight appendix in the shape of a tumbler of his favourite beverage completed his restoration, and having all fortified ourselves with some of the eatables and drinkables, we were ready to proceed with the ascent. Truth to say, however, we were all somewhat weary, and the warmth of our fire of carbonella was so agreeable after the arctic atmosphere through which we had been travelling, that nothing but a fear of making fools of ourselves by stopping short so near the goal, would have induced us to leave the shelter of the Casa degli Inglesi. Igins, indeed, positively declared his intention of enjoying a glass of punch during our absence, and drinking to our safe return. At this proposition there was an indignant outcry from the rest of our party, who, having made up their minds to complete the climb, looked with some feelings of envy at the idea of leaving Igins in the comfortable company of hot-with and carbonella. It was denounced as one of the most grossly vandalic notions that had ever entered into the human mind; and, appealed to in the name of an Englishman, conjured by his regard for his own good name and fame, which would suffer irreparable damage by such an act of poltroonery, poor Igins was torn from his delightful morning's anticipations, and, with many a grumble, donned his great-coat for a climb to the summit.

Ugh! what a cold shiver passed through our bones as we emerged from the Casa degli Inglesi; the puff of wind that entered at the open door blowing up the carbonella into a most tempting glow. We cast each for himself a longing lingering look at the dirty little paradise we were leaving, and turned our faces to the steep ascent.

The dawn of day began, in the interval of the flashes from the crater, to mark the outline of the mountain-top against the eastern sky, as we crossed the little frozen sea that lay between the refuge and the cone. This light, however, was not so strong as to overcome the bright blaze that every now and then flashed over the sky, accompanied by the roaring of the subterranean artillery that thundered in our ears, and made the earth quake under our feet.

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[1] Continued from vol. xxiv. p. 189.

Huge blocks of glowing stone shot up by thousands far above the level of the cone at every report, and fell back again with a rushing noise into the abyss whence they were flung. Between these displays the darkness that fell upon our dazzled sight was intense, and increased the difficulty of our passage over the frozen snow, black with volcanic ashes, the roughness of which would have required the assistance of the clearest day to have guided our footsteps across it.

"This is worse than bog-trottin'," said Dawson, as he gathered himself up after a spluttering tumble from the top of one of the ridges.

"Well, of that no doubt you're the best judge, Dawson," said the doctor. "It was a splendid salaam; and, considering the locale, put me in mind, not so much of bog-trotting, as the prostration of a devoted fire-worshipper. Do it over again, Dick."

"What a hard-hearted old cabbage it is!" said Dick. "Why, there's the breadth of a good half-crown of leather off each of my elbows, to say nothing of the broad-cloth. Do have a little feeling, old gentleman—I wouldn't laugh at you in such a predicament."

"Hegh!" said the doctor, in reply, with the emphasis of an Irish pavier ramming down a block of granite in Fleet Street, as his feet flew from him, and brought him to the ground with all the solid emphasis of eighteen stone. "Sacre! maledetto! O Peter!" he groaned, as he ran over maledictions, in all languages, in search of the most effectual anodyne—"O Lanty! Lanty!"

"What's the matter," said I, as Dawson and myself reached him, laughing in spite of ourselves, as we tugged at the doctor's fat bulk. "What is it, doctor?"

"O my—my—O dear!"

"What, doctor?"

"Oh my os coccygis," said the doctor, getting to his feet with our assistance, and rubbing the afflicted portion of his spine. "My os coccygis! A fracture I'm sure. It gave me a shock up to the cerebellum. O my os coccygis!"

"Well, I never did," said Dawson, "hear a man bewail a misfortune of the kind so scientifically. What's the Latin for elbow, doctor—and I'll make a classical rumpus about it. There's nothing like a little Latin on these occasions."

"O it's very sore, Dick—I can't laugh," said the doctor, still rubbing diligently the offended part. "Giovanni, briccone! why didn't you bring your lantern?"

"Gnorsi!" said Giovanni; and skipping like a roe over the frozen ridges, he shortly returned from the refuge with the lantern, whose light, though dim, sufficed to show us the inequalities of our route, which were so great as to make it wonderful we had succeeded so well.

With its assistance, the doctor having recovered his locomotive powers, we managed to scramble over the remainder of this frozen sea. Beyond, the ascent was rapid, and we toiled along up the ashy surface, which became more and more difficult as we ascended. We found the climb, however, by no means so fatiguing as that to the summit of Vesuvius, the ashes being here mixed with huge stones, that afforded us at intervals tolerably firm footing, while at Vesuvius the smooth cone has the uniform steep inclination of dry sand poured out in a heap, and the soil has a want of consistence which gives no resting-place to the tread, but slips from the weary step, and leaves you at each stride but an inch or two in advance beyond the preceding one. Even the present ascent, however, was toilsome enough. The rarefaction of the air began to be oppressive to our lungs, and the difficulty of breathing was aggravated by the sulphur fumes that began to gush in great abundance from the crevices around us. It was, as Dawson said, the unkindest cut of all, when, having taken a step or two by way of a finish after your breath was fairly gone, you stopped and gasped to recover it, when, lo! a whiff of brimstone, gushing into your mouth, threatened what the doctor called asphyxia, and produced a most disagreeable cessation of respiration just at the moment when you were most in want of it.

On we went up the ascent, the sulphur fumes becoming thicker and thicker as we proceeded, and the thunder of the frequent explosions sounding louder and louder in our ears. The latter part of our climb, however, was particularly slow and tiresome. Every few paces we had to stop and gasp for breath, and poor Danks was almost *hors de combat* altogether. At length we reached, reclining on the slope of volcanic ashes, a huge square block of stone, a terrific evidence of the violence of the explosion that had sufficed to throw it beyond the mouth of the crater, and behind this we had a short sederunt, sheltered from the wind that came sweeping round the mountain with an edge like a razor. The sky was still bright overhead, but, notwithstanding the east was dappled with approaching day, the view towards the west gave us the prospect only of a dark abyss, in which the view was lost, a blackness palpable, over which the eye wandered in a kind of awe, as if gazing at something supernatural. Refreshed by our short rest, we once more toiled onward. The increasing roar of the volcano now sounded so close, that a feeling of some insecurity began to mingle itself with the excitement of the scene. Giovanni was consulted as to the prudence of our nearer approach, and he gave it as his opinion, with the air of a man whose opinion is worth something, that we might venture so far as to take a peep into the crater, qualifying his permission, however, with the information that a Signor Francheso had had his leg broken by a red-hot stone the week before, and was now awaiting his cure at Catania. Another struggle or two towards the summit, and lo! in the midst of a terrific explosion that seemed to make the mountain reel, we reached the edge, and looked down through the gray mist of the sulphur smoke into the fearful Gehenna that glowed beneath our feet.

It was a spectacle well worth the climb. The crater was a huge irregular basin, its walls split and riven, and shattered by the convulsive throes of the subterranean fire, and at one spot cleft almost to the base, as if some Titanic mace had swept its way through the dark and rocky wall. Within this gulf the stifling clouds were rolling hither and thither, dimly seen between us and the central aperture below, from which, at intervals, a blinding light shot up, giving a ruddy glare to the smoke that rolled forth from it. From the side of the conical hill, of which this formed the summit, a small stream of lava was flowing towards the surrounding wall, giving forth a scorching glow from its fiery waves, that rolled over one another with a slow and lazy motion. At short intervals the bellowing beneath our feet gave notice of a coming explosion, and the next instant, far up into the dark sky, as if but the sparks of a furnace, flew the huge blocks of rock, white at first, less brilliant when they reached the highest point of their flight, and falling back a deep red into the abyss from which they had emerged. At these moments the whole circumference of the crater was one blaze of light, contrasting strongly with the comparative darkness in which it remained during the intervals between the explosions, and turning one giddy with its glare, while the projected stones, as they rushed past us at no very great distance, increased the terror of the scene.

The day began to dawn, and straining our eyes towards the east, we could discern the outline of the coast called out into dark relief by the brightening sky reflected in the water. The morning, however, was dim and lowering, and, we began to fear, gave little promise of an extensive prospect. We descended the cone a short way, so as to be in some degree sheltered from the tempest that raged at the extreme summit, and waited for the developement of the panorama which was to be unrolled beneath our feet.

Object after object became slowly visible—the sea between us and Italy—the coast of Calabria, dimly shadowed forth like a dark bank of clouds upon the horizon. Then began the scenery around the base of the mountain slowly to put on its daylight tints; here a tract of black ashes—there a stream of rugged lava, winding its course seaward, the dark ground of the vineyard speckled with the bright leaf of the springing vine, city and village, forest and sea, stretching out before us until they were lost in the dim horizon, while more immediately around us clustered the little mountains, (molehills as they seemed to us,) that, bearing on their brows the traces of every gradation of age, some green and waving, some ashy and arid, was each the self-erected monument of one of those eruptions which had spread desolation over this paradise through all epochs, up to times beyond any record but themselves.

Such was the prospect to the east and south, the point from which the wind was blowing, and we could trace, as on a chart, the outline of the coast from Messina and Scylla down to Syracuse. We ran over the route which we had passed, and dotted down our journeys for two days to come. Nicolosi, Catania, Giarra, Taormina, Messina, Calabria, like some dimly seen land of promise, with its Philistinish brigands—all these became brighter and brighter with the rising sun that came walking up the sky, as Dawson said, with his handmaids scattering rubies on his path, until he raised his ruddy face over the horizon, bestowing a steady and a loving look upon us, his lonely worshippers, before he condescended to glance upon the common herd of mortals who slumbered in the valleys below, unconscious of his coming.

Towards the west our view was more limited, but equally picturesque.

A heavy mass of clouds had gathered in the lee of the mountain, hiding from us the Liparis, the northern coast of the island, and all but the summits, wild and broken as they were, of the Antifoci mountains, that here form the central chain of Sicily, and rise to a height sufficient to adorn, but not to rival, their mighty king. These clouds seemed agitated by a wind stronger than that which we experienced, and which was perhaps rendered irregular and gusty by the eddies that swept round the summit. They rolled, and twined, and writhed over each other—seething like the vapour of some huge caldron—now whirling in eddies, now shooting up in wild and torn flakes that melted away and vanished. It was a bodily representation of chaos, and came as near that of Milton, Dawson alleged, as fact could come to poetry.

Satiated with our contemplation of the view around the mountain, we turned to take another look at the crater. It seemed even more terrific by the light of day than it did in the darkness. The sunlight, faintly struggling through the sulphur-mist, fell upon the dark scoriæ below with a yellowish gray light, giving the whole amphitheatre an unearthly tinge, such as I had never seen before, and never saw painting imitate, except in Danby's "Valley of the Upas."

We could have remained long, enjoying the prospect on both sides of us—Eden on the one hand, Gehenna on the other; but, truth to say, the vulgar feeling of cold feet, cold noses, and half-frozen ears, formed a sad drawback to our pleasures, and considerably curtailed our stay. "A man with an indigestion," says Wieland, "cannot have brilliant ideas;" and alas! cold feet form almost as complete a damper to the imagination.

"Alas!" said Dr. Danks, turning philosophical on the subject, as he sat trying to gather warmth in his inferior digits by thrusting them deeper and deeper into the loose soil—"alas! that man in his loftiest aspirations has always some little imp of an infirmity tugging him backward by his coat-tails. Just when he has got to the tip-top of his ambition, and is poking out his leg to place his foot on the pinnacle,—pull goes the little devil, and down he comes on his principal feature in a way that shakes the conceit out of him for one while. Alexander dead drunk at Babylon—Napoleon "squabbling about disputed rations" at St. Helena—Dr. Danks in ecstasies as to his intellectual man, while his physical man is as miserable as cold can make him,—all are but scraps of the same philosophy—all are but specimens of that antithesis between the spiritual and the sensual, crying out in every mutton-chop that we eat, in every beef-steak (with onions) that sends up its savoury incense to our nostrils, in every cork we draw, and in every glass of grog we mix—man, thou art mortal!"

"Br-ravo, d-doctor!" said Igins, his teeth chattering as if they would fly in chips at every collision, "br-ravo!"

"Rather bothered in your figures of speech, doctor, in that last sentence. It was the cold, I suppose, as did it."

"It will do something more directly, Dick," said the doctor, "and do for me, if we don't decamp; so, with your permission, I'll descend to the refuge (for the destitute) below there, and try to get up my caloric a degree or two."

"Well, it is unaccountable," said Dawson, relapsing into his brogue, "that one can be below zero so high up as we are—man alive, one would think we were above everything."

"You should be above such jokes at any rate, Dicky," said the doctor, "and return the compliment, for anything like a joke is far above you. Come, Giovanni, which is the best way down?"

Our descent was rapid, and we shuffled at a great pace down the surface of the cone, Giovanni having conducted us by a route where the ashes were comparatively free from large stones. We had, therefore, only to bear well back while we ran and plunged down the declivity, while each heel traced a long furrow in the smoking earth. The doctor, in sporting language, made play until we arrived at the foot of the cone, his gravity being rather an assistance in his progress, but the rugged belt of frozen snow that was interposed between the crater and the refuge enabled us to recover our lost ground, and he and I came in neck and neck in the doorway.

While we partook of a little refreshment previously to starting on our return, we were a good deal amused by a magniloquent manifesto from the king of Nicolosi, (the same Signor —— with whom we had had an interview before setting out,) which was attached to the wall, and set forth, in sesquipedalian Italian, the will and pleasure of his royal highness, the whole being translated into dog English in double columns for the benefit of my compatriots. It set forth that Il Signor —— had been entrusted with the key of the Casa degli Inglesi, in consideration of his respectability, and the expense and trouble to which he had been put in repairing the house; that every person applying for the key must give his name and profession in writing, and also (a matter of considerably more importance to Il Signor ——) the name of his muleteer; that Il Signor —— was authorised to refuse the key to any one requesting it in an unkind manner; that any impertinence to Il Signor —— would be severely punished, &c.; and the whole wound up with an announcement that it would be proper, just, and becoming to compensate Il Signor —— handsomely for his trouble and expense in furnishing the house, the said furniture consisting of six planks and two iron horses, that formed the component parts of two primitive Sicilian bedsteads. I should have thought, from the awful dignity that shrouded Il Signor —— during our interview, that he would have been above the filthy lucre of a buona-mano; but a Sicilian of all stations, *nobile* or not, has, it would seem, a strong affinity for a *scudo*, which displays itself upon all occasions.

We remained but a few minutes at the Casa degli Inglesi. The sun was getting high in a cloudless sky, and the mists that had been lingering in the lee of the mountain began to melt away under his rays. Already we felt the change of temperature produced by our descent; and as the mules shuffled off, at their usual rapid slouching pace, over the plain of fine black cinders that lay in the immediate neighbourhood of the cone, we were glad to disencumber ourselves of the greater part of the extra muffling with which we had toiled to the summit. Leaving this plain, we got into a succession of steep, winding, and rugged paths, down which the mules swung with a careless nonchalance which it gave one some trouble to associate with the idea of safety, where sometimes the mistake of a single one of those footsteps, carelessly planted as they seemed to be, would have given both mule and rider a pitch sufficient to bring their mortal career to rather an abrupt termination. How they ever succeeded in getting over it during the night was to all of us an inscrutable mystery, and every now and then, when Danks's mule, swinging, as they all love to do, round the extreme outside edge of some projecting corner, suspended the rider's leg fairly over the precipice, the doctor nearly "boo-hooed right out" with apprehension and amazement. Our view of the environs of Etna during our descent, and of the conical hills that clustered round its base, was beautiful—the huge mountain brooding, as it were, over its multitudinous progeny. The heat, towards the latter part of our journey, was intense; the more so from its contrast with the icy climate we had been inhaling during the night. The result was a severe headache, from which all our party suffered, and it was, truth to say, with no little pleasure that we drew our bridle reins at the door of the humble hovel called the Albergo di Etna at Nicolosi.

Soundly did we sleep the sleep of the weary in the apartment, half barn and half bedroom, allotted to us. The next morning we prepared to set out on our journey to Giarra and Messina, having first, as in duty bound, called on Il Signor ——, for the purpose of presenting him with the key, a scudo, and our compliments, all which he received with becoming dignity and condescension.

The road to Giarra was delicious, this side of the mountain seeming to have been long exempt from those visitations which have so often desolated that next Catania, and the vineyards were flourishing in all that rich luxuriance of growth which the near vicinity of the volcano, capriciously reserving its unmingled favours for this spot, is certain to supply. We were now near the end of April; the fully expanded foliage, so delicately green, was in all its unblighted beauty, and the rich odour of the flowers came loading the air, as we wound our tangled way, now in the bright sunshine, now in the cool shade of fig and olive.

We breakfasted at Giarra, and then pushed on for our evening's bourne, which, after a splendid day's journey, we reached in the little village of Giardini, with its scattered houses dotting the circumference of a bay with a bright sandy beach, at the base of a succession of most picturesque eminences, half cliff half hill, over which were scattered the buildings of Taormina, once Tauromininm. Over these again towered some isolated crags with mouldering battlements, that looked like eagles' eyries; and at the northern extremity of the bay, hanging over the sea, we could trace the remains of the ancient theatre, reposing in a natural hollow of the rock.

"Boys, boys! I'm so happy!" said the doctor, after a hasty inspection of the accommodations at the little inn, "All' uso del pæse," whose white-washed exterior, spotlessly clean, made it look as if, like the house of our Lady of Loretto, it had emigrated, and walked out of some green lane in England, to settle at Giardini: "I'm so happy! Sit down, Dick, you alien, and let us enjoy the cool air that comes sauntering over the blue waters from Calabria. I found a supper to order, and I ordered it. I've seen four beds—clean, positively clean, with sheets on 'em, smelling of the flowers they were dried upon,—

most extraordinary phenomena, I assure ye; so, with the prospect of a good supper and a sound sleep, I have nothing to do but to be as romantic as I like, without any of those evils in anticipation which flesh (in Sicily) is heir to, and of which I, having, as Falstaff says, more flesh than other men, get more than my share."

We did enjoy, according to the doctor's advice, a delicious full hour of cigars and *far-niente*, seated on the grass that came down almost to the water's edge, watching the tiny waves straying to the shore, and breaking on the changeless water-line with that equable rustling plash which, from whatever cause, is so soothing to the spirits—chatting in broken fragments, and dropping now and then into that luxurious dreaminess which is more delicious than either sleep or waking, until a white-capped gentleman, with the corporation of a cook, roused us, as Igins eloquently expressed it, "to the stern realities of life," by announcing that supper was ready.

In the evening, as the sun got low, we set out to visit Taormina; we reached it by a steep and winding path, and passing through some portions of the village, went on to the theatre. We clambered over the ruins, and reaching the upper corridor, the outlines of which still remain, sat down to enjoy one of the most glorious prospects with which my eyes were ever blessed. To the north, our view extended as far as the Strait, over a succession of bold and picturesque steeps, clothed with all the luxuriance of the spring foliage, Sicilian foliage, vine, and fig, and almond; their bases broken in infinite variety, with bay beyond bay glancing in the sunshine. On the south, (O for the pencil of Uwins, with its warmth, and its glow, and its rich sunniness, it is nothing in the mezzotint of pen and ink!)—on the south we looked along the coast, varied with broad tints of light and shade, almost as far as Syracuse; below us was the white beach and lovely little bay of Giardini, with its scattered village; nearer were the precipitous heights of Taormina; above us, further in the background, towered its "castled crags;" and above all, and making all shrink into miniature in comparison with his giant bulk, Mongibello himself, rising from the foliage that clustered round his base, displayed his broad girdle of oak and ilex, while from his hoary top, alone in the clear atmosphere, rose a column of dark smoke, small and tiny in the distance, and standing apparently still and solid, supporting the heavy cloud that stretched athwart the sky. On the other side, glancing in unbroken sunlight, were the hills of Calabria, looking from beyond the still blue water, at shores even more lovely than their own. It was unspeakably beautiful. Not the Conca d'Oro, not the Val d'Arno, not Genoa with its renowned bay, gave me so much delight. Never but once before did I so enjoy the luxury of vision; and in that case the scene, though equally beautiful, was of a very different cast. It was when reaching the summit of the "Jura's steep" I found myself gazing down upon Loman and its vine-clad banks; city and village thickly scattered along its margin on the hither side; while beyond, I looked over crag and mountain, glacier and snowpeak, up—up—till beyond the clouds my eye rested on the sunlit summit of the monarch of European mountains.

The sun had set, and the moon had risen before we left the old theatre at Taormina. The doctor, leaving us to enjoy the view, employed the daylight, while it lasted, in rummaging through the remains of the corridors, the scena, (the three entrances of which still remain,) and the galleries under the stage. The moonlight view was equally enchanting with that in the daylight; so lovely, indeed, that the doctor was half in earnest in his proposal that we should sit it out, and see how it looked in the sunrise.

As we descended, stumbling in the deceitful light over the inequalities of the road, the doctor gave us a lecture on theatres in general, and that of Taormina in particular, which, however, was rendered somewhat incoherent by his frequent stumbles, as well as by Dawson's accompaniment of "The young May moon." I could understand him, however, to infer that the seats were at one time of marble, since probably plundered to form portions of other buildings, and that at the upper part there swept round the semicircle a gallery with a row of pillars in the front. Magnificent it must have been, filled with an audience who traced their origin from Grecian sires, and with such scenery, a chef d'œuvre of nature's handiwork, spread before them. The doctor suggested as much to Dawson, who merely muttered, parenthetically, "Poor ould man!" and went on with "The young May moon" louder than ever.

Our route from Giardini to Messina was most delightful, presenting a succession of magnificent prospects, the interest of which was increased as we approached the Straits, by the view, near and more near, of the sunny hills of Calabria. We had the assistance, too, during the journey, of a highway, the only one then existing in Sicily, which, commencing about Giarra, extended the whole way to Messina, winding round the bases of the steeps, and occasionally displaying excavations of great depth, though a mouldering rock. It was an object of yet unsubsided wonder and admiration to the peasantry, and in course of our conversation with some whom we passed on the way, I remarked that, in speaking of it, they did not use the word strada, which ordinarily signifies a highway, but giving the augmentative termination, called it stradone, as the only mode of expressing their idea of its enormous magnitude.

As we approached the city, the houses of the peasantry seemed to improve, and presented an air of greater comfort and neatness than we had seen in other parts of Sicily. The streets, though not so wide as those of Catania, are neat and buiness-looking, and the quays are fine. The safe, large, and commodious harbour, the handiwork, most probably, of the eddies of Charybdis, is formed by a bank running out into the sea, in the shape of a reaping-hook, and now strongly fortified. Domenico, as we entered the town, pointed out an old castle, which commands it, as having been, during the reign of Murat, garrisoned by the English, for the purpose of protecting the citadel. Across Charybdis, too, we were told, at its narrowest part, the cannons of revolution and conservatism used to exchange their challenges in the course of that tremendous struggle that began at Aboukir and ended at Waterloo. At present all was calm and lovely, as if war had never breathed upon the scene;—the hills of Calabria bright in the setting sun—the Straits smooth and unruffled, save by the eddies of the once-dreaded whirlpool, in which a brig and a speronaro, with their drooping sails, were helplessly wandering, now carried onward in their course, now catching the opposite current, and turning slowly round to all points of the compass. There is a calmness and repose of the heart that one absorbs, as it were, by sympathy from such a scene.

We remained three days at Messina, recruiting after our fatigues, enjoying the comforts of a very excellent hotel, and daily earning an appetite for the banquets of pesce spada, and other Messinian delicacies, which our host provided us with. Great quantities of this viand were exhibited for sale in a market near the quay, and, cut up into large masses, looked like so many joints of very red beef. It formed, however, a very excellent and delicate dish, and our *chef* had an infinite variety in his mode of dressing it.

Among other excursions, we particularly enjoyed one to the telegraph, on an eminence between Messina and Melazzo, on the northern coast. It was our last trip with Domenico, and I shall never forget the often-expressed regrets of the honest stalwart muleteer, at the idea of our leaving him. He quite adored the doctor, whose good-humoured face, soft purring voice, and a merriment of heart that never failed him, had kept Domenico on a broad grin during the whole month of our acquaintance.

Our road to the telegraph lay for some distance in the bed of a torrent, now, however, exhausted by the long drought, and which, well beaten as it was by mule-tracks, looked much like a wide gravelled road, especially as the ascent was very gradual, and cottages were thickly planted along its banks. We then struck into the bridle road to Melazzo, which wound up small and narrow valleys, amid round knolls covered with vines, their summits thickly planted with the maritime stone pine. The view from a point near the telegraph was very striking, commanding, at the same moment, the northern and eastern coasts—Messina and the Straits; Scylla, a small rugged peninsular promontory; the Point of Faro, and the Gulf of Gioja, on the Italian coast; of the Liparis we counted nine; a dark cloud hanging over its summit, marking the situation of Stromboli. Castel Melazzo lay at our feet, surrounded by hills dusty and white like the puzzolana ridges in the neighbourhood of Naples, while away westward stretched the northern coast, promontory beyond promontory, until it was lost in the distance. We returned home through a long network of narrow paths among the vineyards, and nothing could exceed the really gentlemanly civility of the peasantry, or the kindness with which they pointed out the way to the forestieri.

During our first day at Messina we had several times held a council of war as to our future route. Danks proposed going on muleback through Calabria to Naples; Igins wanted to visit Malta; I suggested a speronaro and Stromboli; while Dawson thought it would be best to wait for the steamer, and employ ourselves in consuming pesce spada, ices, and rosolio, till it came.

All these propositions were very seriously discussed. Igins, in a sudden fit of enterprise, was determined, at all events, to go to Malta with us, if we would; if not, without us. Our national convention was thus reduced to three; and I having thoroughly frightened the doctor with an appalling array of bugs and brigands, we voted Dawson, as he said himself, "into a minority."

A speronaro, then, was to be our mode of conveyance to Naples, and our host introduced us to a weather-beaten little fellow, with very dark, small, twinkling eyes, and thin dry black hair, who, he said, was the captain. We went to the quay to see his vessel. It was very small, with one short stumpy mast, well raked forward, and its single triangular sail was attached to a yard, which fastened at one end to the bow, crossed the top of the mast, and ran up with a huge peak, that seemed rather a ticklish rig for a squall. The greater part of the deck was moveable, as well for the purposes of stowage as to allow exit and entrance to the long sweeps, the use of which in this sea is frequently necessary during the long languid calms to which it is subject. We went on board to inspect the craft, Pietro, the captain, pouring out his eulogies on that good speronaro, Il Delfino, as the best, the stanchest, and the swiftest that ever left the port of Messina. We peeped into the little, low, strong-smelling hold, already pretty well filled with merchandise; and then the doctor, turning upon Pietro, whose tongue went on with the unceasing clatter of a steam-engine, asked where we were to sleep.

"Qui, signori, qui," said Pietro, pointing out to us the little wooden canopy that extended over the stern, open at both ends, about three feet high and six feet broad. Here, signori, with a mattress and a sail at each end, you will sleep as if you were on down."

"Down?" said the doctor.

"Down derry down," said Dawson.

It was with no little difficulty we could make up our minds to this style of nocturnal accommodation for the three or four nights that a passage to Naples would require, but we finally determined to cast our lot with Pietro, it being stipulated that the vessel was to be manned by four besides the captain, and to be ready to depart in two days.

As we walked homewards we met Igins, who had been bargaining with the captain of a sloop for his passage to Malta. His tone was rather lugubrious. The vessel, the only one for that destination in the port, was very small, and the deck was heaped from end to end, to the depth of four or five feet, with a cargo of pots and pipkins. There *was* a cabin—but such a cabin—reeking with filth, and the bugs clustering in the corners like bees about to swarm. To crown all, the captain made a most exorbitant charge, on the ground of the applicant being a *gran' signore*, because he wore spurs. Igins' passion for the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties was rather damped. He didn't like the vessel, whose freight made her look amazingly cranky; he didn't like the cabin; he didn't like the ferocious look of the captain, with his red cap and black whiskers, and besought us again to receive him into our corps. We welcomed the returning prodigal to a share of the quarter-deck of Il Delfino, wishing at the same time it had a little of the patent expansion principle in it, for his sake as well as ours.

THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

On her red, laughing lips, the soft breath hung,
Like spray impalpable, from fountain flung;
Or breaking rosebud, moist with twilight dew:
Which makes it all so cool—and fragrant too!
Her eye was lit with Hope's intensest ray,
Where young Delight in frolic ambush lay,
Prepar'd to bound, with joy's ecstatic start,
From the glad refuge of her careless heart.
In negligence of art, the Loves had twin'd
The sportive curls that down her shoulders wind,
Promiscuous falling, with unstudied grace,
To aid the beauties of that wondrous face.
Brimful of violets was each snowy hand,
Which her soft, flexile fingers lightly spann'd,
As nice to lacerate the fragile stem,
Whose azure cups must crown her diadem.
Clustered in riv'lling beauty at her feet
Lay ev'ry flow'r, to make that wreath complete.
So skilful blent she each contending colour,
They willing lent a radiance to the other.
Then twin'd them round her brow in girlish glee,
Laughing in low, melodious ecstasy,
As conscious Beauty whisper'd in her breast
The pow'r of loveliness each eye confest!
The rose, the lily, far all price above,
She group'd, to decorate that seat of love;
Yet all so unconfin'd—so quite at ease—
As they had cluster'd there themselves to please.
When nature could no more to nature lend,
But charms with charms in gorgeous beauty blend,
She bounded off to join the dancing maids,
Who fawn-like sported in the evening shades—
A burst of pleasure hail'd her lovely sight,
And crown'd her Queen of the young festive night!

THE YOUNGER SISTER.

A TALE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I WAS absorbed in a train of deep and sorrowful meditation; it was my birth-day, and, like many other ungrateful people, I was disposed to forget all the good of my lot, and to be very quick-sighted to all the evil of it; and although I did not exactly, in the despairing tragedy style, inquire "why I was ever born," I felt persuaded that my existence was a matter of very little consequence or interest to any one in the universe but myself; in a word, I was labouring under the consciousness of total insignificance. Perhaps my readers will conclude that I was "a single lady of a certain age," lamenting the infliction of gray hairs, incipient wrinkles, and a front tooth "absent without leave:" they will, however, be mistaken; I was only eighteen, and my personal attractions, such as they were, had at least the recommendation of being in their first bloom and freshness. A little pamphlet, or rather letter, to an illustrious personage, has recently engrossed much attention in the world, the talented and cynical author of which speaks in terms of very contemptuous depreciation of the abilities and influence of young ladies of eighteen, saying that their opinion is only consulted in the choice of an article of female apparel, and not always on that, and adding many other caustic observations, which have made him so unpopular among the "blooming band" attacked by him, that if their power equalled their will, I think the fate of Orpheus, when assailed by the enraged Thracian woman, would be symbolical of his own. Now I quite disagree with this author in regard to the general insignificance of girls of eighteen. I am not going to quote the instance of the brilliant Fanny Kemble, who, before she had attained that age, took the histrionic and literary world at once by storm, and compelled those who had grown gray in the service of each to look to their laurels. Such girls, I am aware, like the flowers of the aloe,

> "May blossom to the eye of man
> But once in all his weary span."

I only speak of numerous instances in the circle of my acquaintance, in which the girl of eighteen is the idol of a warm-hearted father, the pride of a doting mother, and consequently the first object of interest and attention to a host of courteous gentlemen and smiling gentlewomen, who find it convenient and agreeable to attend her papa's dinners and her mamma's balls. Her conversational powers and intellectual abilities are associated in their minds with the images of champagne and chalked floors, and we all, without being very metaphysical or philosophical, can tell the powerful effect of pleasant associations. The girls thus happily situated, however, are usually elder or only daughters; but I, alas! was the youngest of a family of four girls, left under the guidance of a widowed mother. My sisters were all unmarried, all anxious to change their situations, and all renowned for some pre-eminent attraction or other. Augusta was a beauty—a regular, dazzling, finished beauty, the admired of the artist, the sought of the sculptor. Frances was a blue, deeply versed in every art but that of pleasing, and every science but that of self-knowledge. Josephine was an exquisite singer; she had practised six hours a day for many years, and, with the exception of very pale cheeks, continual head-aches, and a slight complaint of the spine, was not at all the worse for it. Little was it in my power to compete with either of my sisters on her own peculiar ground. I was pretty-looking, and no more; tolerably well read, and no more; a passable singer of English ballads, and no more. My mother declared I was "a mere miss,"—a term of reproach to which I could not annex any definite meaning, but which, perhaps, for that very reason, was the more wounding to my feelings, because I was not allowed the privilege of contradicting or confuting the accusation. I left school at the age of seventeen, and found myself completely *de trop* in the family; there was no ex-governess or humble companion to whose tender mercies I might be consigned; my slouch bonnet and green veil were voted unfit for the splendid meridian of Hyde Park or Regent Street, and consequently my rambles were confined to the garden of the square where we resided;—"much better for the health and spirits of a young girl," my mother kindly remarked, "than hot flagstones and crowded shops could be." My health, however, received little benefit from my compulsory promenades on brown parched grass, inhaling the doubtful fragrance of dusty lilacs and smoke-dried laburnums, and my spirits were not greatly elated by listening to the not only "twice-told" but twenty-told airs of a barrel organ, and holding occasional colloquies with a stray child, on the expediency of getting a shuttlecock out of a bush, or detaching a kite from a tree. My only source of pleasure, during the ensuing year, was the visits that I frequently paid at the house of Margaret Trevor, a dear and valued schoolfellow, who had returned home at the same period as myself, but enjoyed, unlike myself, the happiness of possessing loving and lovable relations. These visits were not interdicted by my mother, nor envied by my sisters. They soon ascertained that Mrs. Trevor lived in Great Coram Street, kept no carriage, and, partly on account of naturally retired habits, and partly in consideration of her daughter's delicate state of health, entertained very little company; consequently her house was a safe place of banishment to which to consign me; and whenever I received an invitation from Mrs. Trevor, I was suffered to quit home under an unlimited leave of absence. With the Trevors I first learned to know real domestic happiness—the joys of household associations—the pleasures of the quiet hearth. But something still was wanting; it was not my *own* hearth that I sat by, nor my *own* household that I loved. Our relations have been pleasingly described as "the friends appointed for us by Providence;" but I had been forced to seek friends for myself, and much as I esteemed and regarded them, I could not help wishing that they held a second, instead of a first place in my heart, and that I could leave their peaceful home to enjoy still purer gratifications in the home of my childhood.

These reflections, among others, passed through my mind on my eighteenth birth-day, and I was aroused from them by a summons to attend Mrs. Moreland, my mother. I entered her boudoir with alacrity; I imagined that she intended, by some token of kind maternal attention, to make amends to me for the cold, conventional, ceremonious manner in which she had wished me many happy returns of the day at the breakfast-table; but the first glance at her countenance convinced me that my hopes were unfounded; she looked very constrained and very cross. I felt convinced that I was about to undergo that admonitory harangue colloquially called "a lecture," and stood in resigned readiness to receive it.

"Jessy," said my mother, "I am sorry to find that you are likely to be the source of more trouble to me than I had anticipated."

My conscience did not probe me—nay, I might have worn the ring of admonition possessed by Prince Darling in the fairy tale, without feeling it press at all more tightly than usual on my finger. I had gone about the house for the last year as tame as my mother's favourite lap-dog Cupid, whom she was at that moment caressing with great tenderness and assiduity.

"Your father's aunt, Lady Drayton, was with me yesterday," pursued my mother; "she is a woman whose ideas of punctilio and ceremonial observances are remarkably strict, and she made a communication to me, respecting you which I think I shall consider it necessary to act upon."

I stood amazed: of what could Lady Drayton accuse me? Were my walks in the square deemed too dissipated, or had I shown too great a regard for the vanities of dress by presumptuously arraying myself in a pink sash and handkerchief? All at once a terrible idea flashed on my mind. Margaret Trevor had a brother, a handsome young man, studying for the bar. I had frequently met him in Great Coram Street: were Lady Drayton's prudish notions outraged by this occasional association—was I to be torn from the society of Margaret Trevor, because her brother treated me with the politeness due to a woman, and the respect claimed by a rational being? I had just opened my mouth to defend myself without waiting to be accused—the most impolitic and dangerous measure, by-the-bye, which any lady can pursue—when my mother spoke. She had remained silent, not, as I surmised, to give me time to collect my scattered thoughts and invigorate my sinking courage, but to inspect a fracture in her exquisitely worked pelerine, just caused by the clasp of Cupid's collar.

"Lady Drayton says," she continued, "that the young females of her family have, time out of mind, been presented to society at the age of eighteen; and expressed her earnest desire that the custom should still continue to be adhered to. I shall, therefore, Jessy, order a suitable addition to your wardrobe, and henceforth you will accompany your sisters and myself in the generality of our visits. I have a few little instructions to give you on your behaviour in society."

My heart again began to beat. I feared that I should be obliged to listen to lessons derogatory to womanly delicacy to give or receive. My mother and sisters had appeared to me to reduce the system of husband-hunting to a complete science; and I had heard so much of detrimentals, eligibles, chaperons, partners, and suitable and unsuitable glances, words, attitudes, and seats, that I feared I was about to be catechised on my ability and inclination to bring all those rules into practice. I was agreeably disappointed.

"You must be aware, Jessy," said my mother, "that you are not at all qualified to vie with your sisters in any respect, and that very disagreeable comparisons will of course be drawn."

I gave a meek acquiescent inclination of the head.

"You may, however, pass pretty well," she continued, "if you always keep in the background; speak only when addressed; constantly decline singing, and profess to be very indifferent about dancing; the gentlemen of course will never trouble you with attention; and if you are perfectly humble and unassuming, you may, perhaps, escape any very severe criticism from the ladies."

I murmured a few words in token of submission, and finding that my mother, although she continued to talk, addressed the whole of her conversation to Cupid, I left the boudoir.

How truly does Juliet say, "What's in a name?" "Coming out" may seem to signify a new and delightful state of existence, an introduction to people and pleasures hitherto unknown and unthought of; but many girls completely antedate the period of coming out, by means of juvenile balls, family dinners, pic-nic excursions, and little home parties; while others, like myself, enter suddenly on the gay world, in so completely insignificant and cipher-like a position, that society is as little conscious of their presence, as the horse in the fable was of the intruding fly. The additions to my wardrobe, generously volunteered by my mother, were very few and simple, and on the night of my "first appearance" on the stage of society, I was not deemed worthy of a compliment, even by the maid who dressed me; a sufficient proof, if any had been wanting, of the very low place I held in the estimation of her mistress. We entered the splendid mansion of our hostess; I passed part of the evening on a back form, part of it behind a pillar enwreathed with flowers, and part of it in the outer ranks of a dense crowd encircling the piano, to which my sister Josephine was singing. My mother, considerately, told the lady of the house and her daughters, that "poor Jessy was so shy that it was really a charity to let her alone;" and accordingly I was so completely "let alone," that I had only the opportunity of uttering about half a dozen sentences in the course of the evening. When we returned home, my sisters said that I had looked quite sulky and discontented, and my mother reiterated her sarcasm that I was "a mere miss." I said nothing, but it was my own private opinion that I had resembled a ghost more than anything else. I had glided into the room dressed in white, looking very pale, and only speaking when I was spoken to. This party may serve as a type of all that succeeded it: perhaps it was well for me that society had presented itself under so uninviting an aspect. I was naturally lively and warm-hearted; the kindness of the gay and thoughtless might have led me astray, their coldness inspired me with the wish to avoid them. Much is said of the temptations of the world, but how greatly does their effect on us depend on the estimation in which we are held by that part of the world in which we move. The stage of the Opera-house, for instance, may be a source of such excitement and triumph to Grisi or Taglioni, that a small domestic circle may appear tame and dull in the comparison; but ask the wearied figurante, doomed to pirouette, night after night, with a host of companions so closely resembling herself, that they appear as if simultaneously impelled into action by the spring of machinery—ask the exhausted chorus-singer, tasking the utmost powers of her voice to vie with numberless other chorus-singers, who sing so like each other that we might imagine their heads, by some wonderful triumph of modern mechanism, were all fixed on one body;—ask, I say, any of these slaves in the treadmill of the fine arts, whether she deems the Opera-house a scene of peculiar enchantment and fascination, and she will unhesitatingly tell you that she had much rather be quietly reading or working by her own fire-side, than wasting her strength and spirits with the humiliating consciousness of being an object of individual attraction to none. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in one of her amusing letters, recommends her granddaughters to consider themselves as "lay nuns," and such was the light in which I considered my present existence. I moved in nightly processions, gazed on the world without communicating with its members, and never presumed to look on matrimony as the termination of my career.

Much has been written and said on the misfortunes of younger brothers, but I am of opinion that they are a favoured and a happy race in comparison with younger sisters; they may be slighted by a few chaperons, dowagers, and fortune-hunting fair ones, but they have the conversation and friendship of their own sex, of married women, and of many single women likewise who are too young to be interested, or too old to hope that an interested scheme can be pursued by them with success. The poor younger sister, however, must preserve unbroken silence; if she venture to smile encouragingly on a bore, or to converse sociably with an old married man, she is sure of undergoing a domestic lecture—she has stepped out of her place as a nonentity, and she may shortly, if unchecked in her course, be guilty of the atrocity of quadrilling with a hussar, or flirting with a dragoon. The society of my sisters offered me very little indemnification for my mortifications in the world; they were thoroughly artificial characters, and their mornings were devoted to rehearsals for the evening performance. Augusta, as I before said, was a beauty; Nature had done everything for her, and all that she did for herself only spoiled the bounty of her benefactress; she would have shuddered at the thought of ever being caught out of an attitude, and her sweet features were schooled into twenty different expressions, which she could assume and change at pleasure. At home, a look of discontent was the most prevalent, for her dressmaker never realised her expectations—her bonnets and caps were always unworthy of the face that they surmounted, and her hair was never dressed to her own satisfaction, although always to the satisfaction of other people. In society, the favourite look which she adopted was one which, in my opinion, very much deteriorated from the effect of her charms; it was a smile of the most determined and ineffable amiability, exactly such as is assumed by the benevolent fairy in a pantomime, when she comes arrayed in gauze and spangles to deliver her protégés from the grasp of their oppressors, and waves a long white wand, which changes the scene to the Temple of Concord, where the *dramatis personæ* are supposed to pass their future lives among coloured lamps, flowers, and music. My sister always contrived to make her eyes appear larger and brighter on these occasions, and her maid assured her that "she looked just like a picture,"—a compliment which had more foundation in truth than the compliments of ladies' maids generally have—she talked very lispingly, dressed very elaborately, and would not at all have suited the taste of the author of "Norah Creina." Frances, on the contrary, talked incessantly, and "made herself up" for conversation by previous study; she never condescended to speak of the weather, the fashions, or the last sad accident in the newspapers; she thought the Bridgwater Treatises "rather shallow," and considered Mrs. Somerville's works "nice easy lessons for beginners." She was an authoress as well as a critic—she had translated poems from the Chinese, written treatises on political economy, and a pamphlet on the best way of paying off the national debt—she had a horror of novels, and turned a deaf ear to any allusion to the Pickwick Papers. Nobody loved Frances, and very few admired her; but she was feared, and therefore was propitiated by flattery and attention; her dogmas were so decisive that nobody ventured to contradict them, and her sarcasms on the ignorance of others were so bitter, that people measured by them the extent of her own profound knowledge. I never but once heard her claims to superiority disputed, and that was by a gentleman whom she had just informed that she was mistress of ten languages; he found, on inquiry, that she was ignorant of the principal authors in most of them, and whispered to a friend, that "her possession of languages was about as valuable as that of a bunch of keys to a person who has no drawer or box which they can unlock." As for Josephine, she was still less of a companion to me than my other sisters: I would as soon have had a *tête-à-tête* with Maillardet's musical lady; she was generally running her fingers over the piano even while speaking, and I could take little pleasure in hearing her beautiful cadences in the evening, when I remembered how the ceaseless repetition of them had wearied the ears of her family and irritated her own temper during the morning. She never opened a book but her music-book—never read any poetry that was not adapted to an air—and never expressed feelings of kindness or regard for any of her own sex; she despised all who could not sing, and disliked all who could. A few months after my uneventful and undistinguished "coming out," my dear friend Margaret Trevor was seized with an alarming illness. Mrs. Trevor was anxious that I should stay at her house, both on her own account and that of her daughter, and my mother willingly gave her consent, for Lady Drayton had just been hinting to her, that "although it was desirable to see girls diffident and modest, Jessy carried the matter farther than any young female of the family had yet thought it necessary to do, and ought to be drawn forth and encouraged." My poor friend Margaret grew daily worse in health, but resigned, calm, and happy in spirit, beyond the powers of description. How poor seemed to me all the vanity, folly, and competition of the world, when I stood by her dying bed! how enviable appeared to me her lot in quitting a region of sin and sorrow for one of unspeakable peace and felicity, purchased for her by the sacrifice of the Saviour, in whom she believed and trusted! During the three months that elapsed from the commencement of her illness to its termination, I saw much of her brother, and derived equal pleasure and benefit from his society. I was no longer the slighted nonentity, the "younger sister;" my opinions were listened to, my taste was consulted, my drawings inspected, and my singing commended. I had a place in the family circle of another, although not in my own, and I could have moralized for hours on the perversion of feeling which could induce any one to prefer the heartless scenes of dissipation to the quiet joys of home; but I am afraid my readers will be disposed to give me very little credit for self-denial in relinquishing pleasures which I had never enjoyed, and admiration which I had never received.

At length Margaret's last hour drew near: I watched with Trevor by her bed—we shared in each other's alternate hopes and fears—we mourned together over the destruction of the first, and the realization of the last. O how light and weak is the flowery chain uniting us with the sharers of our pleasures, which storms may blight in a moment, and which time will gradually wither and destroy, compared to the ties binding us to the companions of our sorrows, the pure gold of which has been tried and proved in the furnace of affliction. Margaret, in her last days, expressed to me her earnest wish that I might be not only in affection, but in reality, a daughter to her mother; and when, a few days after her funeral, a letter from Mrs. Moreland urged my return home. Trevor declared his affection to me, and received from me the assurance of a return to it, and a reference to the approbation of my mother. Mrs. Trevor earnestly and repeatedly assured me that nothing could prove so effectual a balm to her sorrow for the loss of her dear Margaret, as the constant society of one whom that beloved daughter regarded as a sister, and whose character, she was pleased to say, bore, in many particulars, so strong a resemblance to that of the departed girl, so deservedly dear to all who knew her. I now, for the first time, rejoiced in the slight estimation in which my charms and talents were held by my mother. I could not doubt that a match in middling life, and an establishment in Great Coram Street, would be considered by her quite equal to the claims of the cipher of society, the wall-flower of the assembly-room. Grievously, however, was I mistaken; for when I reached home, and presented Trevor's letter to my mother, long and tremendous were her anathemas on my forwardness in daring to accept the addresses of a lover while my three elder sisters remained unmarried. I interrupted her in the midst of an indignant appeal to the legislature, "why there were no Protestant nunneries?" by assuring her that she had no reason to wish to pursue such harsh measures with me; that I felt it was my duty to submit to her objections to my marriage, and that I was willing to waive any idea of it for the present, trusting that time would enable her to see the matter in a kinder and more favourable light than she was now disposed to do. She told me I was "very impertinent;" this I felt aware she would have said if I had made any reply to her short of a vow of perpetual celibacy, but my conscience assured me that I was acting right; her forgetfulness of her duties did not authorise me to despise mine; and although I wrote kindly and affectionately, both to Trevor and his mother, I expressed my intention of submitting to Mrs. Moreland's prohibition of any intercourse or correspondence with the former. Mrs. Trevor shortly went to pay a long visit to a relation in the country; she occasionally wrote to me, and I replied to her letters, but by mutual consent the name of her son was never mentioned between us.

The matrimonial prospect of my sisters now began considerably to brighten; they had each a decided admirer, eligible in every worldly point of view as a partner for life, and my mother eulogised them as the best girls in the universe, complimented herself on the skill she had displayed in their education, and lamented the utter impossibility that I should ever tread in their steps. The name of Augusta's admirer was Lord Stanton, whose estates were deeply mortgaged, and he was reported to be somewhat of a gamester, and a little of a *roué;* but he had a title, and we moved in that demi-semi-fashionable grade of society, in which titles are at a premium; we considered Lady Drayton a great ornament and honour to our family, although she was only the widow of a baronet; consequently my mother's head was turned at the idea of having a viscount for a son-in-law, and Augusta was enraptured at the idea that although none of the annuals and magazines had applied for an engraving of Miss Moreland, they would all be delighted to have one of Lady Stanton. The course of Lord Stanton's true love, however, was not suffered to run perfectly smooth; he openly confessed to Augusta that his mother, Lady Stanton, had very ambitious designs for him, that she objected to his constant visits at our house, and that although he could not prevail on himself to lessen them, he suffered a great conflict between inclination and filial duty in continuing to pay them. My mother now struck what she considered a master-stroke of policy. Augusta had an intimate female friend, and I had often been taunted with her good judgment and tact in forming this friendship in contradistinction to my own humble Great Coram Street companionship. Miss Beaufort was a rich heiress—she possessed a large fortune independent of her parents; they were wealthy people, lived in Grosvenor Square, kept carriages and servants innumerable, and gave banquets and balls of splendid magnificence. Miss Beaufort also possessed another great requisite for a female friend—she was not only very plain, but decidedly deformed, and Augusta's lovely face and perfect shape never appeared to greater advantage than when sweetly smiling on her sallow and irritable-looking friend, or gracefully bending over her diminutive and distorted figure. My mother's plan was, that Augusta should describe to Miss Beaufort the exact state of circumstances between Lord Stanton and herself, and endeavour to obtain an invitation to stay at her house, where she might receive his visits unobserved and unsuspected. Miss Beaufort, the moment Augusta had finished the first part of her communication, spared her the trouble of proceeding to the second, by warmly volunteering the invitation so much wished for.

"You know, Augusta," she proceeded, "that my father and mother are so suspicious that every young man who visits at our house has designs on my fortune, that very few are admitted to close intimacy; but I will candidly tell them the reason why it is desirable that Lord Stanton and you should have frequent interviews, and you are such a favourite with them, that I am sure they will feel anxious to promote your interest by every assistance that it is in their power to give. Let Lord Stanton's heart be once thoroughly engaged, and I am sure his mother's disapprobation will be little regarded by him; besides, when the knot is once tied, she will be sure to relent."

Augusta acquiesced in all her friend's observations, and took her departure that day to Grosvenor Square, dressed in exquisite taste, and looking fit for the frontispiece of the "Book of Beauty." Mr. and Mrs. Beaufort, in compliance with their daughter's solicitation, frequently invited Lord Stanton to their house, and Miss Beaufort contrived that he should have many other opportunities of seeing Augusta. She had a carriage of her own, in which she took daily airings in company with her friend; sometimes they stopped at a panorama, or an exhibition of pictures, and wherever they stopped, there, by some strange coincidence, was Lord Stanton sure to be. Still, however, he did not propose.

"He is very retiring and diffident," said Miss Beaufort; "you should talk more to him, Augusta; you should describe to him the difference of a marriage of interest and one of inclination, something in the style of Anhalt in 'Lover's Vows.'"

"I do not know how to do it," said Augusta; and she spoke very truly. Augusta was about as incapable as the automaton lady in Hoffman's tale of the Sandman, of saying anything beyond short phrases. I never heard from her a consecutive speech, or a decided opinion; but the magic of coral lips and dazzling eyes will impart a charm even to common-place observations, and Augusta had never considered the art of conversation worthy of being made the subject of her study. "If anything of that sort is to be said to Lord Stanton," she remarked to Miss Beaufort, "no one can say it so well as yourself."

Miss Beaufort, who really talked sensibly and fluently, accepted the compliment and the implied commission. Accordingly she engaged in frequent conversations with Lord Stanton, and often at the panorama or the nursery-ground, where they were absorbed in deep and confidential discourse, while the graceful and silent Augusta stood, like one of Canova's statues, bending over the railing of the former, or sat in a garden chair, amid the roses and geraniums of the latter, "herself the fairest flower."

At length Miss Beaufort said to her, "All is settled—to-morrow you may expect to be released from suspense; I am just as happy in the termination of the affair as yourself."

Augusta smiled her satisfaction, and expressed her thanks in a speech rather longer than usual. She wrote a note home, containing the purport of Miss Beaufort's information; and my mother's discourse, during the whole of the evening, consisted of admiration of her eldest daughter's choice of a female friend, and sundry hints, not very obscure, of the lamentable folly displayed by her youngest in a similar selection.

The next day Mrs. Beaufort's carriage drove to the door; she was alone, and entered the drawing-room in a state of considerable excitement and agitation; she applied her handkerchief to her eyes, and uttered a few brief sentences, among which I could only distinguish the words "deception" and "elopement."

My mother was not much surprised; neither, I believe, was she much grieved. The influence of Lady Stanton over the viscount was so great, that she had always surmised the only certain way in which Augusta could secure the hand of her weak-minded lover, would be by means of an elopement; and she had even privately dropped a hint to her daughter that she should not require her to be very inexorable if Lord Stanton accompanied his proposal of marriage with an allusion to the northern road. "Calm yourself, my dear madam," she said to Mrs. Beaufort; "I am quite prepared for what you have to tell me; these things often happen where there are young people."

"I should hope not," said Mrs. Beaufort, indignantly; "I should hope there were very few instances of such treachery and baseness."

My mother now began to look dignified; she could not see the "treachery and baseness" of the beautiful and elegant Augusta Moreland making a clandestine entrance into any family. "You express yourself too warmly, Mrs. Beaufort," she remarked; "suffer me to tell you that my daughter has received my sanction in the course she has pursued."

"And you actually confess it," exclaimed Mrs. Beaufort, removing the handkerchief from her eyes. "I could not have believed that you, who are yourself a mother, could so cruelly have lent your aid to a plan to wound and injure me in the person of my daughter."

My mother was completely mystified;—as far as Mrs. Beaufort's words "met the ear," they seemed to imply that Lord Stanton had originally paid his addresses to Miss Beaufort, and that Augusta had ungenerously allured him from her; and yet Mrs. Beaufort had scornfully refused offers for her daughter far more eligible than that of Lord Stanton; besides, Augusta had honourably disclosed to Miss Beaufort, and also to her parents, that her motive in desiring an invitation to Grosvenor Square was, that she might receive the visits of Lord Stanton.

"I really cannot comprehend you," my mother exclaimed.

"Probably," said Mrs. Beaufort, rising, "a private conversation with Miss Moreland may tend to enlighten your comprehension; nothing but her sudden illness should have induced me to retain her in my house, and sincerely do I lament that she ever entered it."

"Augusta ill, and in your house!" exclaimed my mother. "Is not Augusta travelling to Scotland with Lord Stanton?"

"Would that she were!" said Mrs. Beaufort, with feeling; "but

I lament to say that Lord Stanton's companion is my unhappy daughter, who, I fear, will pay the full penalty of her deception and disobedience in an union with a heartless, extravagant profligate, whose only inducement to overlook the defects of her person must have been from a mercenary regard for her fortune."

My mother by this time was dissolved in tears of rage and disappointment; and Mrs. Beaufort, perceiving the sincerity of her surprise and grief, vouchsafed to offer a seat in her carriage to herself, or any one of her daughters who might wish to attend Miss Moreland in her illness. As neither my mother nor my sisters testified the least inclination to accept this obliging proposal, I volunteered my services, without fear of giving offence; for my relations, to do them justice, never wished to keep me in the background when I offered to do anything particularly objectionable and disagreeable to themselves and to people in general to do. Accordingly, after a gloomy drive of some minutes' duration with the haughty, silent, sobbing Mrs. Beaufort, I was shown into a bedroom, where I found the beautiful Augusta in hysterics, and for once in her life not in a graceful attitude. Juno herself, arrayed in the cestus of Venus, could never have made hysterics anything but ungraceful and unbecoming. When Augusta recovered sufficiently to speak to me, I really felt pity for her; for it appeared that when the elopement of Miss Beaufort and Lord Stanton was discovered through the confession of a servant, who began to fear the consequences of being privy to it, Mrs. Beaufort had loaded Augusta with reproaches and accusations, expressing her belief that she had voluntarily lent herself to the scheme of appearing in the character of Lord Stanton's chosen fair one, for the purpose of enabling him to pay undetected court to Miss Beaufort.

The thought struck me that Miss Beaufort, according to the usual practice of eloping young ladies, must, in all probability, have left some note or letter behind her; and, anxious to clear the character of my sister, I immediately, without the formality of a search-warrant, began to investigate the private stores of the runaway heiress. I was rewarded for my trouble, for in her trinket-box I found a letter to Augusta, in which she requested her forgiveness for having sacrificed friendship to love; and candidly confessed to her that in her first interview with Lord Stanton, two months ago, he had professed admiration for her, and that she would willingly have encouraged his frequent visits in Grosvenor Square, but felt aware that her parents would object to them; she therefore suggested the plan which he eagerly adopted, that he should affect to pay his addresses to Augusta, acquaint her with the disapprobation of his mother, (who did not know that such a creature as Augusta Moreland existed, and if she had known it, would have felt no apprehension that her son should encumber himself with a penniless bride,) and persuade her to enlist her friend Miss Beaufort in her cause, as the only means of procuring frequent interviews with her lover. I carried this letter to Mrs. Beaufort, and she condescended to allow that Augusta was more to be pitied than blamed; although, she added, such distressing associations must be connected with the sight of her, that she could not express any wish for the continuation of her acquaintance. Augusta shortly recovered sufficiently to be removed home; and in about a week was as calm, as composed, and as beautiful as ever: her feelings were not of the most acute description, and that very minute atom which she called a heart, was by no means particularly interested in favour of Lord Stanton; therefore she was far from being so pitiably situated as the generality of young ladies, victimised by a friend and lover, are supposed to be.

For my own part, I was greatly benefited by the event, for my mother henceforth carefully abstained from all sarcastic innuendos respecting female friendships. It now appeared probable that my sister Frances would be the first bride of the family. In her lover, Mr. Clayton, she had found quite a kindred spirit; he was a mathematician, an astronomer, a political economist, a linguist—in short, I must sacrifice at least a sheet of foolscap paper, if I were to enumerate all the catalogue of his acquirements. It was his boast that he could "think in Latin," and when he had nothing else to do, he, like the scholar in one of Haynes Bayly's amusing tales, "solved a problem in his mind by way of refreshment."

His parents were wealthy people, and Frances had not, like Augusta in a similar case, anything to dread from their opposition: they had openly avowed their wish that their son might choose her as a wife—an anxiety which report whispered arose from their fear that the young scholar entertained too warm an admiration for the gamekeeper's cherry-cheeked daughter at their country-seat. My mother and Frances, however, indignantly repulsed this rumour as a calumny. I must confess that Mr. Clayton appeared to me to be much more attached to moth-eaten folios than to cherry cheeks; and I thought that he might have sought far and wide for a "ladye-love," before he could have found one so perfectly suited to his taste as my sister. They attended scientific lectures together, they tried chemical experiments in my mother's boudoir, to the great annoyance of Augusta, whose languid lounge on the becoming pink satin sofa was frequently converted into a terrified start at some sudden explosion; they incensed Josephine by piling up her music-stand with lexicons and books of reference; and they laid a serious tax on my time and patience, by continually requesting me to copy, in a fair hand, their almost illegible translations from the Arabic or the Syriac. Still, however, Mr. Clayton did not come to the point; and however well he might "think in Latin," he did not appear at all inclined to think to the purpose in English. One morning, however, he entered the drawing-room, where Frances was seated at a small table, intently occupied in mathematical calculations; it was an employment in which he delighted to see her engaged; he did not at all partake of Lord Byron's aversion to mathematical ladies. He drew his chair to her side with an abstracted look, but he did not as usual inspect her calculations; his mind was evidently absorbed in calculations of still more serious moment.

"It is a most happy feature in my fate, dear Miss Frances Moreland," he began, "that I possess in you a kind and sympathising spirit; you can enter into my feelings in addressing you on a deeply interesting subject: you can pity my embarrassment, and I am sure will do all in your power to dispel it."

Frances bowed to the compliment, although it appeared an awkward sort of a compliment in a lover to tell a lady that "he was sure she would do all in her power to dispel his embarrassment." It was something like the observation of the Italian singer to a fair amateur, "Madam, I would give the world for your confidence!"

"Much as I delight in the pursuits of classic and literary lore," continued Mr. Clayton, "there are moments when I keenly feel the want of female companionship; of a kind eye that should behold my labours — of a soft voice that should approve them— of a tender heart that should sympathise in them." Frances pushed away her mathematical calculations; she felt quite sure that the proposal was at length coming. "I have fixed on this fair partner of my joys and sorrows," continued Mr. Clayton; "I am secure of her reciprocal sentiments, but I own I dread the disapprobation of my parents; I fear that they will not consider her inestimable treasures of personal charms and amiability of temper sufficient to counterbalance her inferiority to myself in fortune and talents."

There was much in this short speech to surprise and offend Frances; she knew herself to be a decided favourite with Clayton's parents, and wondered to hear the fact doubted; she also thought it highly presuming in her lover to boast of her reciprocal sentiments, very indelicate to allude to her want of fortune, and decidedly rude and calumnious to hint at her inferiority of abilities; however, there was one "cordial drop" to make this "bitter draught go down;" Frances was neither distinguished for "personal charms" nor "amiability of temper;" and no one had ever ventured on the glaring flattery of telling her that she was; she, therefore, was so gratified by the novel homage of her admirer, that she replied with tolerable complacency—"I had always hoped that I held a favourable place in the estimation of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton."

"You do, you do," interrupted Clayton eagerly, "and no one will be likely to reconcile them to my choice so well as yourself."

Frances was completely puzzled; she acknowledged her lover to be a profound mathematician, but she could not help deploring his inability to keep to a straight line; he had been very plainly and impolitely intimating to her that his parents would object to his attachment to her, and yet in the next breath he said that her persuasions alone would be likely to induce them to sanction his wishes. "Such a communication," she rejoined, after a pause, "would surely come with more delicacy and propriety from their son."

"It ought undoubtedly to do so," said Clayton, "but it has been too long delayed; I should have made the disclosure six months ago."*

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* To be continued.

SKETCHES OF JERUSALEM.

BY C. G. ADDISON, ESQ., OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

First appearance of Jerusalem—The Latin Convent—The Armenian Church—The Sepulchres of the Kings—The Church of the Holy Sepulchre—Pilgrims—The Brook Cedron—The Sepulchre of the Virgin—Garden of Gethsemane—The Sacred Olive Trees—The Mount of Olives.

Ecco apparir Gerusalem si vede,
Ecco additar Gerusalem si scorge.
Ecco da mille voci unitamente
Gerusalemme salutar si sente.—*Tasso.*

November 20.—An hour before sunrise I left the poor and almost deserted village of Bir, and, accompanied by the Greek Pappas, the Damascus merchant, the Moslem women, and the humble pilgrims, I struck into the narrow, rocky, bridle-path leading to Jerusalem. It was a dark and gloomy morning; and the surrounding country, dimly seen by the faint twilight, presented a wild and solitary aspect. When the sun rose, we were in the midst of a bare, arid, treeless landscape. There was no water, and no vegetation; and the whole country, far and near, presented a desolate surface of rock, or a succession of undulating hills covered with loose, jagged, dark stones. The prophecies and predictions of the olden time appear, indeed, to have been wonderfully and fearfully brought to pass; all things are "utterly consumed from off the land, man and beast, and the fowls of heaven." The desert between Damascus and Palmyra was cheerful by comparison, for there the little burrowing d'jerboas, or an occasional herd of gazelles, enlivened the solitude of the wilderness; but here, within a short distance of Jerusalem, no animated object was anywhere to be seen over the wide-extended landscape; and truly in the prophetic language of Jeremiah, "I beheld, and lo, there was no man, and all the birds of the heaven were fled."

We toiled, a long and slowly moving cavalcade, over a rough road, amid jagged masses of rock, against which the horses and mules were constantly tumbling. A few olive trees, scattered along the sides of some distant hills, were the only symptoms of vegetation, except the few dried-up herbs and scattered clumps of camel thorn, which here and there found a scanty subsistence upon the rocky sterile soil. We ascended a lofty hill, and saw in the distance the long ridge of mountains bounding the great desert, and skirting the edge of the plain of Jericho. Through an opening in the barren eminences over which we rode, we caught, for a short time, a glimpse of a distant plain, which, from the blue mists that were hovering over it, presented an exact resemblance to a large lake.

The bright sunny weather we had so long enjoyed had now left us; dark, driving clouds flitted across the heavens, the wind blew cold, and howled fearfully among the rocks, and we approached Jerusalem through one of the wildest, gloomiest scenes of desolation I ever witnessed.

After riding for nearly three hours through the same dreary and solitary country, throughout which the dwelling of man was nowhere visible, we ascended a slight eminence, and the landscape then began to unbend and relax a little of its stern and barren aspect. Olive woods were seen in front, and above a short screen of refreshing foliage appeared a white cupola, which was immediately hailed as *El Khobbs! Jerusalem!* Pushing our horses onwards to the summit of the neighbouring hill, behind which, in our advance, the small portion of the city had disappeared, we suddenly came upon a scene, imposing from its contrast with the country we had lately traversed, and certainly one of the most interesting in the whole world. Above the olive woods in front, seated on an eminence, appeared a line of houses, domes, and minarets, conspicuous among which, and high above all, were the white cupola of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the dark dome of the mosque of Omar. To the left of these rose the Mount of Olives, a lofty and picturesque hill, scattered over with olive trees, and crowned with a mosque and a christian church.

We descended to the olive groves, and, after passing several sepulchral excavations in the adjoining rocks, we came to a long range of stone battlemented Saracenic walls, and entered the city of Jerusalem by a lofty Saracenic gateway, called the *Bab el Scham*, or "the Damascus gate." We then traversed a narrow street, between dark gloomy buildings of stone, which were furnished with a few narrow windows, with pointed arches stuck here and there without any order or arrangement. The dulness of the day, and the gloomy silence and desertion of the streets, presented a most saddening and melancholy spectacle. The rain began to patter upon the stones, and the clouds, chased along by the wind, threw a mournful obscurity over every object. A few Arab women, shrouding themselves under the porch of a mosque, and here and there a solitary Turk gathering his scanty garments tight about his meagre person, and seeking shelter from the blast, were the only objects visible in the silent and deserted city.

"How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people? how is she become as a widow; she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary?"

"How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger, and cast down from heaven to earth the beauty of Israel?"

"The Lord hath caused the solemn fasts and the sabbaths to be forgotten in Zion, and hath despised, in the indignation of his anger, the king and the priest."

"All that pass by clap their hands at thee, saying, Is this the city that men call *the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?*"

Truly we may now reply—"The Lord hath done that which he devised; he hath fulfilled his word that he commanded in the days of old: he hath thrown down, and hath not pitied; and he hath caused thine enemy to rejoice over thee."

After traversing various dark and narrow streets, we arrived at the Latin Convent, where I was introduced to a venerable monk, with a long beard and a shaven crown, and was conducted by him through various long white-washed passages to the apartment of the superior, a handsome room wainscoted with Spanish oak. In an arm-chair, surrounded by a group of monks, sat the venerable chief of the convent, a jolly lively old man, very agreeable and very courteous. He inquired eagerly for news; wanted to know what the English House of Commons had been doing of late, and he informed me, with an air of consequence and satisfaction, that he was a British subject, being a Maltese. The monks insisted upon my swallowing some brandy and rosolio, which were handed round by one of the brotherhood in tiny glasses. A worthy and hospitable friar, with a bunch of keys in one hand and a basket in the other, then conducted me to a house, called the "*casa nuova,*" or the new house, an edifice lately purchased by the convent for the reception of strangers and pilgrims. Here I was accommodated with a square white-washed room, opening upon a wooden gallery, and furnished with a worm-eaten bedstead, a deal table, and two chairs.

A lively, talkative Frenchman, a guest at the convent, dressed in a pea-green jacket, blue striped trousers, and a cocked hat, offered himself to me as a cicerone, and finding him intelligent, I agreed to avail myself of his services immediately after breakfast.

At eleven o'clock, accompanied by the Frenchman, I sallied forth into the town; the wind blew in gusts, and showers of rain were continually falling. We passed through some deserted and gloomy streets, and then traversed a wretched bazaar, canopied over head with strips of tattered canvass, and bordered on either side by paltry shops, some of which exposed a few roots and withered vegetables, shrivelled figs, or musty beans, for sale; and others, tawdry cottons, or soiled second-hand clothes. The rain beat through my umbrella, and in dirt and discomfort we trudged up and down hill, through scenes of poverty and wretchedness, over stones, and through mud, until we at last arrived at the Armenian church, situated upon Mount Zion. We crossed a paved court, and putting aside a warm crimson silk curtain, which hung down before an arched doorway, great was my astonishment to find myself suddenly transported from the mean miserable streets of Jerusalem into the richest and most gorgeously ornamented building I had seen since leaving the cathedral church of St. John at Malta. The walls were surrounded by pictures, the floor was covered with rich warm Turkey carpets, and the vaulted ceiling was supported by square pillars, covered with Dutch tiles, painted blue, and inscribed with crosses and holy devices. From this ceiling, suspended by cords, hung numerous large ostrich eggs, stained with different colours; and around the edifice extended richly adorned marble altar-pieces, and small chapels hung with lamps, and richly decorated with tortoise-shell inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Numerous reverend old Armenians, with long white flowing beards, were kneeling barefoot around the altars, and the gloom of the day, the dim soft light shed around from the silver lamps, the low chant of the priest, and the moaning of the wind through some broken casements, produced a most powerful and imposing effect.

We crossed the carpeted floor, and arrived at a beautiful little marble chapel, the doors of which were covered with tortoiseshell, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, worked into patterns of flowers of exquisite beauty, taste, and gracefulness. In a small recess, lined with marble, and hung with massive silver lamps, all burning, a small circle of inlaid tortoiseshell and mother-of-pearl on the marble floor was pointed out by the credulous Armenians as the identical spot where St. James was beheaded; and my Greek servant, kneeling down, crossed himself, and kissed it most reverently and devoutly! Above hung a picture representing the head of the martyr. There are three altars in this beautiful little sanctuary, gorgeously ornamented, and furnished with sacred vessels of gold and silver, for sacrifice.

On entering another small side-chapel, we were shown a much esteemed picture, representing the Day of Judgment, and the sad fate of the damned, who were rolling in a sea of fire, poked and stirred by legions of devils. The floor under the carpets is of rich mosaic, the walls are covered with Dutch tiles, and the richness and magnificence of the building were astonishing. It is remarkable that the Christians, the most despised race of all, excepting the Jews, in this land of oppression and persecution, should be able to preserve this wealth, this tortoiseshell, silver, and mother-of-pearl, from the hands of the avaricious rulers of the country. All the pillars, the sacristy, the portals of the doors, and great portions of the walls, are covered with blue porcelain tiles. In this church they exhibit three stones regarded as most holy and sacred relics. One they affirm to be the identical stone on which Moses broke the tables of the law; another, the stone on which Jesus stood in the river Jordan, when he was baptized by St. John; and the third, they say, is a stone brought from the holy mountain of the Transfiguration!

When the rain ceased, we passed along some dull streets, and went out of the city, by the Damascus gate, to visit the sepulchres of the kings. We passed through a grove of thinly-scattered olive trees, and over a stony district covered with small square fragments of Mosaic pavement, the *débris* of the ancient city. Jerusalem appears to have extended for near a mile to the northward of the present walls, and near the extremity of this mile are numerous ancient sepulchral excavations, which seem to have been placed on the outskirts of the ancient town. After passing several of these, we descended by a narrow pathway into a hollow excavated in the rock, at the upper end of which was a long subterranean portico adorned with some ancient architectural decorations. This portico opens on a series of subterranean chambers, which, from their elegance, magnitude, and extent, have been called "the sepulchres of the kings," and are supposed to be the royal caves mentioned by Josephus. Our guides produced and lighted several wax candles, and we then groped our way along a narrow subterranean passage, over stones and sand, to the first chamber, which is about seven yards square, and most exactly proportioned. Beyond this first room are six others, to some of which we descended by several steps. In most of these rooms are sepulchral niches, and in the niches are fragments of the stone sarcophagi which once contained the dead bodies. Among them I observed some pieces of white marble sculptured with leaves and flowers. These sepulchral chambers were originally closed with stone doors, similar to those seen in the baths and in the court of the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra. They are of one solid block of stone cut into wainscot compartments, and turn on stone pivots grooved in the rock. The last of these sepulchral chambers is the handsomest of all; the corners of the room are adorned with pilasters, and the walls are sculptured with the leaves and branches of the vine, as are also the stone sarcophagi contained within it.

In the absence of any authentic account concerning these sepulchres, they have been dubbed by antiquity hunters "the sepulchres of the kings," so often alluded to in the Old Testament.

"Howbeit they buried him in the city of David, but not in the sepulchres of the kings."

"So Uzziah slept with his fathers, and they buried him with his fathers, in the field of the burial which *belonged* to the kings."

"And Ahaz slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the city, even in Jerusalem; but they brought him not into the sepulchres of the kings of Israel."

"And Hezekiah slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the *chiefest* of the sepulchres of the sons of David."—Chron. passim.

As these are the most extensive and the most richly adorned of all the countless sepulchral excavations about Jerusalem, there is good reason for giving them the appellation they have received; and if that appellation be correct, the last room, which contains so great a number of receptacles for dead bodies, and is adorned with so many elegantly carved decorations, is undoubtedly "the chiefest of the sepulchres," and the one in which king Hezekiah was buried.

On our way back to the city we picked up quantities of small fragments of mosaic pavement, of the same kind as that I have found on the sites of all the old Roman towns. On the outskirts of the olive grove I was shown a subterranean ancient tomb, which had for a long time been inhabited by a sick and infirm old man, and by the side of a vaulted subterranean passage I observed a white marble sarcophagus, which was very handsomely sculptured. As we drew near the *Bab el Scham*, or "Damascus gate," a small grot was pointed out near the walls of the city, as the dungeon in which Jeremiah was imprisoned by order of Zedekiah king of Judah, and from whence he was released by Ebed Melech, the Ethiopian, who "drew up Jeremiah with cords, and took him up out of the dungeon!"—Jer. xxxviii.

On my return home I was informed that at four o'clock one of the monks would call to conduct me to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and I employed the intermediate time in looking over some of the accounts which have been written to prove that the marble sarcophagus there shown is really the tomb of our Lord—a fact which, in the estimation of the worthy monks, it is the height of impiety to deny, as they are, say they, in possession of documentary evidence amounting to proof positive on the subject.

The tomb of our Saviour, according to the monkish authorities, was discovered and enclosed in a building by the primitive Christians forty-six years after the destruction of the city by Titus. This building was afterwards wrested from their hands and converted into a Temple of Venus by the Emperor Hadrian; but, on the conversion of Constantine to Christianity, the pious Empress Helena, his mother, on her pilgrimage to the Holy Land, erected a large church on the spot, and enclosed within it the identical marble sarcophagus alleged to be the tomb of Jesus Christ. There has been a world of discussion upon the subject, but unfortunately the minute identification of every place and thing by the monks and priests, down to the pots and pans mentioned in the gospel narrative, naturally predisposes the mind to be very credulous, and to listen with great doubt to all the priestly assertions and testimonies upon the subject. St. Mark simply tells us that Joseph laid the body of our Saviour "in a sepulchre which was hewn out of the rock, and rolled a stone to the door of the sepulchre."

At the appointed hour I proceeded with the worthy monk to the consecrated church, and after traversing some narrow dark winding streets, up and down hill, we descended some steps, and entered a large open court in front of a massive and venerable pile of buildings, flanked by a square bell tower, and surmounted by two large domes of imposing appearance. Directly in front was a large doorway forming the principal entrance to the church, and the area in front of the building was entirely filled with a motley collection of individuals who were selling rosaries of carved date stones and mother-of-pearl crucifixes of all sizes, mother-of-pearl shells neatly carved, and representing the crucifixion, the birth of our Saviour, the annunciation to the Virgin, and other sacred subjects, well executed in bas relief. It was a complete auction, and the greatest noise, bustle, and confusion prevailed among the venders of the different wares and their customers, some of whom appeared to be quarrelling and fighting over their goods; and the scene generally was far from being in unison with the feelings one naturally experiences when about to enter for the first time the great christian church of Jerusalem.

The first object that I encountered in passing through the porch of the church was my old friend and fellow traveller, the Greek Pappas, who was now dressed in full canonicals, and was quite an imposing figure. In his hand he held a long staff, and a dark purple robe was wound round his person; his head was covered with a tall black priest's hat without any brims to it, and from his neck hung suspended a large silver crucifix. He was kneeling on the marble pavement with his hands clasped in prayer, and he occasionally stooped and kissed a large slab of marble, which I was informed was the identical stone whereon Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus placed the body of Jesus, when "they wound it in linen clothes with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury!"—John xix. At each end of this stone were placed three enormous silver candlesticks, which, with the candles they contained, appeared from ten to twelve feet in height. Numerous pilgrims, in long beards and in humble attire, were kneeling with devout reverence around the sacred stone, and seven massive silver lamps, hanging from above, shed a pale and softened light upon the interesting scene. It was quite a picture. From the wall behind projected two richly gilded balconies, and between them two large pictures were dimly seen, the one representing the anointing the body of our Saviour, and the other the taking down from the cross.

The reverend monk, now pointing to a door to the left of the vestibule, requested me to enter "the church of the Holy Sepulchre." We passed onwards into a vast circular hall, surrounded by a spacious and lofty dome of a hundred and fifty feet in height, and fifty-eight feet in diameter, surrounded by sixteen columns supporting a circular gallery. At the instant of our entrance a fine organ and a full choir of voices pealed along the aisles of the adjoining Catholic church, and the solemn melody swelled with thrilling effect through the columns and along the vaulted roof of the spacious dome. We paused, and the reverend monk pointed in a dignified and solemn manner to a little marble structure rising from the pavement under the centre of the dome, which he informed us was the sacred chapel, enshrining within its walls the tomb of Jesus Christ. We crossed the marble pavement, and paused for a moment before a lofty richly-painted screen, which divides the church of the Holy Sepulchre from the chapel of the Greeks. From the top of this screen was suspended a vast sheet of silk stretched on cords, which were carried across to the top of the marble entrance of the small sanctuary, containing the sacred tomb, thus forming a magnificent silken canopy overhead from the door of the Greek church to the entrance of the "holy sepulchre." We proceeded onwards to some marble steps, which we ascended, and then traversed a small marble platform between a lofty row of wax candles, standing in silver candlesticks. Stooping down, we passed through a low marble chamber illuminated by sixteen silver lamps, which were suspended from the ceiling by silver chains. A cornice supported on small marble columns extended around the sanctuary, and the pavement was composed of inlaid marbles of various and beautiful colours. In the centre of this small chamber the worthy monk pointed out to me a mass of marble used as an altar, which he authoritatively asserted to be the self-same stone which "was rolled to the door of the sepulchre," and on which sat the angel who announced to Mary Magdalen, and Mary the mother of James and Salome, the joyful tidings of the resurrection—"He is risen, he is not here: behold the place where they laid him!"

We now took off our shoes, and prepared to enter the second sanctuary, which, it is averred, is the very chamber hewn in the rock, but cased with marble, in which the body of our Saviour was placed! A curtain was drawn aside, and, on stooping to enter a low doorway, the scene that presented itself was imposing to a degree. The interior of the sanctuary was clouded with the wreathing smoke of burning incense, and the air was loaded with perfume. Forty lamps of massive gold, or of silver gilt, the presents of as many different European potentates, suspended by chains of like material from the ceiling, diffused a brilliant but softened light throughout the marble chamber, and around a marble sarcophagus placed at the side of the sanctuary. On the right of the doorway extended a row of lighted wax candles, placed in richly chased candlesticks, and leaning against the opposite marble wall was seen a tall, motionless figure, habited in a long black robe; his hands were folded across his breast, and he held within them a long white wand. The pealing organ was still faintly heard, and the voices of the choir dying away in the distance. The old monk knelt by the side of the marble tomb, and, influenced by a thousand varied emotions, I placed myself by his side. What matters it that I did not believe that the tomb before me was that of our Saviour, or that the marble sanctuary was the sepulchre in which he was laid? I was in a christian church in the heart of Jerusalem, and at all events but a little way removed from the spot where Jesus Christ suffered on the cross, and offered himself as a sacrifice for mankind.

It has been urged by those who have pointed the shafts of sarcasm with the greatest force against the practices of the monks and priests at Jerusalem, upon the credulity of pious pilgrims, that it is perfectly impossible that the marble sarcophagus here shown can be other than a cheat, as it is totally irreconcilable with the account given of the mode of our Lord's sepulture by the Evangelists. In this I apprehend they are mistaken; there is no such contradiction as amounts to an impossibility; true it is, that a marble sarcophagus is not expressly mentioned in the New Testament as having been the receptacle of the body of our Saviour; but every one who has had an opportunity of examining the tombs in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, and of this part of the world generally, must have observed that the sepulchral chambers, hewn out of the rock, appear to have contained a sarcophagus of marble, granite, or other stone, in which the body is placed as in a coffin. This was the case generally in the East, and particularly among the ancient Egyptians, whose sarcophagi are more familiar to us in England than those of any other eastern nation, and are to be found in abundance in all our principal museums. Mankind in times past paid more attention to the mansions of the dead than is customary with the present generation, and nothing was of more common occurrence, as we find from the sepulchral inscriptions at Palmyra and elsewhere, than for a man of wealth or consideration to plan, arrange, and decorate his tomb, previous to his death. Thus in 2 Chron. chap. xvi. "They buried him (Asa) in his *own sepulchres*, which he had made for himself in the city of David;" and St. Matthew tells us that when Joseph had taken the body of Jesus, "he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in *his own new tomb*, which he had hewn out in the rock." This was the usual sepulchral chamber which was, no doubt, provided with the customary stone sarcophagus, or coffin, for containing the body. That a sarcophagus is not mentioned in the scriptures is no argument for its non-existence. For we might, on reading an account of the body of a king of England having been placed in a stone vault under a church, as well argue that there was no leaden coffin, because it did not happen to be expressly named.

The priests here, of all sects, who have the custody of the sacred relics, allege that the floor of the church has been planed down below the level of the original sepulchral chamber, and the rock so cut away all round as to leave only a thin wall of rock, forming the sides of the chamber, which has been cased with marble as we now see it; and the sarcophagus within, say they, remains in the same state, standing within the chamber, as when first found. The lid of it is rent into two pieces; this is affirmed to have been done at the resurrection! Although there is no impossibility in all this, yet the improbability is indeed *great*, and the history certainly draws too strongly on our credulity to gain much credit with Protestants, who put no faith in the numerous miracles brought forward by the monks and priests in support of their assertions.

On leaving the little chapel of the Holy Sepulchre we proceeded to the Catholic church, which opens upon the northern side of the circular hall. Vespers were not yet concluded. The organ still sent its thrilling notes through the vast building, and the hymn of praise still re-echoed along the vaulted roof. I joined the small congregation in front of the altar, and remained for some time listening to the music, and to the prayers that were occasionally chanted. The service at last ceased, and some venerable monks, with long snow-white beards, holding rosaries and crucifixes in their hands, approached, and informed me, in Italian, that they were about to visit in procession the holy places contained within the precincts of the church, and asked me if I would favour them with my company. To this I saw no objection, and immediately replied in the affirmative. I was, however, hardly prepared for the sequel. A wax candle, half as tall as myself, was brought and placed in one of my hands, and a book containing the Latin service which was to be performed in the other. The monks and friars then collected together from all quarters, each armed with wax candles, and furnished with little books, and I thus unexpectedly found myself attached to a grave and solemn Roman Catholic procession. It was too late to retreat; so, following the example of the rest, I lighted my candle, opened my book, and moved off with the holy brotherhood, who all commenced a long and most lugubrious chant. On entering the large circular hall I encountered my servant, who was walking about with an Egyptian soldier. The lad stared at me and my candle with stupid astonishment, and I had great difficulty in preventing myself from betraying an unseasonable levity on the occasion.

Headed by crucifixes, and a large image of our Saviour upon the cross, we visited in succession all the sanctuaries, and first halted at "the pillar of the flagellation," a small piece of which is pretended to be shown! Here the monks chanted the appointed hymn, which concluded thus: —

"Se dat percutientibus,
Ut flagelletur acriter:
Sic Patris iram leniens;
Dat suis vitæ aditum. Amen."

An old monk then repeated in a loud voice —"Apprehendit Pilatus Jesum, et flagellavit, ac tradidit eis ut crucifigeretur."

A long Latin hymn was then sung, after which we all knelt down with book and candle in hand, and a Latin prayer was repeated. We then rose, and went in solemn procession to a cell called "the prison of

Christ," where it is alleged he was secured previous to the crucifixion! Here we again drew up, and the monks chanted another hymn, commencing

" Jam crucem propter hominem
Suscipere dignatus est,
Deditque suum sanguinem,
Nostræ salutis pretium," &c.

This was a very long hymn, and at the end of it a monk repeated in a loud voice, " Ego te eduxi de captivitate Egypti, demerso Pharaone in mari rubro: et tu me tradidisti huic carceri obscuro!" &c. Then we had another prayer, after which the line of procession was again formed, and, headed by crucifixes and wax candles, we moved on to a small chapel, which is called " the place of the division of Christ's garment!" Here we halted again, and sang another hymn, which ended thus:—

" Precamur ergo cernui
Te Creatorem sæculi,
Jam sic privatus vestibus
Nos indue virtutibus. Amen."

And, after the usual recitative and prayers, we proceeded along a vaulted passage, and descended some steps into a gloomy, damp, subterranean chapel, having an altar at one end, adorned with some dirty wax candles, and pieces of tinsel. Here we formed ourselves into a circle, and by the hymn that was commenced I found that we were now arrived at the spot where, say the monks, the true cross was found by the pious empress Helena, together with two others that had been manufactured by Jewish malignity to confound the devout Christians. She, however, it is said, discovered the true one by means of a miracle, or by scourging and torturing the Jews! The monks thus began in praise of the true cross:—

" Crux fidelis inter omnes
Arbor una nobilis:
Nulla silva talem profert
Fronde, flore, germine:
Dulce lignum, dulces clavos,
Dulce pondus sustinet," &c.

Thus we continued singing hymns and repeating prayers at all the sanctuaries. We halted at the " column of the crowning," which, it is asserted, marks the spot where the Jews " platted a crown of thorns and put it on his head, and a reed in his right hand!" Here we had a long hymn, after which an old monk loudly ejaculated—" Ego dedi tibi sceptrum regale, et tu capiti meo imposuisti spineam coronam—

' Plectentes coronam de spinis,
Posuerunt super caput ejus.' "

Then came the prayer, which being finished, we again moved onwards. The worst part of the ceremony was now to come, for we were all requested to take off our shoes; after which we ascended by a narrow staircase to the upper portion of the church, which they call

Mount Calvary! the monks chanting the appropriate hymn. We passed through a chapel, and visited in succession a piece of a rock, with a hole in it, in which they assert that the cross was erected, and a small crack which, they gravely assure us, is a rent made in the rock by the earthquake at the crucifixion!! I was heartily tired of the procession, and in sad fear lest I should be laid up with a fever, in consequence of standing barefoot on the cold pavement of the church. I was obliged, however, to listen to a long Latin extract from the New Testament, descriptive of the crucifixion, and after this to a prayer, which being finished, I was rejoiced to see the monks in advance move down stairs, and put on their shoes.

The business, however, was not yet finished, for we now proceeded to the vestibule of the church, and ranged ourselves round " the stone of unction " before described, where a hymn, recitative, and prayer, were all solemnly gone through; and the same thing was done at the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, after which the candles were puffed out, and my candle and book were both presented to me, with a request that I would preserve them as a memorial.

On quitting the church, I hurried home through the streets, which were wet and dreary. The rain poured in torrents, and not an animated object was visible save a solitary jackass, driven by a boy. On arriving at the Casa Nuova, I found that my small apartment had been neatly arranged by the worthy and hospitable monks, and I enjoyed, after a deprivation of many weeks, the luxury of a table and a looking-glass. Here I was annoyed by the Frenchman in the pea-green jacket, who actually invited himself to dine with me, and directed my servant to place a plate for him at the table,—an order which was, however, quickly countermanded. But he was not very easily to be abashed, for he walked in uninvited to the dessert.

Nov. 21.—I proceeded with the Frenchman through various dull streets of the city, sometimes among ruined houses, and sometimes over wide tracts of ground where there were no houses at all; at one time among heaps of brick and pottery, the ruins of modern buildings, and at another among huge fragments of stone, the remains of those ancient edifices which, in days of yore, were the pride and admiration of the once far-famed " daughter of Zion." We arrived at last at the city walls, and passed out of the gateway called Saint Stephen's gate. It is a narrow gateway, constructed of blocks of stone, which have been taken from the ruins of ancient edifices, and it is named after the martyr whom the Jews " cast out of the city and stoned him, calling upon God." For it was near this gate, say the Christians, that the cruel murder was perpetrated! We descended by a steep path the abrupt declivities of Mount Moriah into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and crossed the bed of the ancient brook Cedron by a stone bridge. The water flows along a deep channel worn in the rocks, but it is only in wet weather that there is any water at all; and throughout almost the whole of the year the stranger who is searching for the far-famed Cedron will see nothing but the narrow confined bed of a mere mountain-torrent. The common tradition current is, that the water finds a subterranean passage among the clefts of the rocks to the Dead Sea.

Immediately on crossing to the left bank of the torrent, we arrived at the vaulted entrance of a spacious subterranean chapel, called by the monks "the Sepulchre of the Blessed Virgin!" The entrance was protected by a strong iron gate, which was then open, and we descended a spacious marble staircase, through a vaulted passage hewn out of the solid limestone rock. A descent of about fifty marble steps, each step being twenty feet wide, conducted us to a series of vaulted chapels, from whose roofs depended numerous lamps, which shed a softened and subdued light over various marble altar-pieces, pictures, crucifixes, and images of departed saints. The floor was covered with a thick matting, so that the intruding footstep was scarcely heard; and the silence of the subterranean sanctuary was broken only by the low murmuring accents of some Armenian priests, who were kneeling in prayer around the supposed tomb of Mary, the mother of Jesus. They were surrounded by Armenian Christians and pilgrims, who had wandered on a long and toilsome journey from far-distant lands to offer up their prayers to the Virgin in this sanctuary, under the fond impression that her intercession on behalf of sinful mortals is all-powerful on high, and that their prayers will be the more surely granted when offered up from this consecrated spot, where it is supposed her mortal remains lie buried, and where it is fondly imagined that her sainted spirit regards with favour and satisfaction the zeal and piety of her devoted worshippers.

Besides the subterranean altar and chapel dedicated to the Virgin, there are three other vaulted chapels hung with lamps, in which, say the monks and priests, were buried St. Anna, St. Joachim, and St. Joseph! Each chapel has its altar handsomely decorated and furnished with crucifixes, pictures, and artificial flowers. It would be well if the catholic and Greek Christians would abolish the plan of sticking miserable daubs of paintings over their altar-pieces, representing scenes and incidents from the Gospel narrative. The imagination, left to itself undisturbed by sensible images, calls up ideal scenes and representations infinitely more agreeable and touching than those delineated on the walls by the rude and unskilful hand of the painter.

At what time and for what purpose this grotto was constructed, we have no satisfactory information. As none of the early christian writers have alluded to it as the tomb of the Virgin, we have pretty plain proof that the tradition did not in their times exist, and consequently strong reason for believing that the whole story is a juggle, contrived by the monks and priests to attract pilgrims. The first allusion to the grottos, as "the sepulchre of the Virgin," occurs in the writings of Adamnanus, the Irish monk, who quotes Arculfus, a writer of the seventh century, as his authority. Were it not for the expense and labour which the excavation must have cost, we might suppose that it had been constructed by the monks and priests themselves. But the more probable supposition is, that, like "the sepulchres of the kings," it was excavated to serve as a place of burial for some of the royal line of David, who were not buried in "the sepulchres of the kings," of which several are mentioned in Chronicles. There is Asa, son of Abijah king of Israel, whom the Jews "buried in *his own sepulchres*, which he had made for himself in the city of David, and laid him in the bed, which was filled with sweet odours and divers kinds of spices prepared by the apothecaries' art; and they made a very great burning for him." These grottos, it is true, could not have been within "the city of David," but the same may be said of the other sepulchral excavations which are all just outside the ancient walls. It is evident that it was not the custom of the Jews to bury within the walls,—an excellent practice, universally adopted by all people in hot countries; and therefore the words "in the city of David" must be taken generally as meaning that the persons mentioned were buried at Jerusalem, and nothing more.

Chateaubriand, in reference to this supposed "tomb of the Virgin," says, "Although Mary died not at Jerusalem, yet, in the opinion of many of the Fathers, she was miraculously buried by the apostles at Gethsemane." Enthymius, speaking of this marvellous funeral, tells us that St. Thomas having caused the coffin to be opened, nought but a virgin-robe, the simple garment of the queen of glory, was found within it!

After ascending once more into broad daylight, we crossed over the rocky path leading to the summit of the Mount of Olives, and we then arrived at a square plot of ground enclosed by a low rough wall of loose stones, and overshadowed by eight enormous olive trees which appear to be of very great antiquity. This is alleged to be the Garden of Gethsemane, "over the brook Cedron, to which Jesus ofttimes resorted with his disciples." A piece of ground, marked off from the rest of the garden, is confidently pointed out as the spot where our Saviour was betrayed by Judas, when the latter, "having received a band of men and officers from the chief priests and Pharisees, came thither with lanterns, and torches, and weapons." St. John xviii. It is called by the Italian monks "*la terra dannata*," or "*the accursed ground.*"

This is certainly a most interesting spot. It is near to the brook Cedron, and to the ancient road leading from the Mount of Olives into Jerusalem; and of all the tales and traditions treasured up among the pilgrims and ecclesiastics, this carries with it the greatest degree of probability. But here, again, the absurd minuteness of identification made use of only tends to throw an air of ridicule over the whole history. A ledge of rocks at the upper end of the garden is confidently pointed out as the very spot where our Saviour found the disciples "sleeping for sorrow," and "a stone's cast" from thence is a small excavation, called the grotto of Gethsemane, which is positively affirmed to be the identical spot where our Saviour "kneeled down and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done!" St. Luke. The grotto is covered by a small chapel, the keys of which are kept by the monks of the Latin convent.

The olive trees overshadowing this enclosed plot of ground appear to be of very great antiquity, and are held in the highest veneration by Christians of all sects, who positively affirm that they are the identical trees which stood on the spot in our Saviour's time! The trunks of the largest of these trees are of great size and of immense girth; they have become splintered and shrivelled with age, and are certainly great curiosities as vegetable productions.

Leaving the "Garden of Gethsemane," we traversed a steep path which ascends from the bed of the brook Cedron to the summit of the Mount of Olives. Numerous olive trees were scattered along the sides of the declivity, and around a mosque and convent, which crown the lofty eminence. We hurried impatiently to the highest point, and then, turning to the westward, a magnificent panoramic view of the whole of Jerusalem and of the surrounding country suddenly burst upon our sight.

The present city, with its churches, mosques, houses, gardens, and fortifications, lay extended immediately below, and the eye took in, at a bird's-eye view, every house and street, and almost every yard of ground. The scene was certainly very imposing, and the appearance of the city, with its domes and cupolas, and the minarets of the mosques, is from this point of view quite magnificent. The first objects which strike the eye are the two magnificent mosques occupying the site of Solomon's Temple. The one on the north is the celebrated mosque of Omar; that on the south is the Mosque El Aksa. They are close to that portion of the city walls which immediately borders on the Mount of Olives, and with the courts, porticos, and gardens attached to them, they occupy a fourth part of the whole place, and present a most imposing appearance. The town rises gradually above these, and the most prominent object beyond is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, with its two domes of striking aspect; the one being white, and the other almost black. Here and there a lofty tower or a tapering minaret rises above the gloomy stone houses of the natives. Of these the lofty tower or minaret said to be built on the site of the house of Pilate, with its galleries and Saracenic decorations, appears most prominently to the eye, and the minarets of Ben Israel, of the Seraglio, and the one said to be placed on the site of Herod's palace. Most of the private dwellings were covered with low domes, and my intelligent cicerone pointed out to me the different churches and convents, and a long range of stone buildings surmounted by small cupolas, which he said was a college of dervishes.

Altogether the city, as seen from the summit of the Mount of Olives, may be ranked as one of the finest of Oriental cities in its external aspect. A long line of battlemented walls, with their towers and gates, extends the whole way round the town, and a few cypresses and other trees throw up their leafy branches amid the porticos and gates of the mosques.

After the surprise and admiration which this prospect at first naturally excites has subsided, the bare, rocky, and desolate aspect of the surrounding country, and the solitude and silence of the city itself, most forcibly attract the attention. Neither in the streets, at the gateways, nor along the rocky mule-tracks leading therefrom, is there aught of life or animation. Some solitary woman, with her water-pitcher, climbing the craggy eminence, or some slowly moving pilgrims, are alone seen. The eye, on a closer scrutiny, discovers large tracts of open and waste ground within the walls, and many a ruined house and dilapidated building. There is none of the bustle and animation ordinarily perceptible about a large town. No moving crowds traverse the public thoroughfares; the ear strives in vain to catch the noise and hum of a large city, for such it appears to be;—all is strangely and sadly silent. "The noise of the whip, and the noise of the wheels, and of the prancing horses, and of the jumping chariots," are no longer heard in Jerusalem.

If we search for some carriage-road or great public thoroughfare leading from the provinces into the city, we shall discover nothing beyond a narrow rocky mule-path winding along the valley, and among the opposite precipitous elevations. We see no luxuriant foliage and verdant gardens watered by running streams, as at Naplous, and at Damascus, and at many other places to the northward; but on all sides bare rocks rear their sharp and craggy points, and a few wandering zig-zag paths lead between them. Everywhere around the city is extended a wild and solitary country, and to the eastward the eye ranges over the summits of bare arid elevations, and at last rests on the lofty and majestic ridge of blue mountains bordering the Dead Sea.

> "Ma fuor la terra intorno e nuda d'erba,
> E di fontane sterile, e di rivi;
> Ne si vede fiorir lieta, e superba
> D'alberi, e fare schermo, ai raggi estivi.
>
> For bare of herbage is the country round,
> Nor springs nor streams refresh the barren ground.
> No tender flower exalts its cheerful head;
> No stately trees at noon their shelter spread."—*Tasso.*

Here, on the summit of the Mount of Olives, we may legitimately indulge in the varied associations and recollections which the surrounding landscape is so eminently calculated to draw forth. Here, undisturbed by the doubts which must invade every mind with regard to the identity of the different sacred places pointed out below, we can leisurely survey the whole prospect, and take in at a glance the theatre of the great events in Jewish history, and of all the interesting circumstances attending the close of our Saviour's life. On that consecrated enclosure immediately beneath our feet once stood the gorgeous temple of "the wisest of kings," and in place of the clear deep chant of the muezzin, which is the only sacred music now heard proceeding from the spot, once issued the sublime sounds of praises and thanksgivings to the one true God, which accompanied the solemnities of the Jewish worship, when "the Levites, which were the singers, being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals, and psalteries, and harps, and with them an hundred and twenty priests, sounding with trumpets, were as *one*, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord, when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals, and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever."

Although the frail structures of man soon pass away, yet these rocks, and the neighbouring eminences upon which stood the ancient Jerusalem, "the city of David," still remain. Here, or shortly distant, must be the spot where "Jesus sat upon the Mount of Olives over against the temple," and all this ground he must oft have traversed, " for he was wont to go to the Mount of Olives, and his disciples with him."

After enjoying the interesting prospect, we entered the small mosque which crowns the summit of the lofty eminence; it is surmounted by a small dome thirty-five feet in height, and is flanked by a minaret. This little building is said to be the remains of the church of the Ascension, founded by Helena, the mother of Constantine. I entered a small courtyard, and was there shown an indentation in the rock, which is gravely affirmed to be the print of our Saviour's foot, left by him when he ascended from hence to heaven! Unfortunately, however, for the story-tellers, we are told by St. Mark that Jesus led the disciples out "as far as Bethany," where "he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." Bethany is nearly a mile distant, on the opposite side of the hill. Casts in wax and plaster are taken of this mark by the pilgrims, and carried home with them!

Close to the mosque are the remains of the ruined convent of St. Pelagia, which is said to be erected on the spot where the Virgin Mary received three days warning of the time of her death!

On my return to Jerusalem, a small ridge by the road-side, close to some olive trees, was shown to me, as the identical spot where our Saviour stood when he taught the disciples the Lord's Prayer, (Luke xi.); and, considerably below to the left, a ruined building, with a subterranean apartment, supported by twelve arches, where, it is said, the apostles compiled their creed!! On descending still further, a piece of ground, just above the Garden of Gethsemane, was positively affirmed to be the place where our Saviour wept over Jerusalem, and pronounced the prophecy of destruction, afterwards so strikingly and awfully fulfilled—" The days shall come upon thee that thine enemies shall cast a trench round about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side!" And here it was that the tenth legion of the army of Titus afterwards encamped.*

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* To be continued.

THE MARINERS OF THE POLLET.

BY MRS. GORE.

Closely adjoining the town of Dieppe in Normandy is a suburb called the Pollet, which, though divided from it by the estuary of a river scarcely half the width of the Thames, differs as completely from the parent town in manners and customs, dialect and costume, as the capital of England from that of Spain.

The Pollet is supposed by historians to have been colonised by the crews of vessels from some Mediterranean port;[*] the dialect of the Polletais, or Poltais, containing a number of Italian words, and resembling that of the Lazzaroni of Naples in idiom and pronunciation rather than the French language. Their original costume, also, is strictly Italian. Their bigoted superstition savours of Italian origin; while the barcarolles, with which the mariners mark the measure of their oars as the fishing-boats are rowed back into the harbour, might almost be mistaken for those of Venice; the letter *j* and *g* being pronounced by the Poltais, as by the Venetians, *z*.

The peculiarities of the tribe, thus strangely isolated, can of course have been preserved through succeeding ages, only by force of strong prejudice and extreme superstition. It was inculcated as a matter of religious observance among them from sire to son, that a Poltais must match with a Poltaise, and that any deviation of costume was an offence against the community. Accordingly, though a Poltais family might cross the harbour on the Sabbath to perform its devotions in the noble church of St. Remy, or the cathedral of St. Jacques, (the patron of the fishermen, of which the population of the Pollet is entirely composed,) yet, on occasions of such family celebrations as marriages or baptisms, they never failed to solemnise their rites in their own humble chapel of Notre Dames des Grêves—a temple which might pass, belfry and all, through the porch of either of the Dieppois churches without bowing its head. Though at times the town of Dieppe has arrived at high prosperity, and distinguished itself in the annals of the country, the Pollet has neither condescended to ape its fashions, nor to court, reflected from its face, a ray of royal sunshine or civic advancement. Mansions of considerable dignity have arisen in Dieppe worthy to afford shelter to Napoleon and the Duchesse de Berri, in their successive days of triumph; but the Pollet contains not a single house of mark, remaining composed (as in the days of the bombardment of Dieppe by the English in 1694) of a few narrow streets, inhabited by mariners and their families, and the petty tradesmen requisite to supply their wants. An ancient convent converted into a barrack, and a modern prison and house of correction, are the only buildings of consequence in the little suburb of the Pollet, which is comprised between the mouth of the harbour and the base of the chalky cliffs overlooking the junction of the river Dieppe with the sea.

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[*] In the letters patent, by which, in 1283, Philip III. ceded to the Archbishop of Rouen his crown lands in the Pollet, the place is styled "*Villa de Poleto.*"

Within a few years, indeed, the connexion between the town and suburb has been drawn closer by the construction of a *passerelle* or floating bridge, facilitating the intercourse of their respective inhabitants, long interrupted by the ruinous state of the ancient bridge of the Pollet. But till the middle of the last century the differences between the Poltais and Dieppois amounted almost to the feuds of rival factions. The former appear indeed to partake of the fiery particles of those Castilian children of the sun from whom they are supposed by many to have their origin; while, as an instance of the violence of their opinions and doggedness of their obstinacy, it is related that D'Aubigne, archbishop of Rouen, coming to preach at the church of St. Remy in Dieppe, after having suspended from his duties one of the vicars of the Pollet, suspected of inclining towards the reformed church, the Poltais, not choosing to be confessed by any but their favourite priest, proceeded in a body to the church, clambered up the rails of the chancel, and, with vehement threats and imprecations, drove the archbishop from the celebration of the mass into the sacristy. In the sequel the prelate was compelled to restore the officiating vicar to his office, having departed furtively from the town in the dread that the contumacious Poltais might execute their threat of seizing the archbishop and flinging him into the harbour over the bridge of the Pollet, which he must traverse in order to proceed to his visitations in Normandy.

About the year 1800 a small house in the Grande Rue of this curious suburb was in the possession of a family of the name of Crosnier, by one of whose forefathers it was constructed nearly two centuries before. Pierre Crosnier, the father, was accounted in his neighbourhood a wealthy man, being proprietor, not only of the aforesaid solid dwelling-house of stone, consisting of two stories and a *grenier*, but of a fishing-smack, known by the name of the Belle Gabrielle, esteemed the best weatherboat belonging to the port of Dieppe. The Crosniers were, in fact, a prosperous generation. It was recorded that the dwelling in the Pollet, having been completed scarcely twelve months before the great bombardment, by which the town was destroyed, and the principal inhabitants deprived of shelter, was hired at a high price by one of the notables as a refuge for his family during the reconstruction of his own; and that, on quitting it two years afterwards to take possession of his new residence in the Rue de l'Epée, the tenant marked his satisfaction towards his host, by endowing him with the household furniture wherewith he had replenished his abode. This might account for Crosnier's possession of two richly-carved *armoires*, or cupboards of oak, and two old-fashioned beds of walnut wood, with a set of high-backed chairs and cumbrous tables to match, which, together with a huge screen of gilt leather gracing the parlour, still commanded the admiration of the Pollet. But we must look to more recent sources of prosperity as the origin of the prodigious supply of household linen filling the *armoires* in question; to say nothing of the twelve clumsy *couverts d'argent*, and soup-ladle and coffee spoons of the same material, which distinguished the board of Jacques Crosnier from those of his less wealthy brother mariners. The family was not only well to do in the world, but appeared uniformly prospered by the same good luck. It was calculated in the harbour that finer turbots were despatched to the Paris market by the owner of the Belle Gabrielle, than by all the other fishermen of the Pollet; and the first haul of mackerel for the season, and first freight of herrings, was sure to reach the port from the nets of Pierre Crosnier.

The fisherman's family consisted of two sons; the elder, Jacques, being named after the holy patron of his calling, and the younger, Maxime, after his grandfather. His helpmate was a jolly soul, some four feet in circumference, whose ruddy brown complexion and comely countenance proclaimed that in her earlier days she had shared the toils of her husband, exposed to the scorching sun as retailer of his wares in the fish market. But Madame Crosnier enjoyed a distinction far beyond that conferred by her comely face, or the rich garniture of Valenciennes lace in which it was enveloped; or even by her rights as wife to a thriving house and shipholder. Madame Crosnier was, according to continental phrase, "*née Pierrette Bouzard,*" being daughter, sister, and aunt to those three remarkable mariners of Dieppe, who having, as pilots of the port, preserved from shipwreck and other maritime disasters more lives than the Hôtel Dieu has saved by its medicaments, were honoured by Napoleon with golden medals, commemorating their prowess, and the free gift of a substantial dwelling-house, erected on the jetty for their hereditary use, and bearing the inscription, "*Don de la patrie.*"

The brother of Pierrette had even appeared at the court of Louis XVI. to receive from the hands of Marie Antoinette the cross of St. Louis as a reward for his services: and on his return from this visit to Versailles, honoured with the title of "*le brave homme*" by his royal hosts and their courtiers, Bouzard undertook the part of sponsorship for little Maxime Crosnier, now a flourishing lad of twenty-one.

On account, perhaps, of this auspicious circumstance, Maxime became a sort of pet in the family. It is true, the boy bade fair to emulate the renown of his maternal kinsfolk, having distinguished himself by exploits of courage and address in the harbour, at an age when most youngsters are clinging to their mothers' apronstrings. But Maxime, in his blue woollen jacket and woollen cap, and trousers of coarse canvass, was seen one moment clinging to the maintop of some Norwegian sloop, and the next diving to the bottom after some object flung overboard by the crew as an incentive to his attempts, till his adventurous spirit rendered him as great a favourite with the sailors of the Pollet, and the crews of the foreign merchantmen trading with Dieppe, as with his own parents.

The high spirit of Maxime was rendered more apparent by the inertness and taciturnity of his elder brother. Jacques Crosnier, though bred amid the perils and pastimes of seafaring men, displayed a natural distaste for his father's vocation, which grew with his increasing years. Old Bouzard, apprehensive, perhaps, that his grandson might in some case of emergency evince a want of hardihood discreditable to the family, at length backed the boy's entreaties to his father to be allowed to settle to some sedentary trade; and, after innumerable family dissensions, Jacques was apprenticed to an ivory-carver, (a trade which for three centuries past has afforded a monopoly to Dieppe, where, early in the sixteenth, it originated in the trade of the Dieppois with the gold coast, of which they were the first discoverers, their settlement being antecedent to those of the Portuguese.) In his new calling the sober youth displayed capacities for which he obtained little credit among his relations. A hardy, blustering race, they had no patience to see a fine likely lad weary out his days at a turning-lathe, or in scraping with a file at a slender piece of ivory, to form spillikens for the toyshops.

Even when, at the expiration of five years' close attention to his business, Jacques Crosnier was enabled to present to his mother, on her fête day, one of those full-rigged miniature frigates in ivory, which constitute the *chef d'œuvres* of the trade, together with two exquisitely carved figures of our Lady, and her patron Saint Peter, with his keys, to form a suite of ornaments for the mantelpiece of her state parlour, the jolly dame could not help attaching more value to the branches of coral and glossy shells brought home by Maxime from his first voyage to the West Indies, than to the elaborate productions of her more gifted first-born. Maxime, with his fine frank countenance and hearty disposition, still remained the favourite child.

Maxime, meanwhile, devoted to his brother the strongest affections of a warm and loving heart. Though the partiality injudiciously betrayed by their parents might afford some slight pretext for the envy and jealousy of the elder brother, it should have been disarmed by the generosity with which Maxime, disdaining to profit by his influence, seized every occasion of displaying to advantage the talents and industry of Jacques, and bringing forward to the notice of the family his claims and deserts; still, Maxime enjoyed the Benjamin's portion. It was Maxime whom the old folks called to their side when, on Sundays or fête days, the family proceeded together to dance at the *guinguettes* of Janval or Martin l'Eglise. It was Maxime's head on which, in childhood, they had been apt to bestow their first benediction; and it was Maxime's hand which, in dawning manhood, they sought as their support whenever there was rough work to be done, or a rough step to be overpassed.

Though strongly attached to the calling of his forefathers, Maxime's adventurous spirit could not long rest contented with the monotonous life of a Dieppe fisherman. Having succeeded in persuading his father that his place as simple mariner of Belle Gabrielle might be easily filled up, he obtained permission to embark on board a lugger freighted for Havre, whence it was easy to work a passage to the West Indies, with a view of improving his maritime experience, and seeing something of the world. From the West Indies Maxime Crosnier proceeded to New York, and previous to his return to his native town he had obtained such high testimonials for steadiness and good conduct, that two of the principal merchants of Dieppe, engaged in the North Western trade, contended to obtain his services at a higher rate of remuneration than had ever yet been offered on the quays of Dieppe. By the liberality of his father the same sum of money which had been advanced for the setting up in business of Jacques, was now bestowed upon him to invest in ventures presenting themselves in the course of his voyages; and the young man took leave of his parents for the second time in exuberant spirits, arising at once from his own happy prospects and the prosperous position of his brother.

For Maxime had successfully exerted his influence with his parents to obtain their sanction to the marriage of their elder son, whose *ateliers* as an *ivoirier* were established in the house adjoining their own in the Pollet; and though the young person to whom he had united himself was come of a family with which the Crosniers had been formerly at variance, the persuasions of Max, and the prudent deportment of Madame Jacques, prevailed in inducing the old people to admit the newly-married couple as inmates under their roof. One of the chambers of the second floor was assigned to their use, leaving the other still sacred to the goods and chattels left behind by Maxime on embarking for his voyage. The *ivoirier* repaired every morning to his workshop, slipping home for meals and an occasional chat with his demure bride: and the old people not only reconciled themselves to the addition to their household, but were cheered by the constant spectacle of happiness and affection.

" 'Thou hast done thyself an ill turn, lad, by introducing to thy father's hearthside two that are little inclined to advance thy interests in life," cried Bouzard to his nephew, when Max went to take leave of his friends previous to sailing. " A word in thine ear, Max, my boy, —thou wilt repent having given thy shoes to wear in thine absence to that bone-clipping brother of thine."

" Jacques hath as good a right as I to abide under my father's roof," replied Maxime; " nay, *more,*—since *he* hath a wife to maintain, while I (thank God) have at present no mistress save fine weather."

" Thou wilt have a master soon, if I have any skill to read the compass," cried Bouzard; " Jacques is a smooth-spoken chap, able to palaver the eyes out of a man's head; as thou wouldst have known long ago to thy cost, but for the favour thou seemest to have brought with thee into the world thou wert born to. But smooth as he is, Max, he hath taken to himself a mate with fifty-fold his own cunning and make-believe. If Madame Jacques don't get the length of my sister's foot before the year's out, my name is not Jean Bouzard!—Mark, I beseech, thee, Max, how artfully this woman hath already rigged herself from top to toe after the strictest fashion of a Poltais, instead of the gay fly-caps and body-gear she wore as a maiden; and, not a word from her lips *now*, forsooth, that a soul t'other side the harbour is likely to understand!—'Tis not natural, Max, in a Dieppoise to whistle her words Pollet fashion. As our song says,—

'Moi, ze fais ma ronde
En Pottais racourchi,
Et tout au bout du compte
Ze n'ai qu'un mélan ouït!'

But I'm plaguily mistaken if Madame Jacques don't get more as her portion by pretending love for the Pollet than a stale whiting, or even her lawful half of thy father's belongings."

"I'm not apt to judge harshly those who are loved by those I love," cried Maxime. "I warrant, uncle, you'll have changed your mind about my sister-in-law by the time I'm home again!"

It was Maxime, however, who was fated to change his mind. Scarcely had the Amphitrite sailed, when Madame Jacques, who, by dint of the most artful obsequiousness, was now high in favour with the narrow-minded old Madame Crosnier, began to insinuate that it was a lucky thing for Maxime he was forced by his profession from Dieppe; as another month's sauntering among the bosquets of the Faubourg de La Barre would have placed him at the mercy of a certain Mademoiselle Louise, a coquette of indifferent reputation, the daughter of Swiss refugees, who, after a life of adventure in Paris, were fain to hide their heads and their poverty at Dieppe,—probably with a view of escaping from their creditors by embarking for England.

Madame Crosnier heard and trembled! It had been for many years her favourite project to unite her darling son with the only daughter of one of her *commères* of the Pollet,—her fellow-labourer of old with the shrimping-net and the *chalut;* and now her evening companion over a cup of *café noir*, or a glass of *anisette.* That Max should not only defeat her plan, but think of introducing into an honest family of the Pollet some tripping foreign minx covered with ribbons and furbelows, caused a flush of indignation to overspread her bronzed cheeks.

"This then was the reason that the blockhead could never be persuaded to spend his Sundays at home with us!" cried Madame Crosnier; "and no one to warn me of the danger that was hanging over the family!—*s'apristée!*—to think that I might have had a daughter-in-law pretending to sup my soup in a flounced petticoat,—and, who knows—perhaps a silken bonnet cocked on the top of her empty head!"

"You would not have wished my husband to injure his brother by hinting what was going on?" inquired Madame Jacques, meekly.

"I would; and even now I will have him acquaint his silly boy of a brother in the letter he has undertaken to write for us to Max in the course of the winter, (for God knows Pierre Crosnier and I are better hands with the rudder and distaff than with pens and ink!) that when he comes back to Dieppe, he must make up his mind either never again to set foot in the house of this foreign hussey, or never to re-enter his father's. There's choice left him, Madame Jacques, and that's enough."

This denunciation was duly transmitted to his brother by Jacques Crosnier, who undertook at the same time to exert his influence with his parents to procure a remission of the sentence previous to Maxime's return. Yet so far was this engagement from being fulfilled, that neither the *ivoirier* nor his wife omitted a single occasion to poison the ears of the old people with rumours and anecdotes redounding to the discredit of Ma'amselle Louise. They even eventually admitted their apprehension that—according to the common reports of the neighbourhood—Maxime was actually pledged to marry the foreigner, and had only been restrained from communicating his intentions to his family by dread of prematurely provoking their opposition.

"He is only waiting," quoth the demure Madame Jacques, "till his ventures have prospered, ere he takes unto himself a wife of his own choosing."

"That shall be seen," cried old Pierrette, in a fury. "Our lady be praised! children have as yet no warrant in France for rebellion against their parents!"

And having arrayed herself in her richest Sunday cap and amplest petticoat of scarlet kersey, she set off across the *pont des écluses*, and up the *cours*, towards the Faubourg de la Barre; where, having attained the modest habitation of the widowed mother of Louise, she poured forth her denunciations—rendered almost inarticulate by the unusual effort of transporting her sixteen stone of solidity to the sunny slopes of La Barre. Had not the old lady's eyes been somewhat dazzled by the glare, as well as her respiration impeded by the exercise, she would have noticed that the fair and humble girl, who, by her industry as a sempstress, was supporting a venerable parent, was a far different being from the flaunting coquette described by her artful daughter-in-law. But after having called the saints to witness that neither she nor her husband would ever sanction the marriage-contract of their son Max with any but a Poltais, Madame Crosnier rushed forth again on her way homewards, without pausing to examine the result of her invectives, or the aspect of the Dumont family.

Overpowered by so strange an inbreak, the poor girl beloved by Maxime had in fact fallen senseless to the ground. Louise was a patient, laborious, gentle creature, the very person to have conciliated the regard of his mother, had she viewed her with unprejudiced eyes.

Madame Jacques's report of the engagement of the young couple meanwhile was a true bill—having been communicated in confidence to her husband by his brother, who intended to choose an auspicious moment at some future time for breaking the matter to his parents. But now, all hope of a favourable termination to the business was at an end. The Crosniers threatened their malediction in case of Maxime's perseverance; and the elder brother, satisfied that under such circumstances the high-spirited Max would neither complete nor relinquish his engagements with Louise, flattered himself that his junior must remain a bachelor to the end of his days, and that there would be no new rival to his influence in the Pollet.

The vessel in which Maxime Crosnier had departed was at length seen in the offing, waiting for the tide that was to enable her to enter the harbour. According to the custom of the place, a pilot-boat instantly put off to communicate to the Dieppois captain the events that had occurred in the town during his absence; which *he* alone was privileged to announce to his crew: for while the deepest anxiety prevails on board a French homeward-bound ship among husbands waiting to know the welfare of their families, and children dreading to learn the loss of their parents, the men are summoned one by one to the cabin, and informed by their captain of the good or ill news awaiting them on landing.

As it happened, however, to be Jean Bouzard who, on the present occasion, hailed the Amphitrite, the captain consented to allow him the favour of a personal interview with his nephew, her second mate; and in a moment Maxime Crosnier was in the arms of his uncle.

"All's over for thee, lad," cried the mariner, after having satisfied the young man of the health of his family; "that which I predicted hath come to pass. A serpent hath knotted herself round thy mother's heart; and thou must prepare to give up all intercourse with thy *bonne amie*, Louise Dumont, or re-enter thy father's house no more—*et voilà!*"

Maxime's heart, which was still beating with the delight of being again pressed to the bosom of his kind good uncle, sank like lead at this afflicting announcement. Further explanations did but aggravate his despair.—"Thy foolish mother charged me to be the bearer of these evil tidings," said Bouzard. "Now thou art warned of the worst. Ask me for no counsel—for, on the soul of an honest seaman, Max, I know not how to advise thee, since I cannot guess how far thou art committed with the girl. But unless thou art minded to give her up, hazard no meeting at present with thy father and mother, for there is no saying to what extremities their vexation may urge them."

This declaration was soon painfully attested. Amid the hundreds who thronged the jetty to catch the first sight of the long absent ones, as the good ship the Amphitrite was towed into the harbour, no one came to welcome Maxime Crosnier. Louise and her mother were weeping silently at home. They dared not make their appearance on the quay, lest they should seem to confront the wrath of his parents; while Madame Crosnier and her spouse were watching anxiously, yet sullenly, from their window in the Pollet, waiting the event of their negotiation with their son.

The result was, that Maxime made no attempt to re-enter his father's abode. A tear sprang into his eye as he steered past the Belle Gabrielle in the harbour, and inferred, from the manner in which the good old craft lay neglected, that his father had no longer heart to superintend his property. But he slept that night under the roof of his uncle Bouzard, after spending an evening of intermingled joy and affliction with his affianced wife; and having learned in detail to what excess his parents were carrying their exasperation, entreated his uncle to acquaint them on the morrow of his determination to wait the influence of time upon their prejudices; but his fixed resolve to wed with no other wife than the excellent Louise Dumont.

Madame Crosnier, meanwhile, who, in spite of all, was burning with impatience to clasp her rebellious but darling son in her arms, would have been unable to persist in her obduracy, had not her insidious daughter-in-law laboured to convince her that the eyes of the Pollet were fixed upon her proceedings, expecting an example from her firmness. Madame Jacques had already succeeded in obtaining an express interdiction, on pain of paternal malediction, of all intercourse between Jacques and his brother, and now filled up every spare moment with reports of disrespectful language uttered by Maxime against his parents; and insinuations that, in the filial duty of her own little boy, the grandfather and grandmother would find consolation for the contumacy of their ungrateful son.

It is astonishing, when once a family feud is established, what pains are taken by neighbours, not otherwise ill meaning, to widen the breach! A few of the relations of the designing Madame Jacques—a few of the disappointed rivals of Maxime—a few of those who found it convenient to court the rising sun of the *ivoirier* and his wife,—and not a few who, for want of better employment, amused themselves with stirring up the wrath of old Pierrette,—contrived so bitterly to aggravate, in the course of the next six weeks, the ill-will of the parties, that Maxime, who had determined, previous to his return, to spend the winter at home, in order, if his parents' consent could be obtained, to solemnise his marriage with a wife whom the success of his ventures already afforded him the means of maintaining, now acceded to the proposals of the owner of the Amphitrite, and accepted the command of one of the fine vessels which were about to sail for the codfishery on the coast of Newfoundland.

It was noticed that on the week preceding the sailing of the little fleet, Maxime, as well as Madame Dumont and her daughter, were missing four days from Dieppe. Some said they were gone to Rouen on an excursion of pleasure; some said to Havre; and one or two, recollecting that Louise and her mother were of Swiss origin, whispered that perhaps Maxime Crosnier had suffered himself to be converted to the Reformed church; and that the young people were gone to get furtively married according to the rites of the Lutheran church, of which, in many cities of Normandy, there exist congregations.

It was fortunate for Maxime that he was already out of port before this rumour reached the ears of his parents, or even of his uncle Bouzard, who was a bigoted and superstitious Papist. But before Madame Jacques found occasion to repeat the tale, Maxime was gone, and the Dumonts gone also. The mother and daughter, having sold off their scanty furniture, had retired to the village of Argues, probably to be beyond reach of the animosity of the Crosnier family, and to subsist upon the funds left with them by Maxime.

It is not to be supposed that Jacques Crosnier (though his jealousy of his brother was stimulated a thousand fold by the unconcealed misery of his parents at losing sight of their favourite son) could consent without scruple to all the malpractices of his wife. It was only by pleading hypocritically the cause of the two infants of whom she was now the mother, and representing that, should Maxime once re-obtain a footing in his father's house, he would inevitably retaliate upon *them* and procure their expulsion,—that Madame Jacques obtained his co-operation. They had gone too far to recede; and he silenced his conscience by reminding himself that all stratagems were lawful to secure his brother's salvation, by preventing his marriage with a Protestant. Still, when at the close of the five months, which usually formed the limit of the absence of the Newfoundland fleet, Bouzard took his station every morning, glass in hand, upon the jetty, and announced that the *Terre-Neuviers* were not yet in sight, the heart of the elder brother began to wax heavy. Six months passed away—the seventh was advancing—and still no tidings. On the Exchange of Dieppe not a broker could be found to listen to the proposals of the owners. It was clear that the ships and their crews had come to misfortune. Bouzard was to be seen from sunrise to nightfal, watching upon the *falaise;* and old Crosnier and his wife spent their lives on their knees at the foot of the Calvary erected on the jetty. Already they had vowed an offering of a full rigged frigate in ivory to the shrine of Notre Dame des Grêves, in the event of Maxime's return; and would have rushed forward to clasp the truant in their arms, even had he presented himself holding the hand of a Protestant wife. But it was fated that Maxime should come no more. In the eighth month, a letter from Prince Edward's Island apprized the associated owners of the Newfoundland fleet, that, having been dispersed by a frightful storm, four of the vessels had reassembled in the most distressed condition, and with great difficulty made for the nearest port, to refit; the Pearl, the fifth vessel, having foundered at sea. Of the Pearl, the fated fifth, had Maxime Crosnier the command! The vessel had been seen for the last time, at nightfall on the 30th of December, battling with the rising tempest, and Maxime was then on the deck, encouraging the men, and exerting unexampled energies in working his dismasted ship. On the arrival of the Terre-Neuviers in the harbour, amid the acclamations of multitudes who had dreaded never to behold their entrance into the port of Dieppe, it was a sad thing to see the widows and orphans of those who were lost in the Pearl, crowding to interrogate their surviving comrades; and obtaining from *all* the same answer, that the poor Pearl could not have lived half an hour in such a sea as that of the 30th of December, after she had been last seen by her convoy.

No one, however, appeared to make further inquiries after Max! Old Crosnier was on his deathbed, and his family in anxious attendance upon his last moments; and it was noticeable that though the tidings of the loss of his son had broken the heart of the old man, so obstinately did he cling to the hope of Maxime's survival, to reappear at some future moment, that no persuasions of the notary employed by the *ivoirier* and his wife could induce him to frame his last will and testament, otherwise than by bequeathing his whole property to his wife for her lifetime, with a request that she would divide it by will between his representatives. It was conjectured by the disappointed Jacques that his uncle Bouzard had some share in suggesting this absurd disposition; and vexation was gnawing at his heart when, with outward signs of grief, he followed his father to the grave, and remembered that for her life his mother must retain her authority.

Nevertheless, so thoroughly was Madame Crosnier's spirit broken by the loss of her husband and son, that it was easy for the *ivoirier's* wife to obtain sole ascendency in the house in the Pollet. Half the old woman's time was spent in that long-closed chamber of the second floor, which still contained a few personal tokens of her beloved Max —foreign shells and feathers, and Indian implements and toys, which the poor old mariner had chosen to have laid upon his deathbed, that he might stretch his wasted hand over something that had once belonged to his boy. Amid these treasures, and opposite to a rough canoe of birch-bark, the handiwork of the shipwrecked man, would the venerable Pierrette sit for hours, wandering back into the past; reviling her own hardness of heart towards her Maxime, and grieving that not one of the tame-hearted cunning children of her son Jacques should, in the slightest degree, recal to mind the brave, rebellious, curly-headed varlet who, twenty-years before, used to tag after her along the shore of the Pollet, watching for the return of the Belle Gabrielle. The Belle Gabrielle was sold to a stranger; and the little curly-headed lad a senseless corse beneath the howling waves of the Atlantic! No wonder that the afflicted mother should weep and bemoan herself. No wonder that Madame Jacques, impatient of her continued control in the house, should reproach her with indifference towards her more deserving and still surviving son.

Weary of these constant recurring remonstrances, and anxious to conceal her tears, Madame Crosnier was apt to wander out from the Pollet, on summer evenings; sometimes along the cliffs, as if she still expected that a future fleet of *Terre-Neuviers* might include the long-lost Pearl; but oftener along the green valley of the Scie and the Saane. On one occasion, about four years after the loss of her husband, the poor old soul, no longer comely, no longer oppressed with *embonpoint*, was taking her sad and solitary way through the silence of a dreary September evening, up the ascent leading to the cemetery of the Pollet; without noticing that, before her on the road, toiled a poor woman heavily charged with one of the wicker hods of the country, who now and then turned round to look after a little fellow as raggedly accoutred as herself. At length, a few paces in advance of Madame Crosnier, she paused to call the boy, who was seeking berries in the hedge; and the name by which she addressed her child went straight to the heart of the sorrowing mother. *It was Max!*

"How art thou called, little one?" inquired Madame Crosnier, taking the hand of the boy, when, tardily obeying the call, he at length followed his mother, who was proceeding at some distance along the road.

"My name is Maxime Crosnier—but I am only called Max. Now let me go, for I am tired and hungry; and mother has promised that if I step out, perhaps she will give me a bit of bread for supper."

"And who is thy mother?" persisted the agitated Pierrette.

"She is yonder there, at the top of the hill."

"Thou hast a father, perhaps?" persisted the old lady, in a faltering voice.

"Yes."

"And where is thy father?"

"Far away, under the sea. My poor father was lost by shipwreck; and granny is dead, and though mother works very, *very* hard, it is not always we can get food."

Madame Crosnier sat down on the bank by the way-side, without relinquishing the hand of the child, who stood wondering by her side.

"What was thy grandmother's name?" she continued, in a scarcely audible whisper, dreading that the reply might crush the delightful hopes already dawning in her heart. And when poor little Max breathed in her ear the name of "Dumont," the sobs with which she threw her arms around him, and then, placing him at arm's length, considered and reconsidered his handsome intelligent little face, so terrified the boy, that he soon mingled his tears with those of his unknown relative. "Thou art *his*—thou art *mine*—thou shalt *remain* with me!" cried the poor old soul—who, at the moment, felt as if one restored from the dead were folded in her arms; and while the boy struggled to extricate himself from her embraces, his mother, having returned along the road to seek her lost treasure, stood beside them in utter amazement. The explanation that ensued was heartrending. The wasted cheek and callous hands of poor Louise, attested the tale of her sufferings, her wants, her labours, for the sake of Maxime's son. After the death of her mother, she had made known to Jacques Crosnier her situation, and the lawfulness of her wedlock with his brother, yet, at the instigation of his partner, the churl had not only refused her relief, but prevented her tale from reaching the ear of his mother. The widow of Max had been led to believe, that if she presented herself before the family of Maxime, both she and her idolized boy would be exposed to injury and insult. Sheltering herself, therefore, in the obscure village where her mother had breathed her last, she devoted herself submissively to the severest daily labour. Her comfort was in her child. It was sufficient for her consolation to breathe the name of "Max," and to find it answered by the sweet voice and fair looks of one who was the living portrait of the lover of her youth.

In the dusk of that eventful evening, the two sorrowing women returned together to the Pollet; and, from that night, scarcely lived one hour apart, till the sister of Bouzard was laid in the grave. Together they wept over him they had lost; together, related to the young child the prowess and feats of his father. Old Pierrette felt that she could not lavish sufficient love and affection upon this recovered treasure,—this morsel of her favourite son,—this image of her darling Max; and old Bouzard was scarcely less delighted to perceive that the boy was likely to become a worthy representative of his favourite nephew. From the startling moment of Madame Max's appearance in the Pollet, under the protection of her mother-in-law, Jacques and his wife, as if hoping by submission to disarm inquiry and silence invective, gradually withdrew from the place, and established a household of their own; more especially on perceiving that Madame Crosnier, instead of shuddering at the heresies of her daughter-in-law, exerted herself with success to establish the legality of Louise's marriage, in order to bestow upon her grandson his lawful share of the property of his forefathers

The two oaken presses of the mansion of the Pollet are accordingly now disunited; and the twelve silver *couverts* have diminished to six. For Pierrette, great as was to the last her adoration of the Max of her own Max, was strictly just in her division of her belongings between her two grandsons. According to the desire of the widow Jacques, her eldest son received in money, from his grandmother, an equivalent for the family dwelling, and is now a flourishing tailor in the town of Dieppe. But the jolly mariner, who may be seen to this very hour upon the quays, in affectionate discourse with his cousin, the Bouzard of the present day, and who inhabits, with a pretty, merry, little wife, and a grave but happy old mother, a house in the Grande Rue of the Pollet, (the windows which are bright with geraniums, and seem to be alive with linnets and canaries,) is no other than Maxime Crosnier! His children still delight in showing to strangers the shells and curiosities gathered in foreign parts by their shipwrecked grandfather; and the family may be visited and regarded by travellers as an advantageous specimen of the mariners of the Pollet.

THE FOG-GUN.*

The day is closing on the sea,—
  A day of storm and dread,—
The trembling ship meets wearily
  Each wave's foam-crested head;
The creaking poles like willows bow
  To still-increasing blasts,
The gallant crew, exhausted now,
  Are clinging to the masts,
And calling on the sailor's Friend,
His strong and pitying aid to lend.

They drift along before the gale,—
  Whither they cannot know,
For the fog is hanging like a veil
  Around them as they go.
Darker and darker grows the day,
  Loud and more loud the storm,
The fog so dense each sailor may
  Scarce see his neighbour's form.
The brave turn pale to think that night
May yield them to the wild sea's might.

A mother with her only child
  Is in the wave-tost bark,
And as the tempest grows more wild,
  The eve more drear and dark,
She clasps the baby to her heart,
  And prays for him alone;
For she is ready to depart,
  So he, her precious one,
Might still be saved by Him, who trod
O'er raging waves—the Son of God!

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* It is customary at St. John's, Newfoundland, at Halifax, Nova Scotia, as well as in many other situations where fogs are frequent and dense, to fire a gun every hour, as a guide or warning to any vessels that may be near the coast.

And others, who, few hours before,
Were full of joy and hope,
All telling of the days of yore,
And giving boundless scope
To visions of their future hours—
Alas! how altered now!
The gayest of the hopeful cow'rs,
The young girl bends her brow,
And weeps that over dreams so fair
Should fall the shadow of despair!

A sound comes booming o'er the deep,
Solemn, and sad, and slow;
Yet instantly the sailors leap
Once more to man the prow.
The mother's tears fall thick and fast
Upon her baby's face;
She trusts that they may reach at last
Their home, their native place,
And though she did not weep for fear,
She weeps at thought of safety near.

The young are full of hope again,
The girl hath dried her eyes,
While through the fog and driving rain
The lab'ring vessel flies.
Again, again the welcome sound,
Nearer and nearer still;
It cometh from their native ground—
The steep and well-known hill
Frowns through the evening's darkening glooms
As once again the Fog-gun booms.

They pass at length the guarded fort,
They pass the rocky height,
And now within the sheltered port
They're safe from Ocean's might.
One cheer, one loud, long, grateful cheer,
Bursts forth from ev'ry lip,
As, in their welcome rest, they hear
The sound that led their ship,
And brought them o'er the raging sea,
To the calm port "where they would be."

H. P., Nova Terra.

CURIOSITIES OF LEGAL EXPERIENCE.

No. III.

BY A SOLICITOR.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

No social institutions are perfect. Laws and customs, the most beneficial to the general mass, are often cruel and unjust to individuals. The gliding speed of a railroad train, which daily contributes to the ease of thousands, may sometimes inflict a horrible death on slow age or heedless infancy; but we cannot weigh the occasional suffering of one against the perpetual advantage of many. Still even to the steadiest eye and the sternest heart there *will* come a momentary doubt, when circumstances compel attention to these "Victims of Society." Was it, indeed, necessary that they should undergo such a doom? Could no plan be discovered to promote the general good without this sacrifice of happiness? And if justice answer, No; if it be unreasonable for the sake of a few to disturb the career of a nation, or to hope that the sun of a system will stay his course at the voice of a man, still there is an aching assent, an unsatisfied reluctant acquiescence, rather than a firm persuasion of real and invincible necessity. It is hard in all cases to keep in view the ultimate good of present misery; but when that misery arises from torturing the very instincts of human nature—when, to preserve a level regularity, society crushes and rolls down the tenderest feelings,—respecting neither a mother's love nor a woman's outraged affection,—how is it possible to avoid a heartfelt sympathy with the victims—how can we check "the rebel tear and the traitorous humanity?" Those whose only object in life is to keep the even tenor of their way undisturbed by the sufferings of others, had better not interest themselves in Anna Wyndham's history, but, with the Levite's selfishness, pass by on the other side.

In the autumn of 18—, the year before my articles expired, I went to pass a month with a fellow pupil at his brother's house in the county Cavan, where we certainly lived in the genuine style of Irish bachelors. The brother was away, and my friend commenced operations by taking stock, as he called it—that is, by getting from the old woman, who took care of the cottage, a return of everything eatable upon the premises. There was a large supply of ducks and fowls, several turkeys, a small sheep in the paddock, and a large pig with three piglets in the stye. Two cows on the farm gave reasonable hopes of milk, and butter, and buttermilk; the meal-tub was full, and there was plenty of wheaten flour in store for griddle cakes; eggs of course, while the poultry survived; wine we had brought from Dublin; a keg of whisky was procured in less than no time; and considherin', as O'Rourke judiciously observed, that we should probably dine out half our time, besides adding to the stock in hand by slaughtering incalculable numbers of snipe, quail, woodcocks, hares, and wild ducks, there was no great fear of a famine any way. From this well-provisioned garrison we sallied every morning on some foray against the snipes in the bogs, or the wild ducks on Lough Shilleen; now and then varying our amusements, by attending a coursing match in the county Meath, or a pic-nic party to Lord Farnham's, or on Lake Virginia; but, for at least three evenings in the week, we were always to be found at the fireside of O'Rourke's uncle, the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, of Kilmore House.

This punctual attendance was not altogether owing to a general respect for the church, nor to an individual regard for the worthy parson; but the fact was, that he had three daughters, all pretty, lively girls, who were as glad to see us come in as we were to join the party. Harriet, the youngest, was a black-eyed saucy thing of fourteen, who liked a laugh and a romp, as her eldest sister had probably done before she reached her then matronly age of twenty. But it is with Anna, the second sister, then about seventeen, that the narrative is principally concerned. She was generally thought to be the least beautiful of the three; her eyes were not so bright, nor her colour so brilliant; she was less animated, and never gave way to that flow of spirits, and *abandon* to the impulse of the moment, which sometimes carried her sisters a little beyond bounds. But she had a more womanly look than either; there was a conscientious expression, a something that invited trust and confidence; every word and action displayed extreme and innate gentleness, and she possessed, in the highest degree, that invaluable blessing, a temper of sunny cheerfulness. To borrow from a poet, who unfortunately has little good to lend,—

> "Her face was like the milky way in the sky,
> A meeting of gentle lights without a name."

The allotted month had passed away, yet neither O'Rourke nor myself noticed it. I felt very happy, and never took the trouble to ask why. One morning, however, Biddy, the old housekeeper, began curtseying while we were at breakfast, and informed his honour that the stock on the farm had all been consumed, poultry, sheep, and all, barring the big pig, which the "Masther" was keeping for Christmas. O'Rourke looked astounded at this bad news, and expressed his indignation at the small supply his brother kept on the farm;—fowls, he grumbled, no bigger than a jack snipe, and a sheep that it would be worth any man's while to show about the country, as a specimen of the dwarf breed. After venting his spleen on the departed poultry and defunct sheep, he proposed a survey of the big pig, as the last resource of the garrison.

She was a huge creature, weighing eight or ten score at least, and as she lay on her side grunting and twisting her tail, O'Rourke "discoorsed" the old woman how easy it would be to make hams and bacon of part, and eat part fresh, &c.; but it was evident that Biddy had scruples, though she only ventured to suggest, What would the "Masther" do at Christmas? However, this little interruption led us to consider how the time was passing; and when it turned out that we had already been six weeks at the cottage, and that it wanted but ten days to Michaelmas Term, it was quite evident that we had far outstayed our leave of absence, and ought to start for London immediately. The case was clear, there was no room for doubt; yet O'Rourke, as he turned away, cast a truculent look at old Grumphy, and seemed to grudge her the involuntary reprieve.

That very evening we took leave of the circle at Kilmore. My friend made a capital story about the pig, expressed his regret at going away a hundred times over, and shook hands most warmly with every one. I tried to follow his example, but was afraid to say a word to Anna, and manœuvred to press her hand last, that I might leave the house immediately after. I have often thought, since how different might have been her fate and mine, had we been united. I was not actually in love, yet she certainly had a hold over my feelings; and as at that time I really believe she herself was not quite indifferent to me, in all likelihood a little more opportunity would have brought about a mutual attachment. But it was not to be:

> "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

Though it is curious enough to reflect that, in the present instance, the future destiny of two human beings probably turned on the question, whether O'Rourke would or would not—slaughter the big pig!

* * * * *

Five years passed away before I saw Anna again, and in that brief period how many changes had occurred! She was Anna Hamilton no longer, but the wife of Mr. Wyndham, and the mother of a little girl. On calling at the house in Bedford Square, I felt an indefinable reluctance to ask for *Mrs. Wyndham*. Although I had been informed of the marriage three years before, and busy life had greatly weakened early impressions, and my feelings were no longer "in the gristle of youth, but hardened into the bone of manhood," still there must ever be a strange uneasy sensation at meeting, as the wife of another, one whom you once thought of for your own. She received me with the utmost kindness; she would not notice that my hand shook on touching hers, nor that I was afraid to look at her; but talked on the subjects of the day, until I had regained my composure. Even then she said little of her husband, nor sent for nurse and the baby, *selon les regles* on such occasions; all mention of old times was avoided, and our conversation turned entirely on the changes which had occurred since our parting five years before. I was obliged to give a minute account of my proceedings since leaving Kilmore, and she took such interest in my difficulties, and congratulated me so warmly on my success, that I was surprised, and perhaps a little vexed, to find how soon my embarrassment disappeared. Nothing destroys a mere sentiment so thoroughly as a frank and open demeanour. These weakling fancies are like the animals which are sometimes found shut up in blocks of wood or stone, existing for a length of time, while closely shut up in their cavities, but perishing at once when exposed to the sunny light and free air of heaven.

From this time forward my intercourse with Mrs. Wyndham was that of true friendship. I felt and expressed an open and undisguised interest in all that concerned her or her husband, and when I myself burst forth from the chrysalis state of bachelordom into the full splendour of a married man, Anna was the first to welcome my beautiful Ellen with a sister's sincere affection.

When the two families became intimate, I found Mr. Wyndham to be a pleasing, gentlemanly man, of remarkably easy temper, flexible to a fault, and rather formed to be liked by many than to be loved by one. He had that vague indiscriminate benevolence of disposition, which, if it gives no provocation to hatred, offers little incentive to love. His character, like the portrait which good Queen Bess desired the painter to draw, was without shade; and the consequence was not, as the royal critic expected, an increase of brilliancy, but a dull monotony of colouring without relief or expression. He was about eight-and-twenty, tall, with a good figure, large hazel eyes, regular features, and brown curled hair. His profession was that of an architect, in which he showed considerable taste and ingenuity.

It is a remarkable fact, that the seeds of plants, which have lain for two thousand years in a mummy's hand, shut up in its porphyry sarcophagus, have yet been found to shoot and burst into blossom, when placed in the warm earth, and watered by the gentle dew. And so it is with human beings; many germs of character lie buried in the heart, unknown to and unsuspected even by ourselves, until the favouring circumstances occur which call them into life and energy. Whether this was the case with Mrs. Wyndham, or whether my own observation was in fault, I cannot say; but certainly to me it was a new trait in her character to find that she was a Protestant, "sincere, austere, as far as her own gentle heart allowed," and imbued with a perfect horror of the Roman Catholic creed. Yet, after all, it was nothing very surprising that the daughter of an Irish clergyman, himself a thorough Orangeman, and boasting a descent from the far-famed "'Prentice Boys" of Derry, should feel strongly on a subject impressed on her mind by precept and example from earliest childhood. Perhaps, too, she felt that "*besoin d'aimer*," that wish for some object to call forth the full devotion of the heart, which her husband could neither excite nor appreciate. "Ah!" writes Madam de Sevigné, "ah! jamais, jamais je ne serai pas aimé comme j'aime!" —and it was obvious to me that such a feeling had often crossed the mind of Anna Wyndham. At all events, the family arrangements were strict and almost austere; attendance at morning and evening prayers was rigidly enforced on the household; works of fiction were banished from the drawing-room, and a solitary pack of cards was consigned to the fire without remorse. Controversial tracts abounded both in the parlours and kitchen; and the servants, whenever they wanted to take a walk with a "sweetheart," always made a pretence of wishing to hear a sermon or lecture against the Papistical dogmas.

One of these damsels was the orphan child of Roman Catholic parents, and had been taken into Mr. Hamilton's family when only twelve years old: she was now about eighteen, heavy-browed, ruddy, and with rather a showy figure, but possessed of a pair of bold black eyes that had something dangerous in their expression. There was a latent fierceness in her manner at times, which told of strong passions kept down but not quelled, and altogether I had no great liking for "Alley," as she was called. Her mistress, however, looked upon the girl with great favour, as a proselyte of her own making, and frequently congratulated herself on having rescued one fellow-creature at least from the Papistical idolatries. Whether she had much cause for congratulation will appear from the extracts I shall now make from my private journal.

May 10.—Ellen called at Bedford Square to-day, and found Mrs. Wyndham much excited by the discovery that her proselyte, Alley, was as good a Roman Catholic as ever. A string of beads, accidentally found in her room, gave rise to inquiry, during which the damsel entirely lost her temper, and not only avowed her determined adherence to the old church, but also loaded her mistress with the fiercest abuse. The very necessity for concealment had made her an inveterate bigot, and poor Mrs. W. was perfectly amazed at the virulence she displayed. To send her back to Ireland was immediately resolved on, and in the mean time she was placed at a lodging in the neighbourhood, as Mrs. Wyndham would not allow her to remain in the family another hour. Poor Anna! though I regret her disappointment, yet it must be confessed that no great advantage could reasonably be expected from compelling an outward conformity to the Protestant creed. Though reasons be as plenty as blackberries, most people have Falstaff's dislike to be convinced on compulsion.

On hearing of Alley's dismissal, Mr. Wyndham seemed to think it rather a hard case. In fact, he was far from sharing in the strict notions of the "Misthress," and with his usual good-nature he managed to delay the girl's journey, in the hope of bringing about an accommodation.

June 7.—Note from Mrs. W., dated "Stamford Hill," requesting to see me immediately. Stamford Hill! how very odd.

It was three o'clock before I was able to leave my office, and get upon one of the Tottenham coaches, at the Flower-pot, Bishopsgate Street; and in half an hour more I was set down at a house on Stamford Hill, screened from the road by evergreens and flowering shrubs, with here and there a lime-tree or sycamore. On entering the drawing-room, Mrs. Wyndham received me more ceremoniously than usual, and introduced me to the lady of the house, a starched prim-looking spinster, with a great frill about her neck, and a sort of net cap over her hair. A most interesting conversation followed as to the weather, the situation, advantage of a garden, &c., until I brought matters to a crisis, by asking for Mr. Wyndham. Anna coloured violently, and her friend drew up into an attitude of appalling severity.

"Ahem!"—she began, "ahem! I am sorry to inform you, sir, that Mr. Wyndham has been guilty of the most shocking conduct. It is scarcely to be credited, with such a home as his, that he could have dreamed of such a thing—so disgraceful—so abominably wicked—so——"

Here Mrs. Wyndham suddenly looked up from her work, and interrupted the good lady's invective. "You are surprised, no doubt, to see me here," she said, in a steady voice, "but circumstances of the most painful nature have compelled me to leave Mr. Wyndham's house—*never to return.*"

I was thunderstruck at this announcement.

"Yes," she continued, in great excitement, "he has broken through the laws of God and man for the sake of that abandoned girl,—that serpent I cherished so long to sting me at last. But I might have known it,—I might have known it: a Papist must be a hypocrite—the Ethiopian cannot change his skin—the mark of the beast is upon them all."

The truth was soon told. Mr. Wyndham, in taking Alley's part from mere good-nature, had been led on to a criminal intimacy; the news reached his wife, and she left his house on the instant, without explanation on either side. Mrs. W. spoke much of the great sin her husband had committed, and tried to think it was on that account she was principally concerned; but it was easy to see the woman's feelings under it all. After a long visit, I left for town, with a commission to arrange money matters for a separation.

8th. Called on Mr. Wyndham at his office—a very awkward meeting. He did not deny the reports about himself and Alley, but dwelt upon the sudden manner in which Mrs. W. had quitted her home without a word of explanation; talked of her strict notions, and her expecting everybody to be perfect, &c. The mention of a separation startled him; "but if she wished it, he should not object; whatever arrangement I thought right he would enter into; she might have the house in Bedford Square, if desired, and little Mary to stay with her of course. Everything she wished should be done," he said, in the tone of one who, feeling himself in the wrong, tries to become the injured party by a boundless generosity of atonement.

After all, the case is not so bad. Wyndham is evidently a well-meaning man, ensnared by an artful girl, and I see no sufficient reason for a separation. If Alley is packed off to Ireland, why Anna must forgive and forget this time.

14th. After several interviews with both parties, I thought matters were coming round. The difficulty was all with Mrs. Wyndham; her personal feelings and religious principles were both outraged, and Wyndham's character was too feeble to obtain that hold over a woman's affections which soon turns the scale in such a cause. However, Anna's ideas seemed to me to be unreasonably severe; and this morning we had a long conversation, in which I told her plainly that she thought more of her wounded pride than of her duties as a wife, and that she was influenced in her resolution to separate partly by hatred to the Catholics, against whom she indulged an indiscriminating bitterness. The discussion grew warm, and for the first time we parted coldly; she affected not to see the hand I held out to her, and bid me good morning with an air of great reserve. I suppose my manner showed how much I was hurt, for, just as I was passing through the gate in front, Anna beckoned to me, from the balcony, to return, met me in the hall, gave me some little commission in a hurried manner, and shook hands twice most warmly. Ah! there is nothing like a native kindness of heart—*tamen expellas furcâ, usque recurrit.*

20th.—Well, it is all over. There is to be a separation after all. Such folly as Mr. Wyndham's I never met with in any human being. Three days ago he seemed to wish for a reconciliation above all things, talked of his attachment to Anna, and how much he felt the loss of his home. I thought it was all right on his part at any rate, and today he sends me this letter!

"My Dear Sir,

"I fear you will scarcely comprehend the feelings which have induced me to take a step which, to one of your strong mind and professional prudence, must appear a little singular. But we are not our own masters; circumstances have involved me in such a way, that I must either incur the censure of the world on the one hand, or of my own heart on the other. I cannot desert one whose only fault is her affection for me, especially as she is a helpless girl, whom I have rendered more helpless; and though I shall ever feel a deep interest in Mrs. Wyndham's welfare, and a high respect for her character, still, to close the heart against all other attachments is not always in the power of human frailty. Under these circumstances a separation is unavoidable. My income is about 1,000*l.* a year, which I am ready to divide; and with this and the company of her child I hope and trust she will find a happier home than that of her unfortunate husband.

"I remain, very truly yours,
"Edward Wyndham."

21st.—Just heard that he has taken a house at Islington, and that Alley is to be housekeeper. I should like to know whether he is a fool or a scoundrel. What is to be done? It is no use temporising; I may as well send the letter to Anna at once.

22d.—Note from Stamford Hill. Shocked and irritated (of course) —never see him more—pity infatuation—abandoned girl—leave terms of separation to me, &c.

30th.—Everything finished, and deeds signed; 400*l.* a year to Mrs. W. for life, and 5,000*l.* settled on the child, if she attain twenty-one, or be married, &c.

Soon after this arrangement, Mrs. W., finding her child's health rather delicate, took a cottage at Streatham, in Surrey, a few miles from London. There she passed her time in bringing up little Mary, and in "visiting the fatherless and the widow in their affliction;" and there too her own heart was schooled into kindlier feelings towards those of a different creed by the gentle thoughts and calming influence of solitude. She was sadder but wiser, and far better fitted than before to enter on the path of suffering.

During this period Mr. Wyndham contented himself with seeing his child at intervals, giving notice of his intended visits, so that Mrs.

W. might absent herself from the cottage. He was still living at Islington, and Alley with him, as housekeeper. From all I can learn, the latter carries matters with a high hand, and is "mistress and more."

From about the middle of August until October, there is (or rather was, before the recent changes,) a general pause in the legal world; and every one who knows what a place London is at that season, will appreciate the exultation with which I set off, with Ellen by my side, for a six weeks' ramble in Westmoreland. It is a delightful sensation, the starting on a fine day upon an excursion we have been dreaming of for months. There is an exhilaration—a sense of enjoyment—a brightening of the soul,—as the houses change into fields, and hedgerows, and vigorous trees; the heart laughs to see them with an infant's unreasoning joy. It was the first trip we had made since our marriage, and few people enjoyed themselves more while it lasted; yet I must avow, that when October arrived, I returned to London without any reluctance. *Jam satis terris*,—I had had enough of the country, and really entered my office once more with great satisfaction. Habits of business do certainly diminish the relish for simple pleasures, and for matters of taste or refinement; but it is by imprinting on the mind the great moral principle, that the duties of life are more important than its pleasures; and though many "spend their labour for that which is not bread," yet industry must ever be essentially moral, and idleness essentially vicious.

Oct. 7th.—Went to Streatham, and heard from Mrs. Wyndham that her husband goes to the Catholic chapel regularly! Mary but a slight little thing for a girl five years old. The cottage a pretty place, with a garden round it, and the common in front.

Dec. 2d.—At six this evening a hackney coach drove up to my door, and Mrs. Wyndham entered in great agitation. "They have taken her from me," she said;—"my child—she is carried off—gone, gone—I shall never see her more!"

"Who has taken her?" I inquired; "where is she gone to?"

"I do not know—I do not know," she went on, wringing her hands in despair; "they have taken her from me—she is very ill—she will die without me to nurse her," &c.; nor for some minutes could I get anything from her but these incoherent exclamations. The fright had affected her senses, and she trembled all over. At last I shook her roughly by the arm, and insisted on knowing distinctly what had occurred; and she then recovered herself so far as to give me the leading particulars.

It seems Mr. Wyndham had appointed two o'clock that day for one of his usual visits to Mary, and that Mrs. W. had betaken herself to the Parsonage, leaving the child with her nurse. In half an hour the nurse came running over to say that Mr. Wyndham had driven Mary away with him. He had taken her out for a walk, accompanied by the servant, and on reaching the inn, where there was a phaeton and pair, with a lady in it, he lifted the child in, and drove off before the nurse knew very well what he was doing. It is therefore clear that the child is safe enough, though it was a rascally thing of W. to kidnap her in that sudden way; and what his object can be I do not exactly see. However, if he thinks to detain her, he is mistaken: a habeas corpus will soon settle that point, I fancy. After a while Mrs. Wyndham began to look at the matter reasonably, and to comprehend the real state of affairs; but as she was naturally anxious to hear something of her child, I called a coach, and proceeded forthwith to Canonbury Square, Islington, where Mr. W. resided.

On entering the front parlour, I caught a glimpse of some one in a light blue dress, standing on the kitchen stairs,—no doubt the *lady* of the phaeton. A sight of her by no means increased my good-humour; and as Mr. Wyndham assumed a very lofty air, our meeting was of a decidedly hostile character, where "question fierce and proud reply" led to the usual result of irritation and anger on both sides. The child was with him, and should remain—he was her father, and had a right to keep her—what business had I to interfere?—if he chose to take her without warning, it was to prevent annoyance about it—whether Alley was in the phaeton or not, was nothing to me—he would not bear such meddling, &c. I, on the other hand, completely lost temper, abused him and his mistress without reserve, taunted him as the dupe of an artful girl, and wound up by assuring him he should soon be taught that the law would not transfer an infant girl from its mother's care to that of a profligate father; and off I went in a rage, nearly oversetting Miss Alley, who had been listening, no doubt, at the keyhole.

3rd.—Drew affidavits for habeas corpus, and went before Mr. Justice —— at his chambers. Got order for writ. Certainly a hab. corp. is very satisfactory—a ready, efficient, off-hand way of settling matters—always to be had, and no delay. That Judge ——, though, is almost superannuated; what did he mean by shaking his head as he looked over the affidavits? The thing is as clear as daylight.

Issued and served the hab. corp. writ to-day, (Tuesday,) 4 P.M. A return must be made by Thursday, and then we shall see who is to have the child.

5th.—Attended at the judge's chambers. Mr. Wyndham, in obedience to the writ, brought up the little girl. Some barrister appeared on his behalf, and argued broadly that a father has an exclusive right to the possession and control of children, and that it was no matter whether he was an adulterer or not, since he was still liable for the child's maintenance, and had not waived his right at common law! In vain I urged the gross injustice of allowing the criminal husband to deprive the wife of her children's society, and the gross immorality also of transferring a female child to the care of a kept mistress; the judge was clearly against me, and it was only by importunity I at length obtained a reference to the full court, on an undertaking to show by affidavit that Mr. W. was living with a mistress. It was agreed that in the mean time Mrs. Wyndham should have reasonable access to see Mary, who was herself to go back to Mr. W.'s house until the 15th of January, when term begins.

Well! I never was more astonished! It seemed too clear a point to employ counsel upon, and even now I cannot but think Mr. Justice —— has fallen into a strange error. However, I shall draw up a case immediately for the Attorney-general's opinion, and see what he says about it. Perhaps, after all, this doctrine about the father's absolute right is but the crotchet of a junior barrister, got up to puzzle such an old woman of a judge as ——; it is utterly unreasonable.''

Mem. Mrs. W. terribly disappointed at the result, and the more so from seeing how much my confidence has abated. My thermometer is at least ten degrees lower than yesterday.

8th.—The Attorney-general has sent his opinion—dead against us. He thinks we have no remedy at law; that the absolute right of custody is with the father; that his adultery, and living with another woman, make no difference; and that the wife has no right at all to the possession of the child's person, nor even to occasional access, unless, perhaps, in the case of an infant within the age of nurture. He adds, that in strong cases the Court of Chancery will sometimes interfere; but as in the present instance there is no sentence of divorce for adultery, no judicial separation, and no other charges against the father's character, he doubts very much whether the chancellor would give any relief.

9th.—Sent the case and opinions to Mr. S. of the Chancery bar.—Poor Anna is staying with us, and has been several times to see her little girl, who is but poorly. The gentleman and his housekeeper have at least the good taste to be absent on these occasions.

10th.—Mr. S.'s opinion, substantially the same as the Attorney-general's; but, to make assurance doubly sure, I went to consult him at his chambers, and learn, if possible, the reasons for such gross and glaring injustice, for such it most certainly is. He says that in law a wife is only the servant of the husband; that she has no property, generally speaking, and is not liable for the children's maintenance, which alone would be a good ground for giving the father exclusive control; but that the rule has also been established from considerations of policy, in order to prevent separations for slight or temporary causes.

This is just the old doctrine of expediency; the mother's right is inconvenient, therefore it shall be taken away. And what stuff is this about discouraging separations by holding out to married men the prospect of indulging in every vice with impunity, so long as the measure of their iniquity does not exceed the endurance of a mother's love?

28th.—On a full and cool review of the whole affair, it seemed to me that I had gone on a wrong tack altogether. Right or wrong, the law was against the mother's claim; she was delivered up, bound hand and foot, to the Philistines, and her course evidently was to make terms with her husband before he was quite set against her. From my want of temper on the previous occasion I was likely to prove a bad agent in such a business, and in consequence Mrs. Wyndham wrote a letter herself, announcing the abandonment of all legal proceedings, and appealing in the most submissive manner to Mr. Wyndham's justice and generosity. The result was a sort of compromise; Mary being sent to a school in the neighbourhood, and her mother being allowed to see her constantly, on giving a solemn promise not to attempt a removal. Mrs. Wyndham immediately gave up her cottage, and took a small house at Pentonville, in order to be near her child.

Three months passed without any change in the state of affairs. Mrs. W. was often with us, and seemed tolerably cheerful, though her peculiar situation gave a touching interest to her soft and innate gentleness. Yet the "worm in the bud" was gradually making its ravages; she grew thin and pale, her fine eyes were sunk and watery, and fits of abstraction in society frequently occurred. Ellen, too, says that her way of living is poor and comfortless in the extreme, and I suspect that she is either saving money on some scheme for her child's benefit, or that she spends the greater part of her income in charity.

Towards the end of March, Mary had an attack of fever, and was removed from school to her father's house, where, however, Mrs. Wyndham had full access to her. It must have been a grief to the mother's heart to see her sick child only under the roof of a husband who had deserted her, and where her own menial now flaunted as mistress. Yet, whenever I alluded to the subject, she invariably shrank from inquiry, though day by day the load of hidden sorrow became heavier to bear. Several weeks elapsed without any improvement in Mary's health; but, towards the end of April, Mrs. W. informed us that her husband, while attending his child's sick-bed, had himself taken the fever, and was confined to his room.

May 3rd.—Not having seen anything of Mrs. Wyndham since last Tuesday, I called at Pentonville this evening, (Sunday,) and found her at home. The alteration in her appearance quite startled me, and I spoke to her very seriously about attending to her health. She replied at first in a low quiet tone, then listened without making any return, and at length surprised and shocked me greatly by an outburst of vehement sorrow, such as I never witnessed before. She buried her face in the sofa pillows, and wept and sobbed with uncontrollable violence; her slight frame shook and shuddered beneath the rush of long-repressed emotion; there was an abandonment, an utter prostration of soul, the more frightful from its contrast to her usual gentleness. When the storm had passed away, she lay exhausted and motionless; I let her remain so for some time, and then, convinced that she was suffering under some extraordinary trial, I sat down beside her; she suffered me to take her hand, and raise her head without opposition—it was the dusk of a bright May evening, and the "clear obscure" half veiled her face, still "wet with the shower" of grief. I spoke to her of our long friendship, and of old times; she was just in that mood when the heart

> "Opens all itself, without the power
> Of wholly calling back its self-control,"

and then I learned for the first time what she had undergone for the sake of her child.

It has been already mentioned that Mary was sent to school, and remained there until March. During this period Mrs. Wyndham received an intimation from Alley that Mr. W. could not afford to pay for the child's schooling, and that she would be taken home unless the funds for keeping her were supplied. This was done by Anna so readily, that it probably induced the "housekeeper" to carry her demands further. Mr. Wyndham was evidently spending at least double his income, chiefly in dress, parties to the opera, going to races, and so on, to gratify Alley's vanity and love of pleasure; money had become a scarce article, and advantage was taken of Mary's illness to force from her mother a part of the 400*l.* a year secured on the separation. In one of her visits she found Alley in the little girl's room; Mrs. W. drew back, expecting she would retire; but, on the contrary, the brazen-faced thing tossed her head, and told her to come in or not as she pleased, but that she herself should remain. Mrs. Wyndham indignantly went away, and wrote to Mr. W., who seemed by his reply extremely angry, and assured her nothing of the kind should again occur. Yet within a week there was Alley again, triumphing in the way she had brought round her imbecile master, and positively declaring she would be present at all interviews between mother and child. The scheme answered as it was meant; Mrs. W. was actually obliged to bribe her husband's mistress from time to time for leave to visit the sick-bed of her little girl. [This, then, was the secret of the poor way in which she had been living.] Nor was this all. Mr. Wyndham, as already stated, had turned Catholic, and every attempt was made to impress the father's new-learned creed upon his child. Mrs. W. was distressed beyond measure when she found Alley one morning by the bedside, teaching little Mary to say her prayers before an image of the Virgin. Her remonstrances, however, were only answered by the malignant remark, that she now knew what it was to have people abusing one's religion, and making everybody go their own way; that if *she* was a heretic, Mary would be a good Catholic like her papa, and that for her part she thought the less Mrs. W. came there the better. This occurred but a few days ago, and the fear of total exclusion from her child under such circumstances, added to the constant sense of humiliation and unhappiness, had almost broken poor Anna's heart.

Such abominable rascality was beyond endurance. Learning from Anna that Mr. W.'s illness was not serious, I posted of to Canonbury Square, determining to do something without exactly knowing what. The servant said that Mr. Wyndham was very ill, and could see no one; but I forced my way into the hall in spite of her, when Alley in an impudent manner repeated the assertion.

"Get out of the way, you wretched creature," said I, pushing her aside, and making for the stairs.

"Andy, Andy!" she called, and a strapping Irishman came running up the kitchen stairs. He threatened to throw me "out o' window," and made so much disturbance that the patient's door opened, and some one called out, "What is all that noise?"

"Ah, doctor," said I, knowing his voice; "how is Mr. Wyndham to-night?"

"He is dying," replied Dr. Bowles, sternly; "and this noise and riot is most disgraceful."

The announcement silenced all parties; I ran up stairs, hastily sketched the state of affairs, and requested his deliberate opinion.

"I do not think he will live twenty-four hours," was the startling reply; he had, in fact, been dangerously ill for some time, and Mrs.

Wyndham had been misled by the wretches about him for their own purposes, no doubt.

I was down stairs again in a minute.

"Remember," I said, threateningly, to the group in the hall, "that in case of Mr. Wyndham's death everything here belongs to Mrs. Wyndham, and whoever removes a single article will be sent to jail." Ran up to the High Street, and called a coach. Poor Anna! poor Anna! how will she bear it so suddenly!

It was ten o'clock when I returned with her to Canonbury Square; after the first shock she recovered her composure wonderfully. The same servant-maid opened the door for us. "Mr. W. was delirious, the doctor still with him." I left Anna in little Mary's room, and went to make inquiries.

I find they are all gone—Alley, servants and all, except the girl who let us in. During the hour I was away, the gang made the best of their time, and went off with everything they could lay their hands on, jewellery, plate, &c. Well, well—there is death in the house, and I cannot think of these things now. If this girl's stories are true, Alley is even worse than I thought her. That man I saw, she says, has long been one of her "followers."

11 o'clock—Dr. Bowles just gone; I have taken his place by the patient's bedside. He is conscious of nothing, but rambles on in a string of incoherent remarks, or lies picking threads from the bedclothes. I have sent for Ellen to nurse him.

12 o'clock.—The door opened, and Mrs. Wyndham looked in. I signed to her that she might enter. She wept a good deal on first seeing him lying sick and helpless in mind and body; then observing the slovenly look of his room, she set to work quietly arranging everything in order, clearing the table of phials and pill-boxes which lay about, shading the lamp from the sick man's eyes, and smoothing the disordered bedclothes. It was affecting to see his neglected wife attending like a ministering spirit to the wants of her dying husband.

2 o'clock.—Persuaded Mrs. Wyndham to lie down in little Mary's room, while Ellen and I kept watch over the patient. He seems inclined to sleep.

6 o'clock.—He still sleeps. Sent Ellen to bed, and desired the girl to remain in the room while I went to shave, &c.

On my return I found Mr. Wyndham awake and sensible. He had asked for Alley, and the girl had told him bluntly that she was gone away, and that Mrs. Wyndham was in the house. He seemed stunned for a time, as if his brain could hardly comprehend his wife's presence and Alley's desertion.

"Gone—left me!" he muttered, with a bewildered air; "she could not do it—no, no, she could not! Ah!" he said, with a brightened eye, as a female entered, "here she comes." But it was Anna, who, thinking him still delirious, stood at his bedside. She saw at once that he knew her, though he lay quite silent, rolling his eyes about, and breathing heavily. She asked him how he felt—no answer came; she bent over him and smoothed his pillow—still he spoke not; she told him she was come to nurse him, and would have come long before, had she known his danger. Still—ah! yes—there *is* an answer now—he has turned his face to the wall, and the tears fall on his pillow like summer rain.

I left the room immediately after, feeling that the reconciliation of an injured wife with her dying husband could bear no witness save one alone.

When Ellen and I ventured in again, the poor patient had fallen into a doze, with Anna beside him, holding his hand in hers. She beckoned us not to speak, as if she could not bear the sound of a voice just then, or feared it might break his slumber. For two hours she kept her post, hoping for another opportunity to sooth his parting spirit; but it was useless—he never woke again.

* * * *

When the funeral was over, Mrs. Wyndham and her little girl once more retired to the cottage at Streatham, and to the peaceful life of other days. The thought that her unfortunate husband had died a Catholic, was the only cloud on her mind, for the sufferings he had caused her were already remembered no more. Indeed it appeared most clearly that of some he was quite ignorant, and in all the mere instrument of that miserable girl; he was not a bad, but a weak man, though his feebleness of character had produced, as often happens, as much wretchedness as actual vice. There is much truth in the Frenchman's pointed saying, that "La foiblesse est le seul defaut qu'on ne sauroit corriger."

I have never seen Alley since, except once about two years ago, when I was returning from a dinner at the Freemasons' Hall, through Leicester square. A fine-dressed woman took hold of my arm as I passed along, and, on turning to disengage myself, the light of a gas-lamp fell full on her face. The recognition was mutual, and with a fierce imprecation she turned up a by-lane towards Soho.

I mentioned the circumstance to Ellen, through whom it reached Mrs. Wyndham, and, I was much affected soon after by receiving a letter from Anna, urging me to seek out Alley, and offer her means and opportunity of reformation. I did seek her, but the search was vain, nor have I ever heard anything of her since.

NATIONAL SONNETS.

(FROM A SERIES IN MANUSCRIPT)

SIR THOMAS MORE.

He was a persecutor, it is said:
He was a noble martyr we must say,
Who could a tyrant's dictates disobey;
And now we name him with the famous dead.
Was it for nothing that he lost his head?
Are conscience, honour, self-respect, but clay?
He felt they were not, and the cheerless way
Cheerfully took to dreary death that led.
" Love you," his lady ask'd, " these dungeon glooms?
Barred from your wife and children, are these dear?
For these forsake you your own pleasant rooms,
Your books, your friends,—or wherefore stay you here?"
" My fate," quoth he, " I know—his will who dooms,
" And find this place, though sad, to *heaven as near!*"

IZAAK WALTON.

Under the honeysuckle hedge I see
The meek old Angler teaching his compeer,
Making his art, with its nice mysteries, clear:
Meanwhile the April shower on bush and tree,
Patters with silvery footing pleasantly.
Anon he tells him of the beggars near,
Whom overheard he, and their jovial cheer;
And of the master gipsy's knavery.
Happy old man! in his own temper blest;
And blest with noble friendships many a one:
Men chos'n from his whole age, the wisest, best:
The lively Wotton, and the zealous Donne:
And they who gave his life its happiest zest,
Herbert, and Hooker, Jewel, Sanderson.

RICHARD HOWITT.

THE PIRATE.[1]

BY A FRENCH NAVAL OFFICER.

The capture of the Shark, and the subsequent outrages and robberies of the pirates on shore, had made, as might be expected, not a little noise at the Havannah; but neither Stamar nor any one of his followers had been taken; their escape being, as was well known, greatly facilitated by their friends on the Muttance side. About a dozen of the slaves of the murdered planter had been convicted of aiding in the pillage of his mansion, and they were made the scape-goats of the whole, and duly hung. The Shark was brought into the port of the Havannah by the two ships whose boats had captured her, and, as a matter of course, declared lawful prize, and put up for sale.

For about two months we lived pleasantly enough at Havannah, nor did we want for either necessaries or luxuries, thanks to the doubloons with which Peters had been prudent enough to provide himself—not, it must be confessed, in the most justifiable manner. I could easily see that Peters was pretty nearly as fond of Zelia as I was of her charming mistress; but Zelia was prudent in her love, and insisted upon his giving proof of his sincerity by waiting their arrival in France, and there going through the ceremony of marriage.

We had lived thus in the capital of the lovely isle of Cuba for very nearly three months, when I was one day sent for by our consul, and, on arriving at his residence, was received with an air of satisfaction which very much excited my curiosity.

"My dear M. Daumont," said he, "I have at last found an excellent opportunity for sending you home to France. I suppose you have heard of the Shark, an extremely fine brig which the English and Americans recently captured on the old canal?"

I could have given him not a little information about that same fine brig; but I confined myself to a simple and general affirmative.

"Well, my friend," resumed the worthy consul, "it has been purchased by a French agent here, and he wishes forthwith to despatch it to Bordeaux, but finds himself in great difficulty for want of an officer to command her. Believing you fully capable of the task, I have recommended you to him. He has very gladly agreed to give you the command, and thus it depends merely on your own pleasure to get to France, not only free of expense, but with excellent appointments into the bargain. Well—you don't seem in any haste to reply."

In good truth the consul might have continued talking a considerable time longer without my dreaming of interrupting him. I collected myself, however, and, endeavouring to look as joyful as possible, requested four-and-twenty hours to make up my mind. The consul seemed to be not a little astonished that I could hesitate even for a moment about embracing so excellent a chance, and I quitted him, and returned home burthened with a thousand conflicting thoughts, and related to my little household all that I had heard.

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[1] Continued from p. 145.

"For Heaven's sake," said Ermance, "do not accept the offer! I should die of horror on board that dreadful ship. O, wait a little —wait for years rather than accept the command of that vile Shark!"

As for Peters, my announcement seemed fairly to stupify him, and he remained plunged in a deep reverie while Ermance and I continued our conversation.

"All this is extremely well," resumed I, "but it is answered by a single word, and that word is necessity. When shall we ever again meet with so good an opportunity? Peters's money must come to an end some time, and what are we then to do for subsistence."

"Oh! we will work! But listen; I have an excellent idea. Let us go to Martinique by the first opportunity, and there we shall easily find a ship bound for France."

"Yes, Ermance, your idea would indeed be excellent, but for the rather important fact that we should be obliged to pay away our very last coin to be conveyed even as far as the Windward Islands. There, as you admit, you have no relatives, nothing but mere acquaintance; and, ah! my Ermance, acquaintance are indeed a poor resource to those who are suffering under misfortune. Your entire fortune has become the prey of the pirates; how, then, are we to get to France, if I neglect this chance? It is not every day that I shall be offered the command of a vessel."

Thus reasoning, and being at length seconded by Peters, I succeeded in persuading Ermance to accord with my views; and she was the more reconciled to the plan when, on going on board to see the accommodations which Peters and I prepared for her and her servant, she found the name of the brig changed to The Hope, and the paint, trim, and especially the interior arrangements and furniture of the cabins, so completely altered, that she was herself obliged to confess that she would not have known the brig again, had she not previously been told she was going on board it.

Having, with all possible expedition, completed the fitting out of my new command, I waited upon the commander of the French man-of-war, of which I have already made mention, and obtained his consent to convoy me as far as the mouth of the canal of Bahama. It wanted only a week to the day fixed for our departure, when two events occurred which caused me great and very painful anxiety. For some time Peters had seemed more and more anxious and perplexed, as from some secret burthening his mind; and one night he left our lodging and returned no more. I sat up for him the whole night, and his strange absence, coupled with the serious and pained aspect which he had recently worn, gave rise to some very grave and alarming reflections. Ermance was, from the same cause, pretty nearly as much disquieted as myself; and poor Zelia, who was sincerely and passionately attached to Peters, increased our vexation by her sobs.

I spent the whole of the following day in hastening from place to place; from our own consul I went to the native authorities—but there was no intelligence to be procured either of Peters living, or of any victim of an assassin having been discovered. All my researches were in vain, and my return home, thus unsuccessful, served but to increase the anxiety of Ermance and the agony of Zelia.

For my own part, though I concealed my feelings as far as I could, I must confess that the strange disappearance of Peters caused me an inexpressible anxiety. His money, and everything belonging to him, were left behind. Could he have premeditated an evasion? Was his disappearance connected with some mysterious and important event? I would willingly have abandoned the command of the Hope, in order to have gone in search of him; but in the first place I was engaged to the owners beyond my power to retrograde; and in the next place, bad as the police was at Havannah, my inquiries had been so far successful that I felt positive that Peters had not fallen the victim of assassination, and from this I reasonably enough inferred that his absence was voluntary, and that, in all probability, he had rejoined Stamar, who, with his followers, might easily be concealed in the neighbourhood. This latter idea made my heart bound with apprehension, and I carefully concealed it from Ermance, to whom it would have been a source of the most terrible agonies.

The second occurrence that annoyed me, was of a nature even more threatening than the desertion of Peters. On the evening preceding the day fixed for my departure, I was sadly enough returning from a walk I had taken in the environs of the city, when a man suddenly appeared before me in the narrow path in which I was walking.

"Good day, *Captain* Daumont," said this person, in a tone of bitter raillery, "I have only time to say a very few words to you, my friend. *Mort Dieu!* you have done wisely to keep a still tongue since you have been at the Havannah! But for that same bit of prudence on your part, the Hope, *ci-devant* Shark, would have been obliged to put up with some less dignified and skilful commander! Upon my soul, you cut an extremely silly figure just now, eh, *Captain* Daumont? Well! I can stay no longer now—but *we shall meet again.*"

And Stamar disappeared. Yes—Stamar! My miseries, then, were even yet not quite at an end! His enormous moustachios had been cut off, his hair dyed, his broad and flapping sombrero concealed the greater part of his countenance; nevertheless, effectually as he was disguised, as to other eyes, *I* easily recognised Stamar. O yes! it was he indeed who spoke to me! For full five minutes after his disappearance, which was as sudden and rapid as his apparition, I stood motionless and speechless upon the same spot, scarcely able to persuade myself that I was not the victim of some horrible nightmare. Alas! all that had passed was only too real! His last words still rang like a knell of death in my ears—"We shall meet again!"

My first impulse was to hurry back to the city, give up my command of the Hope, and thus certainly break off all connexion with that ominous vessel, and, perhaps, make her demoniacal commander undesirous of working me or my poor Ermance any further annoyance or injury. But, before I arrived at the city, my senses had become more calm, and new reflections occurred to me. Why should I thus abandon a chance so desirable? Was it not only too clear that if I did so, I, and still worse, Ermance and her poor servant, would fall beneath the dagger of the abominable Stamar or some of his desperate associates? Had Peters betrayed me? Alas! I could no longer doubt that his disappearance was the result both of premeditation and treachery.

Absorbed in these painful reflections, I walked, and must have looked, far more like a madman than a reasonable being, and arrived at my own door actually before I was conscious of being even near it. I lifted my eyes, and the first object that struck them was the Hope floating gracefully and bravely upon the waves. All on board her was in complete order for sailing, and she seemed instinct with life, and impatient for the arrival of the moment when she should at length burst the chain which kept her in idleness, and rush towards the heaving billows of the open sea. This sight completely reanimated me, and enabled me to resist my vexations and my melancholy presentiments, and entering the house, I warned Ermance and the servant to be ready for departure on the following morning—carefully abstaining from giving them even a hint of my ominous rencontre with Stamar.

On the following morning, at an early hour, I took them on board. At first Ermance was overcome, even to fainting. She soon, however, recovered her spirits, and leaving her to make her arrangements in the cabin, I went upon deck to give the necessary orders for sailing; and in a short time the French cruiser got under way, closely followed by the Hope and by the English merchantmen, which were also under convoy of the cruiser.

The English vessels were abominably bad sailers, and as the cruiser shortened sail every now and then, to give them time to come up with her, Heaven knows how sincerely and heartily I wished them in England, or elsewhere. Their slowness was the more annoying, because both the cruiser and the Hope were as fleet as a falcon, and we had an excellent breeze directly abaft us.

Whenever I could go below for a few minutes, I said everything that I could imagine to comfort and reassure Ermance; but though she tried hard to appear cheerful, I could plainly see that she thought it quite impossible that our re-embarkation in the Shark could fail to be productive of misfortune and suffering. Poor girl! her presentiments were only too completely justified by the event.

The night fell extremely dark, and I was compelled to lower topsails several times, in order to avoid losing sight of the cruiser's light; and towards two o'clock I was startled out of a deep and melancholy reverie by one of the watch singing out,

" Ship close a-head!"

I had but just time to put the helm a-weather; a single moment later, and we should have been lost. Through the obscurity of the night I could just see a large dark mass, and I could distinctly feel the Hope recoil, as her bowsprit tore away some of the stern-gear of the ship we had so nearly sunk and been sunk by. Though the collision was, fortunately, productive of but little damage to either party, a volley of goddams, &c., put it beyond doubt that the injured vessel was English, or manned by seamen very conversant, indeed, with English sea slang. The discharge of this vocal volley was followed by that of a gun, and the unknown vessel hailed us, and desired us to send a boat on board her. I replied that the weather was too bad and the sea too rough to allow of my risking a boat, short-handed as I already was; and I added that I was under the convoy of a French frigate, whose lights he might discern far a-head of us. To this last statement it would seem that the stranger did not incline to give "faith and full credence," for in less than ten minutes, at a cable's distance astern of us, was a well-manned boat, rising and falling amid the surging waves, and making us at an enormous rate. I threw the ship in stays on the instant, and the officer from the stranger, which proved to be an American cruiser, boarded us, and, at my request, went down to the cabin—his men being, in the mean time, by my orders, liberally furnished with refreshments. The American officer, who spoke French with tolerable purity and fluency, politely apologised for the course to which his duty had compelled him. Having examined my papers, he expressed himself satisfied of the truth of my previous statement, and, while assisting in the deglutition of a bowl of punch, informed me that the vessel to which he belonged had orders to examine strictly every ship which might be met with, it being known that a pirate was afloat in these latitudes. This information given, and the punch despatched to the last spoonful, the officer politely took his leave, and returned to his own ship.

I could have wished that Ermance had not overheard the information I had received. O, there could be no doubt that the "pirate afloat in these latitudes" was Stamar! the terrible, the seemingly indomitable Stamar!

For more than an hour I used every argument, good, bad, or indifferent, that I could imagine, to give to my poor Ermance that hope and calm which I, on my part, Heaven knows, was far enough from feeling. Having, at length, succeeded in somewhat allaying her excitation, I went upon deck and made the necessary arrangements for rejoining the French frigate, which by this time, owing to her rapid rate of sailing, and the time we had been detained by the American, was far to the windward of us. This done, I for the rest of the night paced the deck, plunged in reflections so gloomy and so painful, that it was with an actual feeling of delight that I saw the eastern horizon lighted up with the first faint glancing light that announced the break of day.

I knew that we were now so near the mouth of the canal, that before the close of day we should be deprived of the company and protection of the frigate, and, on sweeping the horizon, I perceived, with anything but pleasure, that in the course of the night a stranger craft had intruded into the very midst of the convoy. The intruder was a kind of sloop; and I at once recognised her as one of those vessels called Bermudians,—vessels which generally have the reputation of being wonderfully fast sailers.

This vessel sailed quietly on in our wake, as though one of the convoy; and the frigate's look-out perceiving her, nearly at the same time, fired a shot, by way of calling upon her to show her colours. To this intimation the sloop replied by hoisting an immense English flag. The frigate's people apparently were not quite satisfied with this, for they fired a second shot, and made a signal to the sloop to go alongside them, where, in effect, she placed herself in a very few minutes, her manœuvring, while so doing, evidently showing that she was handled by thorough seamen.

The sloop remained alongside the frigate for some time, and it seemed that the commander of the former gave a satisfactory account of her, for she was allowed to fall off without even being boarded by an officer. This, I must confess, appeared to me to be an unpardonable piece of imprudence and neglect on the part of the commander of the frigate. Alas! he was not so well aware as I was of the facility with which Stamar could deceive even the most practised officers. Nearing one of my English consorts, I imparted my suspicions and fears to her captain, who agreed with me that the sloop was an extremely suspicious vessel, and that we ought immediately to make our suspicions known to the captain of the frigate. Even while we were speaking, however, we found ourselves beyond the mouth of the canal, the frigate signalled liberty of manœuvre, and immediately put about on its return to the Havannah. But O! what agony and unavailing sorrow should I not have been spared, if the captain had been more suspicious, or in less haste to return!

The instant that the frigate put about, my English consorts crowded all sail, with the evident desire of outsailing the suspected sloop, and I imitated their example.

The *ci-devant* Shark seemed desirous of proving herself worthy of her name. I had very soon the pleasure to see far behind me not only my three late consorts, but even the fast-sailing and suspected sloop, which obstinately sailed exactly in our wake, as though anxious to come up with us. We outsailed her, however, so completely, that in a short time we could barely make out her hull. Somewhat tranquillised at having thus far gained the advantage of my supposed enemy, I went below and endeavoured to impart my new-born hopes to Ermance. Scarcely had I succeeded in calming her fears, when I was summoned to the deck to learn that there was treachery on board! Both standing and running rigging had been effectually yet so ingeniously injured, that it was only now, when the ship was all but literally flying through the waters under the united influence of a brisk breeze and crowded sails, that rope after rope snapped like burning flax, and sail after sail flapped heavily and uselessly against the masts! Yes, there *was* treachery on board; and so successful had been that treachery, that even during the few brief and agonising minutes which I used to reflect upon the best mode of acting under circumstances so threatening, the hull of the sloop rose higher and higher, and she was clearly outsailing us by several knots an hour. God forgive me the rage, the bitter animosity, I then felt—the awful, the deadly oaths in which my impotent rage found vent.

How was I to act? *That* was the all-important consideration! O! there was no doubt now as to the character of the sloop. No doubt remained now as to who commanded her, and with what purpose she so obstinately followed us. Stamar, the accursed Stamar, was her commander.

My confused reflections were interrupted by my mate, who, with terror strongly depicted on every feature, exclaimed, "Captain, captain! the master and crew have barricaded themselves forward. They are singing, fit to split one's ears. Listen!"

And, in fact, all forward burst into loud singing and laughter. The beasts had not only been treacherous, but were laughing at my credulity, making sport of the unspeakable bitterness of my soul.

"Wretches," I shouted, "come here and do your duty like men, or by Heaven I'll kill the first I can lay hold of, as I would a mad dog."

The dogs knew my circumstances far better than I myself knew them; their sole reply to my menace was a burst of laughter that might have been heard a mile off.

All threats and entreaties proving utterly unavailing, I and my mate went aloft to see if, by dint of splicing, we could so far repair the evils as to enable us to make way, however slowly; but a very few minutes' examination showed us that no hope of that kind remained to us, and I descended to the deck, just as Ermance, pale, trembling, and terrified almost out of her reason, came up from the cabin.

"Go down again, I pray you, Ermance, and leave me to provide for your safety. Be tranquil, and rely on me."

"No, no, I will not leave you, Eugene. Good God! is that lightning?"

Lightning! The infernal sloop, having now neared us sufficiently, had sent us a shot, which struck our mast about ten feet above my head. As though in obedience to this signal, two muskets were now discharged at us by my mutinous and barricadoed crew; one ball passing through Ermance's straw hat, and the other killing my faithful mate upon the spot.

"Are you," I demanded of Ermance, in a voice half stifled between rage and despair, "are you prepared to fall once more into the power of the atrocious Stamar? Do you prefer life with him, or death with me?"

"Or life or death—let me live or die with you."

Drawing two pistols from my belt, I rested the muzzle of one upon her forehead, when a vigorous arm dashed me backwards with great violence; my pistol discharged itself innocuously in the air, and in another moment the sloop had boarded us, and I saw Stamar once more standing on board *The Shark*—his features wearing the old calm but fiend-like and truculent sneer.

"Well, Captain Daumont," said he, "have I not kept my word with you? Have we *not* met again, as I promised that we should? What think you of your notable convoy? And, above all, how do like your faithful and obedient crew? Poor, silly Daumont! to imagine for a moment that Stamar, whom you knew so well, would let you peaceably take the gallant Shark to Bordeaux."

His bitter derision, and the still more bitter tone in which he spoke, scarcely affected me. All my surprise, all my indignation and sorrow, were engrossed by a very different object. By the side of Stamar stood—Peters! It was then only too certain that his evasion had been both premeditated and treacherous. O yes! Peters, in whom I had placed so much confidence, had betrayed me to my direst and most implacable foe.

"However," continued Stamar, "you may think yourself fortunate that, thanks to Peters, I shall not call you to account for the death of Lorenzo; nay, thanks also to Peters, and to some old reminiscences which appeal to me in your favour, I shall neither put you to death nor keep you in irons. O no; quite the contrary; I shall reinstate you in your former capacity in my crew."

What a favour! and how much enhanced by the sneering triumph and devilish hate of the tones in which he pronounced my doom! Having for a few moments ceased speaking, as if the more perfectly to enjoy the torture which my utmost efforts could not prevent from appearing in my countenance, he added, "Remember this, however, that I shall put you ashore on the first land we make, be it desert or not. I shall leave you there to colonise it; *en revanche*, I shall give you full liberty to call it by what name you please. Now, master, let him loose."

And I was set free from the strong grasp which two of my treacherous crew had hitherto kept upon me.

"And now," said Stamar, in a tone of actually jocund malignity, "I will go and see in what style *Captain* Daumont has furnished my cabin; *one* article at least I think I shall find there that belongs to me—*ma belle Ermance*, for instance."

He said this as he entered the cabin-door;—he was answered by a long, loud, and piercing shriek, and in a few moments returned upon deck, and sent the doctor down to the unfortunate girl, whom the mere sight of her detested and villanous persecutor had thrown into strong and alarming convulsions—a circumstance which was so far fortunate, that it saved the poor girl from being at that time tortured by the presence and the insults of Stamar.

The hold of the Shark was now speedily cleared of the cargo, consisting chiefly of coffee, sugar, and tobacco, the whole of which was tossed contemptuously into the sea. The great and small arms were then taken out of the sloop, and put on board the Shark, the injuries to the rigging of which were repaired with a celerity at which I should have been actually astounded, had I not on so many former occasions witnessed the almost incredible exertions to which Stamar's fierce nature could compel his followers.

While this was going forward, Peters snatched a few moments to explain to me that he was a traitor only in appearance. It seems he had accidentally encountered Stamar at the Havannah, and that savage having given him his choice either to follow him without having any communication with me, or make up his mind to be assassinated, Peters, who well knew Stamar's daring and resources, thought it best to go with him, in the hope that, eventually, we might together contrive some means of escaping. Wretched as I was, and almost utterly hopeless as our case seemed to be, I was nevertheless unspeakably delighted at finding that I had not been deceived by Peters.

Stamar having completed his preparations, we made all sail for the coast of Africa. Early one morning we descried a ship, and for the whole of the next twelve hours chased her in vain—Stamar foaming with rage, and swearing awfully at finding himself outsailed. At the close of the day, however, the breeze fell somewhat, we gained upon our chase hand over hand, and boarded her. She was an armed slave-ship; but wretches as her crew were by profession and in practice, I shudder as I remember the horrible tortures in which they died. Not a man of them was saved, but the brig having proved her excellence as a sailer, Stamar, contrary to his usual custom, resolved not to sink her. Thirty of our men were put on board her, under the command of Peters, who was to take her to the south coast of Cuba, and there disembark and sell her cargo of slaves, amounting to three hundred men.

On the following morning, just as we were about to part company with Peters and his new command, we saw a large armed frigate bearing down upon us. We hastily made all sail, but as the slaver did not on this occasion at all equal the rate of the Shark, Stamar resolved to abandon the former. The slaves were hurried on board of us, and Peters was furnished with Spanish colours and "excellent Spanish papers," Stamar leaving him only ten men, and desiring him to allow himself to be overhauled, and to state that we had boarded him, and robbed him of his entire cargo and part of his crew.

Poor Peters seemed to be but very little elated by the task entrusted to his address and courage; Stamar, however, paid no attention to his woe-begone looks, but crowded every sail to the east-north-east.

We speedily left the slaver far astern of us, and, as Stamar had judged, the frigate hailed her. Much to his annoyance, however, she did not stay to send a boat on board, but continued her chase of us. Finding that she was fully our match upon a wind, Stamar gave orders to throw the slaves overboard. A shot being fastened round the neck of each as he came upon deck, some were thrown over by main force, while others, maddened and desperate, leaped wildly into the waves, their frantic laugh contrasting horribly with the groans of their more timid or more sane fellow sufferers, and with the abominable imprecations and ribaldry of their butchers. And then the horrible strife among the hundred sharks that swam around their detestable namesake, struggling for every new victim that was tossed to them, and literally tearing them limb from limb, ere even the heavy shot attached to them could sink them out of our sight.

Nearly one half of the unhappy slaves had been thus disposed of when the breeze increased to almost a gale, and the frigate was observed to furl topsail and mainsail. Stamar now knew himself safe; for he continued to carry on with every yard of canvass set, though the wind well-nigh blew the sails out of the boltropes, and a few minutes showed that we were rapidly leaving the frigate behind us. An order was now given, therefore, to stop the murder of the slaves; and we very soon were completely out of sight of the frigate, which, moreover, was far to leeward of us.

On going below, I remarked, with equal surprise and pleasure, that the negroes who had been freed from their irons to facilitate the massacre which they had so very narrowly escaped, had, in the subsequent confusion, been allowed to remain unmanacled. An idea of safety and of vengeance then flashed across my mind, and I lost no time in endeavouring to put it into execution. Peters had assured me that, in the event of our making any attempt at throwing off the yoke of Stamar, we should find a zealous assistant in Brissac. I hastened on deck, therefore, and signed to the worthy Gascon to follow me to the hold. When we arrived there, I proposed to him that we should arm the slaves, and that he and I should lead them on against Stamar and the pirate crew. After some consideration he consented. The moments were very precious, for if Stamar or any of his followers should descend before we were ready, not only would our plan be defeated, but we ourselves should undoubtedly be put to death. Throwing open a chest of arms, I gave a boarding-axe to each of the slaves; and then, by signs, I explained to them how the pirates had murdered those of the negros who had been taken on deck. The negroes rapidly comprehended me. Fire flashed from their fierce and blood-shot eyes, their dusky and ugly countenances became literally livid, and when I motioned to them to follow me and Brissac to combat against their oppressors, they rushed upon deck with an eagerness and zeal which of itself assured me of the success of my enterprise.

Stamar and nearly the whole of his crew were anxiously looking out to leeward to see whether the frigate had hove in sight again, when the Gascon and I, closely followed by the blacks, gained the deck, and rushed furiously upon them. At the first onset we took the brigands so much by surprise that they retreated before us, but speedily rallied and defended themselves. Stamar, who, to do him justice, was, as usual, in the hottest of the fight, shouted to me, "Ah, ah, friend Daumont! It is to you, then, that I owe this shrewd turn, is it? Well—see if you do not pay pretty dearly for it, if you chance to fall into my hands!"

"It is you, ruffian, who will fall into and die beneath my hand," was my reply; and Brissac and I, by voice and example, cheered on our Africans, whom we had already almost excited to madness.

The negroes needed very little incitement to their work; so furious and so obstinate were their attacks, that in a brief time the deck was covered with the corpses of the pirates. Stamar was so admirable a master of his weapon, that he was but trivially wounded, and though he at length found himself singly opposed to a perfect host of foes thirsting for his blood, he fought on with his usual cool and concentrated ferocity.

Suddenly the cabin door opened, and Ermance, pale, with her hair dishevelled, and her whole appearance bespeaking the extremest terror and anxiety, endeavoured to rush towards me. Ill-fated girl! Most luckless impulse that led her into such a scene at such a moment! Had she remained in the cabin for only a few minutes longer, our dire enemy would have been beyond the power to inflict mischief upon us. As it was, he bounded upon her with the fury and the agility of a wounded and maddened tiger, and dragged her by the hair of the head, exclaiming, "Ah, Daumont! you see I am somewhat more alert than you are. You see I can offer a good ransom! Ransom! delay only three minutes in drawing off your nigger fellows, and consigning them again to the hold, and this trembler shall be not my ransom, but my victim."

At this moment one of the negroes dashed forward and aimed a blow with his boarding-axe, which, had it but taken full effect, would have annihilated Stamar, and have saved my poor Ermance for long years of peace and happiness. Unfortunately, Stamar shifted his position so adroitly, and with so much agility, that the axe merely grazed his shoulder, and infuriated instead of crushing him.

"African dog!" shouted he, "your axe is not sure! My dagger is rather more so, you see!" And suiting the action to the word, he plunged it to the very hilt in the poor girl's heart, and she expired without word or groan. In another instant he was disarmed, lifted in the arms of a crowd of the negroes, and hurled into the sea, whence we could see him for a few seconds madly and vainly struggling to evade two enormous sharks, which speedily tore him to pieces.

From that fatal day I have never known an hour's happiness. Peters, more fortunate than I, has been many years married to the faithful Zelia, and in the long winter's evenings delights his three curly-headed and handsome boys with long yarns, not a little embellished, about the prowess and atrocities of STAMAR THE PIRATE.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

BY MRS. ABDY.

OH! sad and gloomy was the home where love so lately smiled,
They lay within Death's icy fold—the mother and the child;
The summer sun shone joyfully beyond the darkened room,
The branches of the garden trees were full of buds and bloom,
The gaily tinted butterfly was flitting through the glade,
And the timid deer were resting in the thick and leafy shade,
But death had made those green domains a dull and dreary wild,
And taken from that fairy scene the mother and the child.

I looked upon the infant pale, clasped by its mother fair,
I knelt beside their quiet couch, and breathed a fervent prayer;
And when I rose, my heart was eased from care, regret, and doubt,
I thought not of the lovely world of light and flowers without:
I thought but of the blessed ones that silent room within,
Safe from the fear of ills to come, freed from the thrall of sin,
That infant by the world's vain snares could never be beguiled,
No hand could part that mother from her dear and helpless child.

And he, who by one fatal stroke lost all the joys of life,
Survivor of his gentle babe and fondly cherished wife;
I was strengthened by Almighty aid with courage not my own,
To bid him lay his heavy griefs before his Maker's throne.
And he dwells in calm retirement in his tranquil groves and bowers,
Giving to charity and prayer his lone and widowed hours,
And waiting till he joins the band of spirits undefiled,
And meets again the loved and lost—the mother and her child.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

GRAY evening twilight has departed, and night, cloud-wrapped, descends upon the earth. It is the season for stillness and repose—the hour in which man, sleep-folded, should resign himself to mimic death, throwing aside the portmanteau of his cares, and pillowing his head in some still chamber, blind-shaded from the peeping stars. But not in great cities does repose come with the night-birth; rather an increase of the turmoil, a bubbling up, as it were, of the seething-pot, makes itself manifest. Let us walk forth through the bustling street—'tis the last day of the seven—the sabbath of child-devouring Jew. On this day do careful housewives provide the next day's food: for now wage-money and drink-money are received; soon to be flesh-bartered, or, with some, exchanged for vegetables and bread, for, with the mass, silver is scarce enough. Come with me along this road-path, and let us observe the varied industries which ant-like swarm around. This is the New Cut, which to some is as the great bazaar, the treasure-house, wherein all good things are stored—food, clothing, warmth, all life elements, are here combined. See with flesh-hook in hand, clad, as to his outward man, in blue linen coat, say rather gaberdine, stands the butcher, he whose province it is to slay for others, taking upon himself the bloodstain of the multitude, as the scape-goat (Azazel) of ancient Jewry took upon its own back the sins of a tribe. Nor afar stand his assistants; open-mouthed, brawling and brattling, as they recommend, with leather-lunged energy, their wares; each, with cleaver ready to his grasp, sharpening, upon girdle-suspended steel, the knife, breath-stayer, which, having killed, is now ready to dissect the inanimate flesh; and on the narrow foot pavement front-skirting his shop, old age and penury hold forth their hands, tendering hard-earned pence, wrung by brow-sweat and heart-toil from the bond-masters of the world; and beside, the sausage vender, conglomerator of fat substances, engine-reduced to chaotic admixture, gristle and muscle adhering to the triturated meat, the savoury fume whereof ascends serpentwise towards the blue heaven, but falls again, seeming fit type of aspirations which tend sky-ward, but, clogged by earth-ballast, cannot free themselves from the burthen of the material world; and all these, pride-puffed, and great in their own estimation, as bipeds full of substance, wearing pouches metal-lined, by power of which idol, Mammon enables them to lord it over the empty of their kind, stand before their doors, calling, with voice not unimbued with a certain poetry, upon the wandering by; taking not the refusal of poor mute looks, telling of sieve-pockets, wherein little grain has fallen, and that little scarce remained, but bellowing forth their mercenary invitations, offering fairly, but looking for a cent. per cent. return. And again, midway between the two pavements, are lions—no bull-necked, light-quartered kings of the forest green, mouse-leaping from deep thicket on their prey, till, like he of Nemean growth, some Hercules, despoils them of their robe—but tin tabernacles, equipoised upon quadruped legs, wherein the mysteries of cook-science are hourly evolved; through whose means the dough-paste becomes crisp, and the sheep-stolen kidney waxes warm; while, as an outward sign, painted on the transparent glass, profanely jocular, smiles one, dressed in no lay (or secular) garment, who, motto-wise, speaks words, saying that he has eaten of the fat, and become fat. Nor does meat alone, in varied shapes, invite the eye; food undiluted fits not work-parched man. By sea and by earth have Adam-children suffered; famine has written with gaunt and desolating hand upon their bloodless brows; hostile armaments have swept them off, and the wild insect (locusta) has preyed upon their vitals; but drought has ever been by them considered their arch fiend. So, smoke-coffee stalls, at irregular intervals along the road, wherewith to slake thirst, dust-born—and, colossal rivals of these, rise stucco palaces, devil-built, with Janus-expanding gates, but not speaking peace, rather riot and debauchery, where the white-fire stream runs over, and voice-wailing, gin-inspired, is perennially heard. Walk in with me from out the pure heaven light for a while: see yon yellow-tinted barrels, blue-lettered, with a history of the gallons they contain; even now are they Christmas-wreathed. The sacred holly, and the gem-dropped mistletoe *twining* about their tubular forms; so wreathed Eden flowers about the serpent shape, as, belly-crawling through the first gardens, he came to court our common mother Eve. There is a long row of plaster statues beyond; nymphs and goddesses, short cinctured, myrtle crowned, and in each hand a blazing torch upheld, shedding a clear light upon the scene, illumining no godlike revels, but rather a constant rotatory whirl of drink-oblivion, from which no soul-glimmering ever escapes, refining the vapour-burthened air; behind the bar, white-shirted, coatless, stand the demon-proprietor and his assistants, speaking in strange cockney tongue, as they barter the maddening grain-juice for small copper coins; and in front (Himmel!) what a range! Sallow-visaged, and with seven days' beard unshorn, lolls the pale mechanic, flannel-jacketed, his brows crowned with a rimless hat; his wife (the once-vision of his toil-won sleep, the solitary greenness of his youth, which was cast in stony places,) not leaning fondly on his arm, but few steps apart; a torrent of vituperation pouring from her lips—an oath-stream, rage-furnished and blasphemy-pointed, harping on old house-sores, spent jealousies, and squalid broils,—urging, while it shrinks from the unmanly blow—nor heeding the infant pauper, gin-suckled, and claiming to be her child, who clutches at her rent gown, in vain attempt to assert its presence, and claim its share of the body-and-soul-destroying draught. And see, old age, white-visaged, leans also over the counter, palsy-smitten, yet with fever-lust of drink raging in red-encircled eye: while, tottering not with years, but brute-intoxication, passes the rag-decked harlot, to whom the fire-drink, rising upward to the brain, brings back some vague memory of purer years—time when possibly as the May-queen she tripped on village sward, or danced beneath the moon cloud-canopied; at which half-restored remembrance she sinks outside, on heel-worn doorsteps, and weeps. But hark; a sound of music from within: seated on wooden bench, swart minstrels draw fiddles from their green baize chrysalides, and ply their bows—anon the watery-toned clarionet mingles with their notes—from what seemed first an amorphous medley is shaped forth a reel—and then the shuffling of iron-shod feet, as still holding to the bar, whereat the treacherous liquor flows, men and women, Helot-like, simulate a feeble dance: but not as of old, when Indian Bacchus came triumphing, and song and dance grape-circled followed in his wake; for then were Peace and Amity, twin-sisters, leaping hand in hand:—now gaunt Contention breaks with hollow cry upon the music crash, and yet a few minutes, and noise of blows resounds; and blue-clad men enter, stern-visaged, with varnished hat-tops, seeming helmets. These sweeping round, with truncheoned hands, speedily clear the space: women shriek, and children moan—men fall back, oath-burthened, but to return hydra-headed to the fray;—inglorious battle reigns a while till rightful authority prevails;—in dark station-house immured, till morning light, do prisoners pine. But the soul faints o'er such scenes: let us forth, and, exchanging the poisonous gas-breath for heaven-breezes, once more mingle in the throng. O Malthus! passion-spurning sage! how would thy wrinkled brow darken, didst thou behold this scene! Lo! myriads ever pouring, as from some vast vomitory ever full, or rather, as in theatrical exhibition, when some great army, art-multiplied, gyrates round and round the scene:—others sing strange sea-songs, flourishing on misshapen timber legs; and one, his head topped crown-wise with not unelaborate ship-model, prates of far lands, where blood-suns shine, and stars wax not dim as in our hemisphere, but twinkle emulous with the god of day: a poet he—no pale jingler of concordant sounds, thought empty; but one who in rude imagination conceives, and in stirring words brings forth great images (of men called lies)—such as Amphion dreamed and spoke, when yet the world was young. Beside him, as attracted by some occult affinity, the nature of which it is not in our clay-lore to understand, abides one who sells periwinkles—persecuted hermits—torn from their deep-green solitude, where in rock-mansions they had made their homes, to be here pin-extracted, to feed the hunger-gaping demon, man. Yet, some who speculate upon curiosity, Eve-grafted upon mankind, call the attention of cord-breeched urchin to their raree-show. Not Aladdin, when pausing at the threshold of enchanted cave, panted with more eagerness than this one, who penny tendering, and with anxious brow, awaits his turn, till planted at circular opening-glass guarded, his eye shall feast on the representation of some wide-spoken blood deed: whether Greenacre, limb-scattering monster, or Turpin, Ainsworth-sung, stand life-like on three-inch coloured paper before his view, what recks he? The excitement is the same: brute instinct, agape for horrors, fascinates him to the spot—the huge gore-blots which fleck the scene, have a charm for him; the bright blue coat, brass-buttoned, in which murder delights to be arrayed, is to him a mystery and a spell; nor till others come, pushing him aside, and taking his stand, can he tear himself from this rude life-stage.

Midway stands a theatre, Victoria-height, wherein melodrama, grave

Melpomene's unlawful child, holds court; strutting before pale shop-boys, who shout and clap their hands when the great goddess Liberty is named; and then, fear-quaking, hie them to their homes, lest haply hard masters, knowing of their absence, should strike or scold. But, lo! we have turned from the crowded thoroughfare, and stand alone. Let us towards the bridge:—there come not many, save those who, thought-ridden, seek a resting-place amid London turmoil—with these, ourselves. Here is no arch hill-rising above the river, but a broad straight line, lamp-dotted, which, canopied as it is by the pure heaven star-spangled, might seem as anentrance to the hall of some elf queen, or rather to an imp's laboratory, about which, on giant shelves, hang, bottle-wise, great lanterns, red and blue. Here let us rest a while—shaking aside the dark realities in which we were so lately plunged. Here let us commune with the voice of running waters, and read the language of the waning moon. What says *she*, the heaven circler, to the flower on? We know not. Yet there is a harmony in his voice, as, lover-like, he reflects her silver beams, which tells of sympathies mysterious, unfathomable to mortal ken. And see! green Sirius dances in his sphere, even as in old days he danced above stunted tree-top, o'erlooking garden wall, in far lands—now, vibrating, falls statelily above the tide. And thus, as these not quite dumb symphonies mingle together, forming music to the rapt ear of poetic lounger, even now do the finer spirits rise within the heart, and leading us, child-like, by the hand, step by step, lure us on to gaze upon the *To come*. Not, however, always forward are the footsteps of imagination; rather doth it sometimes delight, retrograde, to seek the early places where youth-visions first took birth—rose-garlanded, gold-mantled, marking out their own bright path through a fancy heaven of their own; yet ever, whether on-looking, or as Gomorrah-fleeing Lot's wife, cleaving to the past—whether dwelling in the positive, which is gone by, or in the possible, within Time-granary yet stored, ever one form flits, angel-like, through our dream. Yes! thou Evanthe! shade image (shattenbild) seldom seen, yet time-loved, upon whose name I have called while standing on Moselle-spanning bridge, while the blue stream, mingling with the darker waters of goblin-haunted Rhine, flowed beneath my feet, and again whose likeness I evoked from fancy-compelled clouds, fringe-hanging the distant seven mountains' heads, when upon *Königleck*, (dread word!) Zoll Brucke, mighty-doomed Köln lay on either hand. Thee, in these night-visions, do I seek! What, though gulf-parted and heart-separated; what, though, if by my side, scant love-words, rather mockeries, might be upon thy lips, yet in this sky-dream may I see thee, flower-decked, sweet-singing, and full of pleasant smiles. Nor, as stone after stone, the bright delusion castle rises before my sight, need I fear a change! Chimera-fortune asks no propitiation—no ring-sacrifice to be cast into the yawning flood. The within (der Innere) is to itself all—Crœsus-like, feeding upon its own wealth; but, unlike the Lydian king, subject to fate-influences, working for a fall. Then comes to me the undefined, uncrotcheted melody of names—then doth the spirit, as the needle-tip, which in some huge compass (say life compass) points ever to the north, turn to the mystic combination of letters which form thy name—then doth *Evanthe* appear to me less a word, lip-spoken by many, its virtues understood by few, than as a type, whereof heart-smiles and soul-words are attributes, hiding in itself depths of holiness and bliss—a sound love-spoken by angelic tones, or perhaps itself a *plectrum*, striking upon the nerves and fibres, forming the living lyre, playing strange tunes in soft and solemn keys. Thus, while smoke-wrapped and musing, the dull hum of distant multitudes scarce murmurs to the ear, poor brain-weavers almost envy the thought-free sons of manual toil; when, lo! from steeple to steeple, up-springing, leaps the dread time-voice:—twelve strokes!—death-speaking, warning us that another life-fraction has expired—thought rousing apostolic number!—each clang, perfect in itself, yet forming a perfect all; leading the soul to high remembrance of the twelve whom Israel and Egypt saw, who walked this earth-planet with healing and life-speaking presence, till, one by one, they lay down, wrapping themselves in Hope-garment, and slept.

H. M.

'TIS SWEET TO MEET THEE.

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

'Tis sweet to meet thee
Ere Day's curtain closes;
When Twilight's blushes
Linger on the grove;
Calmly to wander where the shutting roses
Sigh forth their fragrance, like the breath of Love!
Dearer than festal scenes
Or crowds to me,
That moment sweet
At Day's decline with thee!

'Tis sweet to meet thee
When soft dews are weeping
Their tears of light
On flowret, leaf, and tree;
When from Heaven's arch the first pale stars are peeping,
Like guardian spirits, watching infancy!
Dearer than ages spent
In festal bower,
One moment with thee
At that peaceful hour!

'Tis sweet to meet thee!
Ah! how sweet to linger
Beside the fountain
Or the rip'ling stream;
While fancy traces with her fairy finger,
Scenes that may furnish forth a poet's dream.
Gladly I fly
The banquet and the ball,
For *one such* moment
Far outweighs them all!

DELAVAL O'DORNEY: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.[1]

We now weighed, and stood out of the harbour; and as a fine breeze came freshening off the land, we were soon clear of the island, and bounding over the foaming waves, which glanced from our prow in phosphoric brightness beneath the trembling beams of the rising moon. It was, indeed, an eastern night, the loveliest season in the loveliest clime, and under its influence the mind is naturally filled with melancholy and tender musings. I, too, was engaged in a most perilous though noble enterprise—what might be its result? I thought of my dear old uncle and poor Emily, whose whole earthly happiness was bound up in my existence, and, sad and thoughtful, stood leaning over the gangway in silence, watching the broken waves as they swept past me, until lost in the great and general mass of waters. 'Twas a type of the state of man—so does he swell and vaunt himself, so die away. I looked up and beheld the Ambracian Gulf! And was this sea which I now sailed over, filled with my petty cares and anxieties, once vexed by the tributary fleets of those "who did the round world divide?" And where was Octavius? where was Antony? and that imperial beauty, whose royal luxury would exhaust a kingdom's revenue in a night's banqueting? Ask for the eddying bubbles of those receding waves, and exclaim with Solomon, "All is vanity!" Yet is there no real glory? Is that glittering though unsubstantial prize, for which in all ages the great amongst mankind have thirsted for and contended—is it of so vain and fleeting a nature, that wisely the philosophic Juvenal,* in bitter irony, only weighs the dust of the mighty dead? Even so does the enlightened mind treat the names and actions of many of those falsely styled "great," to whom ignorance and the corrupted voice of Man have decreed a fictitious glory; but with the march of intellect and diffusion of knowledge a re-action takes place, and he hastens to forget the old objects of his idolatry, to form other and juster notions of real greatness. When Cyrus and Babylon, Alexander and the Granicus, Hannibal and Cannæ, the brilliant victories of Cæsar, the triumphs of Augustus, the conquests of Charlemagne, the Crusaders and Ascalon, Swedish Charles and Pultowa, Marlborough and Blenheim, Napoleon, Marengo and Austerlitz—all, are forgotten, or only remembered as the destroyers of mankind, and the fatal scenes of their destruction,—Socrates and his moral maxims—Plato and his dialogues—the devotion of Leonidas—the justice of Aristides—the discoveries of Newton—the philanthropy of Howard,—and the patriotism of Washington—shall claim and receive the admiration of mankind. They, and such as they, shall alone be considered as the heroes and benefactors of the human race, the possessors of real glory.

[1] Continued from p. 76.

* "Expende Annibalem: quot libras in duce summo
Invenies? Juv. S. x. v. 147.

And is it not, thought I, enthusiastically, a glorious achievement to drive the barbarous Mussulman from the lovely land of Greece, which he has long desolated—to expel those slavish and brutal denizens from the native land of freedom?

"Yes!" said I, "such a cause is worthy of the name I bear. To die is but to live—to mingle my clay with the sacred ashes of those who cannot die."

"Yonder is the Lover's Leap," said the man at the helm; and out beyond the lee-bow of the felucca the high promontory of Leucadia was seen, overhanging the deep.

I had not then, alas! known what it is to love; and my mind was attuned for loftier and sterner meditations; yet did I not pass that fatal steep, O gentle Sappho, without conjuring up the remembrance of thy own beautifully-told sorrows, and dropping a tear into the cold wave, where thou didst seek for rest. Noble and highly gifted was thy soul, young Lesbian! Warm and enthusiastic, friendship became with thee a passion, which the dull and cold of heart could not understand. The genius of Sappho—her fine sensibility and ardent imagination, could only be generated in the delicious clime and under the bright skies of Greece. We find, indeed, that she has been in all ages remarkable for having produced great and distinguished women—illustrious instances to prove what the female mind is capable of: in opposition to those degrading doctrines of the Koran which, it is to be feared, have too many abettors even amongst Christians. When the long night of darkness and slavery, which has for three centuries rested upon Modern Greece, accompanied by its never-failing attendants, ignorance and superstition, has fallen in common, nay, perhaps with heavier hand upon her daughters, it is in vain to look for the Sapphos, Aspasias, and Corinnas, of other and brighter times; but taking example from her troubled eras, when, as now, Greece was threatened with destruction by her barbarous foes, they have directed their energies more usefully to the emancipation of their country. And Bobolina of Spezzia,* with the patriotism which the royal traitress wanted, is not unworthy of comparison with the warlike Artemisia.†

I went below, and turned into my cot, and fell asleep, dreaming of Greece and her heroes. I was awakened in the morning by the rattling cable, as we came to anchor near Argostoli. We found the armed schooner Leonidas already there. On making a signal, an officer was sent to us. I delivered him a letter from Signor Vostizzi. He was very courteous, and, in answer to my questions, informed me that Admiral Miaulis was at Hydra, and that the army and the principal chiefs were still before Tripolitza, prosecuting the siege. He said it would be impossible to land the arms or myself in the Gulf of Patras, that there were several Turkish ships of war at anchor near the town, and a large disposable body of troops in the different garrisons; who, now that the Greek forces were drawn away to a distant quarter, roamed about, desolating the country. We resolved, therefore to land in the Gulf of Arcadia, and cross the country to Tripolitza, where, he said, the arms were much required. He advised me to remain on board the felucca, and in the event of our falling in with a Turkish cruiser, he could divert her attention, whilst we, carrying English colours, might proceed quietly to our destination.

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* Bobolina of Spezzia fitted out seven ships against the enemy, at her own charge.

† Artemisia, queen of Halicarnassus and some neighbouring islands, followed Xerxes in his expedition against Greece. Her conduct at the battle of Salamis was so brave as to call from the Persian monarch the remark, that on that day the men had behaved like women, and the women like men.

Assenting to the propriety of all this, we hove the anchor up and made sail, and, without meeting any opposition, brought-to again the same evening near Cape Katakolo, in the Gulf of Arcadia. We sent a messenger on shore, who procured the aid of a dozen rude carts, drawn by oxen, to convey the arms, with Arcadian shepherds to guide them—think of Arcadian shepherds!

I was now in Greece—the long-sighed-for bourne of my aspirations. We landed near the river Rufra, the ancient Alpheus. We passed the ruins of Olympia—indeed every step we took inland was entering upon classic ground, and amid scenes the most glorious upon earth. Here, fired with noble emulation, had flocked the sages and heroes of old, whose virtues have dignified human nature, who, though without revelation, had still loved and followed virtue for its own sake, and left an undying example to mankind. Still does their spirit, with the genius of liberty, seem to haunt those lovely valleys, and walk abroad on the hills of Greece.

> " The silent pillar, lone and gray,
> Claimed kindred with their sacred clay;
> Their spirit wrapt the dusky mountain,
> Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;
> Despite of every yoke she bears,
> That land is glory's still, and theirs!"

Yet no generous mind can contemplate Greece without the most painful emotion. Her fertile vales are lone and neglected—her fine public roads are broken up, or rather not a vestige of them remains—her busy commerce—her immense and restless population—her numerous cities, now only distinguished by their ruins—all, all are gone—an exterminating war has completed her desolation. She is Greece, indeed, " but living Greece no more!"

We now began to descend the hills which slope towards Tripolitza, and to fall in with foraging parties from the besieging army. Tripolitza, like most of the Greek towns, looks imposing at a distance, but, on approaching nearer, we are sadly disappointed with this capital of the Peloponnesus. The fortifications are weak and ill constructed, and could not have withstood a regular army forty-eight hours. Yet here had been ten thousand Greeks for nearly a month, and they seemed to be as far from taking the place as ever; indeed their only hopes seemed to rest in starving the garrison into a surrender. This was not, however, owing to any deficiency, on the part of the Greeks, of courage or resolution, but to their complete want of a battering-train, or even artillery to cover an assault, supposing a breach were effected.

On joining the army, I immediately made my way to the tent—one of the few in the army—of the General, if, indeed, amongst so many independent chieftains, there was really such a person. I found in Demetrius Ipsilanti all that I had previously heard of him. Bold and enthusiastic in the cause of Greece; intelligent and well informed; unmoved by difficulties, undaunted by danger, he was fitted to command the rude chiefs by whom he was surrounded. Like his brother Alexander, he seemed born a soldier, for at this time he could not have been much more than thirty, and yet he was generalissimo of the Greeks, and had proved himself one of their most successful leaders. In person he was about the middle height; his features were pale and thoughtful; he did not seem in good health, and walked with lameness, but I believe this is owing to some natural defect. In conversation he was courteous and animated. He seemed much mortified by the opposition he had met with from the Greek ephors, or primates, in his plans for bringing the army into regularity and discipline. He informed me that Mavrocordato, with Catacuzene, was gone into Western Greece, to assume the command there; and added, that from some unpleasant tidings he had that morning received, he would be obliged to march in the evening, with a small division of the army, northward towards Patras. He said he thought the garrison must eventually surrender, as the passes were all guarded, and they had no chance of receiving any supplies. "The Turks," said he, "have not made so many sorties of late; their cavalry are destroyed; while they were fresh, they kept us from the plains; but now we can make nearer approaches; and if these fellows," said he, "who will stand for hours behind a rock to have a shot at a Turkish sentinel, would only employ themselves in making a few gabions or fascines, something might be done; but no, any manual work of this kind they think servile and beneath them. We have, indeed, cut off the water-pipes, and, thus pressed, the garrison will surrender, but not till the season for action elsewhere has gone by. Long ere this I would have ventured an assault; but no," said he, scornfully, "the ephors expect vast spoil and treasure, and would not that the profane hands of the soldiers should touch any of it. Your muskets will prove a most opportune aid, as many of our people have no other arms than a stick."

He offered me a command amongst the Philhellenes, or sacred band, a battalion formed of Greeks, educated abroad; or foreign volunteers. I told him, however, of my little band of Suliotes, and their wish to act with the Arnauts or the Albanians. It was then settled that I should give my letter to Georgaki Kizzo, whom, he said, I would find a very noble fellow, and join his followers. These matters being arranged, he advised me to take up my quarters in one of the hamlets near the town, which he pointed out to me. "The Greeks," said he, in this delightful clime of theirs, easily manage about their couches for the night—a few boughs and leaves make a rude but sufficient housing to keep off the dews of the night, and that is all that is necessary." Such, indeed was the kind of *tents* which outstretched, far and near, around Tripolitza, for every man seemed to have his own particular domicile, such as it was.

I took my leave of Ipsilanti, who left his tent to give directions to some of his officers about his intended march, while I, attended by Tahir, my favourite Suliote, and Nicolo Vasi, took my way to see about quarters in the village pointed out.

Miserable, indeed, was the accommodation it presented; for a small consideration, I induced a Mainote chief to give up a wretched house, with white-washed walls and flat roof, and only three rooms. I ordered Tahir to domicile himself and his comrades on the ground story, and, notwithstanding the musquitos and a hard mattress, managed to sleep pretty soundly. Next day, with Nicolo, who now seldom left me, to act as interpreter, I waited upon Giorgaki Kizzo, whose quarters were not far off, amongst the Mainotes and Epirotes, under Pietros, bey of Maina, who had assumed the command of the army at Ypsilanti's departure. I found Giorgaki standing outside a large painted tent, engaged with some young chieftains at quoits. Never did I see a more complete model of manly beauty; his features were formed in the noblest cast of Grecian outline; his eyes were large and dark, mild in their expression, but full of latent fire; of the middle height, but slim and graceful as Apollo; every action, as, bounding with the quoit, he surpassed his fellows, betrayed the agile strength of a mountaineer; clad in the complete and splendid Arnaut garb, his finely formed throat was bared, and his raven hair fell down his neck in almost feminine luxuriance. He received me courteously, and, after reading the letter I was charged with, embraced me, and invited me into the tent, where sat some of the elder chiefs playing at drafts, smoking their chiboukes, or conversing. Amongst the latter was Pietros Bey, and the celebrated Colocotroni; the first of these was a venerable looking old man, but the last attracted and fixed all the observer's attention: he was a man of about the middle age; though above the common height, his huge figure and breadth of chest made it appear less; his limbs were large and muscular, and evinced great strength; his features were noble, but fierce and haughty in their expression; his eyes dark and flashing like the eagle's; his hair, which had once been black as the raven's wing, was slightly grizzled; he was dressed like the Mainotes, and, in addition, wore a kind of half armour; his shoulders were protected by burnished scales, terminating in lions' heads; his nether limbs were sheathed in greaves, or buskins, with silver scales.

I now placed my small but, I hoped, devoted contingent, including myself, at the disposal of the chiefs, who informed me, however, that I could not be better than with my friend Giorgaki Kizzo; that, in the path of honour and the hour of danger, I could find no truer companion in arms. The chiefs then began to consult upon the terms to capitulate offered that morning by the Bardouniotes, a wild and warlike tribe, living near the Mainotes; it was agreed that they should be granted, and that evening the Bardouniotes came out and surrendered to the Mainotes.

The Turks now began seriously to think of capitulation, when confidence and imprudence on their part anticipated them, and brought the siege to a close with a horrible catastrophe. Some of the Greek soldiers having entered into conversation with the Turkish sentinels, and offering fruit in barter, the latter imprudently assisted them to mount the wall; but they were no sooner up than they hurled down the Mahometans, opened the gates, and displayed the standard of the Cross.

I was returning from an excursion to Paliopolis with Giorgaki, when suddenly the din of drums and shouting fell upon our ear.

"Hark!" cried he, "Tambourgi! tambourgi! the Turks have made a sortie."

We pushed rapidly forward, and, clearing an olive wood, beheld the whole army rushing to the gates.

"St. Spiridion," cried Giorgaki, "the gates are open—the cross! forward—forward—Tripolitza's ours!" Saying this, we ran at full speed to our quarters: the Mainotes were already in motion; in a moment they were formed, and Giorgaki at their head. My Suliotes were ready waiting, with flashing eyes and impatient gestures, for me to lead them to the assault; the boy Nicolo was amongst the most eager. I ordered him to retire and take charge of my baggage.

The hope of pillage, and the slaughter of their Albanian enemies, roused the demon of carnage in the breasts of the savage Suliotes, and clashing their sabres, they cried to me to lead them forward. I drew my sword, and in a moment more we were mingled with the Mainotes, and amongst the advancing troops rushing towards the gates. Now rose from the plain the reverberating din of the artillery; the quick rattling peals of volleying musketry; the war-cries and shouting of hostile men meeting in deadly conflict. "Hellas! and the Cross!" "Souli! souli!" "Allah! allah! allah il allah!" were heard above the bickering of sabres, and the groans of the dying. We have gained the drawbridge, soon choked by the assailants; now friend and foe are trampled on—the walls are scaled—and, after, a furious conflict, all opposition is quenched in the blood of the Moslems; and Tripolitza is given up to slaughter and pillage. Now ring upon the ear the yells of the vanquished, and shrieks of flying women. Here and there, from street to street, some returning party, rendered desperate by despair, rally, and make a fierce resistance.

Mingled in the mêlée, and carried away by the maddening tumult of the assault, I had advanced far into the town, without being aware that gradually our party, and even my own band of Suliotes, had fallen off to plunder. Just then I fell in with a small party of Turks retreating towards the citadel. A huge Nubian, carrying a red standard, brought up their rear. I waved my sword, and turning round to cheer on my companions, perceived that I was abandoned and alone. I paused, uncertain how to act. The rest of the Turks seemed only attentive to their escape, and did not heed me; but the Nubian stopped short, and fronted me.

"Ah! dog of a Nazarene, come on! and, with the crescent of the prophet before thy dying eyes, let me send thy trembling soul to Sathani!"

I had only time to defend myself, when the gigantic savage, bounding forward, was upon me, dealing blow after blow with an arm like a windmill, and a force which seemed more than human. I was master of my weapon, and was armed with a good cut-and-thrust sword; yet I found my strength fast failing me in this constant parrying of the rapid attacks of my adversary's sword. I saw I must no longer act on the defensive; I made a feint, and getting my sword beneath the curved Damascus of the Nubian, with a sudden movement forced it from his grasp.

"Ah! dog of Eblis—but it shall not save thee." He retreated a pace backward; but seeing that I was too active to allow him to recover his scimitar, he seized the standard in both his hands, and rushed forward again with desperate fury. I struck at him as he threw himself upon me, but he received my sword on the flag staff, and, ere I could recover myself, had grasped my sword arm with one of his brawny hands, and with the other seizing my throat, he bent me backward to the earth. Earth and sky reeled before my vision—my brain swam—death was near, and it would have been relief to the throes of strangulation which I suffered under the grasp of the infidel. "Now Monker shall have thee, Christian," said the Nubian, as, kneeling on my chest, he wrenched the hilt of my sword from my nerveless hold, and shortened it for the fatal thrust. His arm was raised aloft, but ere it descended, a poniard was driven by some friendly hand into the broad back of the Nubian, and with a convulsive spring, uttering a deep groan, he fell back and expired.

Again I breathed freely, my senses returned, and, looking up, I beheld Nicolo Vasi supporting my head, a second time my preserver. The gallant boy, notwithstanding my orders, had stormed the town with his countrymen, and singling me out after we had cleared the ramparts, determined to follow me, and if I fell, to fall with me. I rose up and took him by the hand—"Brave youth, henceforth you shall never leave me; and here," said I, taking up the standard which was wound round the Nubian, "here is a proud memorial of your early prowess for your kinsmen at Kiappa."

A large body of the Greeks, led on by Giorgaki Kizzo, his sword red to the hilt with the blood of the Moslems, now rushed up the street. "Well met, signor," said he, "Tripolitza's ours. What? the Pacha's standard? By St. Bazil! Signior Delaval, but your daring bravery throws our deeds into the shade."

I pointed to Nicolo, as he stood gazing on the gigantic form of the lifeless Nubian, and related the events of my late encounter.

"Noble lad, thou art worthy of our country," said he, embracing him, "and shalt never want a friend in Giorgaki."

He had not time to say more, for the troops he had led on had begun the work of devastation; fire burst from the roofs of the surrounding houses, furniture and spoil came tumbling from the lattices, and now and then, above the crackling and falling of the burning rafters, were heard the stifled shrieks of the wretched Mussulmans, as they were dragged from their hiding-places and given to the sword. Yes, truth must confess that the atrocities that followed the assault on Tripolitza were barbarous in the extreme. But ere we utterly condemn the Greeks, we should remember the annals of our own campaign in the Peninsula, the ruthless violence which too often followed the storming of our armies, gallant and disciplined as they were, when roused by that bloody impatience and animosity, which is common to all armies that have endured the hardships of a long and obstinate siege. Callous does the most generous heart become amidst the desolating scenes and countless horrors of war. Giorgaki, heedless of the cries of these wretched prisoners, only seemed anxious that his men should postpone their ruthless occupation until they had cut off the few straggling parties of the enemy, who now, from different quarters, were seen flying towards the citadel.

"Forward! forward, sons of the Greeks!" he cried, "there will be time for plunder when we have gained the citadel."

He waved his sword, and some Mainotes gathering round, we pushed forward in pursuit; we had not proceeded far when a fearful and united cry, as from several women, fell upon our ears—it proceeded from a large square building connected with a court-yard, round which ran a gallery of chambers.

"Ha! they have burst the pacha's harem," cried Giorgaki; "on, Signior Delaval—on to the rescue! Beshrew the caitiff wretch who hearkens not to the cry of woman in distress!"

We crossed the court-yard, and, ascending a winding staircase, were within the pacha's serai. We heeded not the Mosaic floors and jettes of living water sparkling in their marble basins, the Parian pillars supporting the roof, which glittered with golden verses from the Koran. We heeded not all this eastern luxury and magnificence, so painfully contrasted with the squalid appearance of the town, and its present hour of desolation. No; our souls were appalled, our pulses stilled, by the heart-rending cry which woman utters in the moments of her utmost distress. Shriek after shriek resounded through the desolate oda, and now came mingled with the oaths and imprecations of men. We rushed forward, and entering a dormitory—heaven and earth! what a sight was there! Woman in her loveliest form, the captive beauties of Circassia and Franguestan, struggling with frail and impotent strength in the brutal embraces of an infuriated soldiery. I recognised in these barbarians my own band of Suliotes, aided by three fierce Arcadians. The very moment Giorgaki appeared in the oda, Tahir, my favourite Suliote, was dragging a tall and lovely woman towards the entrance.

"Ah! Δεσκοινα," exclaimed Kizzo, as he recognised the jewelled poniard at the captive's girdle; "the pacha's wife! Down with thy burden, ruffianly Klepthes, or by St. Basil thy apostate blood shall dye my sword deeper than that of the infidel!"

"Not without ransom," said the Suliote, fiercely; "she is mine by right."

"Maintain it then," said Giorgaki, and with uplifted sabre he rushed upon the Suliote, who stood ready to defend himself; and his comrades coming to his assistance, Georgaki's life would have been the price of this contention, had not I interposed.

"Back, Tahir!" cried I; "you have sworn to obey me. I myself will pay you any fair ransom which you set on this lady."

"'Tis well, signior," said Tahir; "I was the first, with my brave countrymen, to clear the ramparts and open a passage into the town, and heard yon false chieftain, to cheer on the wavering Mainotes, declare that Tripolitza and all it held were given to the victors. Yet now he would tear from me the captive of my sword! Let him look to it; and mind, signior, 'tis to *you* I yield her;" saying which, with a scowl of hatred and defiance at Giorgaki, he retired from the seraglio with his countrymen, who looked as enraged as himself; a few thrusts and blows from our sabres sent the Arcadians after them; and the oda being cleared, we had time to contemplate the inmates of the harem. Never did the eye rest upon more lovely forms than these poor slaves of Scio and Circassia. Their very abandonment, their dilated eyes, and dishevelled tresses, but heightened their charms, and engaged more deeply our sympathy for those whom their brutal lord only considered as the toys of his lust.

Gradually they seemed to recover from their fears, until, loosening their hold of the pillars, to which they had clung in the extremity of their distress, they timidly approached us, and, kneeling down, embraced our knees, and poured forth their thanks in simple but touching eloquence. Foremost amongst them was the beautiful Circassian whom Giorgaki had rescued from the savage Suliote: distinguished by her beauty, even amidst that beautiful group. And can that gentle creature, thought I, as, kneeling at the feet of her preserver, she pressed his hands to her lips and heart, and moistened them with her tears of gratitude—can that child-like simplicity have charms for her ruthless master? Yet so it was—she was indeed the favourite wife of Chourchid Pacha.

Poor Giorgaki! the sympathy which was at first awakened by his own generous disposition deepened into a warmer and more tender interest, as he gazed upon the supplicating beauty of her who knelt before him. And Aisi, lovely Aisi, did *she* share in those feelings? Yes! that tearful eye and quivering lip tell of emotions never felt till now. And ere the handsome young Greek raised her from the ground, she felt for the first time that she loved, and was beloved. Such is love in the East—the love of Nature—vital, and rapid in its growth, as the shooting beams of her own orb of day.

Giorgaki soon succeeded in assuring the trembling inmates of the harem of their security, and in quieting their alarms; he promised that a strong guard should be posted during the night in the courtyard to protect them; and that he himself and his friend, meaning me, would take up their quarters in the adjoining building.

Willingly do I throw a veil over the horrors which filled the first terrible night that settled on Tripolizza after its occupation by the Greeks; feign would I, indeed, blot them from my memory. Next day the citadel surrendered at discretion, and the seat of the Ottoman government in the Peloponnesus, the scene of innumerable atrocities on the part of their Turkish tyrants, and about two thousand prisoners, were in the hands of the patriots.

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A few days after these events, Nicolo Vasi came and informed me that Tahir and the Suliotes had sworn the death of Giorgaki Kizzo. I was not surprised at this, and willing enough to get rid of these dangerous and troublesome followers — for, though brave and faithful to their masters, they are equally savage and untractable.

Summoning Tahir and the rest of his band before me, I paid them their arrears and a handsome gratuity, and dismissed them from my service. They seemed irritated and unprepared for this, till, observing Vasi standing behind me, Tahir cast a glance of intelligence at his comrades, and bowing low, retired.

I hastened to Giorgaki's quarters, and informed him of the conspiracy against his life, which providentially I had been able to defeat, and I took care not to leave him till the Suliotes had long left the army, and crossed the mountains. I engaged a Greek servant, whom my friend had recommended to me, and returned to my quarters. I was much surprised at not finding Nicolo waiting, as usual, to receive me. Alarmed, I ran through the rooms, calling his name, but he was no where to be found. I now apprehended the worst, and was convinced that the vindictive Suliotes had made away with the boy. I hastened back to the quarters of Giorgaki, and told him of the disappearance of my brave young follower. He seemed as much distressed as myself, and immediately ordered out a troop of mountaineers, to scour the passes in pursuit of the fugitives; but in vain. They returned in the morning without having seen anything of them; they had only heard from some peasants that a small band of Suliotes had been seen passing one of the defiles early in the day previous, taking the direction of Patras.

This sad loss of my faithful servant made me very melancholy for some time, and pressed upon my mind my lonely and friendless situation—far from my native land, fighting amongst hostile and savage tribes.

Early in December the congress was removed from Argos to Epidaurus, a small ruinous village situate near the coast, opposite to the Island of Egina, and celebrated for its once magnificent temple of Esculapius, the ruins of which still exist.

When we contemplate this first general congress of Greece, since the Achaian league, in which, on the 21st January, 1821, she declared her independence, together with the wisdom and talent displayed by her leaders in their deliberations, and the enlightened policy which directed their successful labours, we are filled with admiration and astonishment. Never let it be said that Greece is unable to form or maintain a settled government of her own. I foresee that the time will shortly arrive when the attention of the great powers of Europe will be called to the affairs of Greece.* I predict this from the favour and sympathy which her cause has already received in Western

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* How complete has been the fulfilment of these forebodings of my departed friend! He died shortly after Capo d'Istrias was made president by the allied powers; and though he deprecated the appointment of a Russian minister to preside over the affairs of Greece, yet he acknowledged the personal merit and claims of Capo d'Istrias as an illustrious Greek; but what would he have said, had he lived to witness that abortion of Gothic despotism which has been for a time established in Greece by foreign interference? What, in the name of all that's absurd, had Bavaria to do with Greece? But it is England who will suffer for this the consummation of her folly in the triple alliance. By assuming a high and independent tone in the affairs of Greece, which our possession of the Ionian islands warranted, and by guaranteeing her independence, and granting her some commercial advantages, which to a natu-

Europe; but however important such sympathy may be in her present struggle, however honourable to those enlightened nations that have evinced it, and indeed there is nothing that more strongly proves the progress of their own civilisation and freedom than the enthusiasm which has been called forth by the sufferings of Greece, and that noble crusade of so many generous freemen to her shore; yet I warn the Greeks to be cautious in countenancing foreign interference hereafter—I tell them to beware, lest, after having opposed and destroyed the power of the infidel, the fate of unhappy Poland may be theirs.

> "Trust not for freedom to the Franks,
> They have a king who buys and sells,
> In native swords and native ranks
> The only hope of freedom dwells,"

was the advice of one of the noblest and most devoted friends of Greece. I repeat, that under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty, while successfully resisting the combined fleets and armies of the Ottoman empire, Greece, only just emerged from slavery and degradation, displayed a wisdom and energy in the organisation of her internal government that entitled her to the respect of Europe, and the independent management of her own affairs. If I am asked what sort of government is best suited to the circumstances of that country, I answer, that which, with certain modifications, the people themselves first established. The complex interests and old institutions which in other countries render a different form of government expedient, do not exist here. Let them revert, then, to the simple systems of their ancestors—let their chief magistrate (call him archon, president, consul, or what you will) be elective, *but chosen by the elect of the people*—let them have their ephori—the name is still familiar—and, above all, let them have their *ecclesiai*, or their popular assemblies; they will thus be modelled on the Spartan form of government—the best of the old Greek constitutions, as being the most perfectly tricorporal—a constitution which, as Potter remarks, bearing a close affinity to that of Britain, preserved its triple elements, and endured, in a flourishing condition, for nearly eight hundred years. Such a form of government would meet support which I do not think is likely to be granted to any other—it would be congenial to the cherished remembrances of the people, and those haughty and independent chieftains might be induced to submit to an authority delegated from themselves. The person of the chief magistrate would be more secure—his office more respected. It is Machiavelli who, I believe, says, "He who attains the supreme office through the great, holds a more precarious title than he who acquires it through the people"—the purest source from whence it can flow.

The reduction of Corinth, perhaps the most important point in

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rally maritime country would have been so encouraging and valuable, we should have called forth the numerous resources of that fine country, and have established a free and flourishing state, the best bulwark against the now so dreaded encroachments of Russia in the East.—P.

Greece, followed fast upon that of Tripolitza, and the seat of government was removed shortly after to that place.

I had met at the congress the celebrated Greek admiral Miaulis; the brave old man is indeed worthy of the esteem and admiration of his countrymen; frank and simple in his manners, he unites to the daring of Themistocles the moderation, ay, and it may be added, the justice of Aristides, for, amidst all the jealous rivalry of contending chieftains, his purity alone has never been questioned. He invited me to accompany him on a cruise in the Archipelago; and as the campaign for the season had for the most part closed with the fall of Corinth, I had begun to tire of the predatory kind of warfare which was now pursued on both sides, and to incline to so favourable an opportunity of visiting the shores of the Egean, when one of those barbarous and shocking events, which give such a ruthless character to Turkish warfare, occurred, and hastened my determination.

The second campaign opened, on the part of the Turks, with the desolation of Scio, and the massacre of its wretched inhabitants. Remarkable for quiet submission to the rule of their Turkish lords, the Sciotes had long devoted their attention to commerce, and their island was now the happiest and most flourishing of the Grecian Archipelago, alike distinguished by the polite hospitality of its inhabitants and the beauty of its women. Still they were Greeks, and could not witness without sympathy their countrymen struggling for freedom against a common tyrant. An ill-advised and abortive insurrection soon furnished their barbarous enemies with a pretext too favourable for the indulgence of their lust and cruelty, not to be taken advantage of.

On the 22nd of April, the capitan pacha, with a large fleet, five of them being ships of the line, entered the bay, and opened upon the town, while several thousand soldiers were landed under cover of their fire. Unprepared to resist such an overwhelming force, without concert or any settled plan of defence, the wretched Sciotes, abandoning all thoughts of resistance, only hoped to save themselves by flight. The town was now set on fire by the infuriated Mussulmans, and man, woman, and child, given to the edge of the sword! In this dreadful scene of wholesale destruction thousands perished, or were led into captivity; the latter, mostly women or boys, selected for their beauty, and only reserved for a fate still more horrible. So atrocious and wanton an act of barbarity, instead of striking the patriots with terror, only excited a deeper feeling of detestation, and an impatient desire for a bloody and adequate revenge.

Sharing in these feelings, I embarked on board the corvette which carried the flag of Miaulis, and, in company with some smaller vessels and two fire-ships, sailed for the straits of Scio. The atonement for the late atrocious massacre, and the second great naval triumph of the Greeks, were reserved for and planned by my friend Miaulis. He observed, that it was utterly useless to appear in force off Scio, as the enemy would have time to get into the open sea, where the light vessels of the Greeks were quite unequal to attack them, and he therefore resolved, that while the rest of his little squadron should remain in the offing, two fireships should be despatched to make a night attack on the enemy's fleet. They were to assume as much as possible the appearance of merchant-ships, and, on making the land, to impede their way by towing hawsers or sails overboard, so that, coasting along during the day without attracting the observation of the Turks, they might be able to enter the Bay of Scio at nightfall, when our daring and bravery were to do the rest. Miaulis promised that the squadron should stand in, and pick us up at daybreak.

This bold and excellent plan was as nobly executed. I got permission to go on board the fireship commanded by Canaris, one of the most intrepid seamen of Greece, and well acquainted with the management of these destructive flotillas.

CHARMING ROSELLE.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

Charming Roselle! lovely Roselle,
Come to the fountain you love so well!
Oh, no! she hath gone
To the shelvy shore,
Where her gay lover rests
On his idle oar:—
There's a blush on her cheek
Which a tale doth tell,—
To-morrow he weds
Our young Roselle!

Charming Roselle, lovely Roselle!
She hath left the fountain she loved so well:—
In the giddy world,
Ah! she smiles no more,
For her gay lord is changed,
And his love, it is o'er!
There's a shade on her brow
Which a tale doth tell,—
Deserted she pines,
Our poor Roselle!

Charming Roselle, lovely Roselle!
She sits by the fountain she loves so well.—
For the roses that decked
Her raven hair,
Why are rushes and straws
Twisted wildly there?
There's a glare in the eye
Which a tale doth tell:—
Oh! a maniac roves
Our poor Roselle!

LORD KILLIKELLY.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

CHAPTER I.

"My dear fellow," said Captain Francis Forbes, "what are you doing with yourself to-night?"

"I am thinking of suicide," replied Mr. Walter Wickham; "but I have not yet quite determined the mode."

"Have a good plan. Mechified razors?"

"No; though they looked very tempting while I dressed; but vulgar—quite vulgar. I did think of tightening my cravat, but I remembered that a Turkish bowstring was as small as a lady's needleful of embroidery silk, or a fibre of her hair; so I tied my cravat in the ordinary style. I hate things in a coarse, vulgar way."

"And prussic acid?"

"Has become the property of clerks and milliners."

"And drowning?"

"Is too cold—this time of the year."

"And dancing on the tight rope?"

"I never could dance."

"And shooting?"

"Makes such a noise."

"And poisoning?"

"Gives us ugly faces."

"And a bolster?"

"Requires assistance; and as it is murder for lookers-on, I am determined to postpone it till I can be the principal."

"I think you had better; and meanwhile?"

"I am booked, billeted, enlisted, pressed."

"On what service?"

"O, to the everlasting House! How I do long to go to sleep on the woolsack! The Babel of eternal clamour! To be crushed under pyramids of words—mountains of sentences—dictionaries of dulness. O that the poor six-and-twenty sounds of the human voice formed by the organs of speech should be capable of being drawn out into these interminable spider-webs!—spider-webs of wire—wire spider-webs, and I the poor fly in the midst."

"Why don't you rebel?"

"Because that would be an assertion of free-will."

"Any objection to that?"

"Only a compulsory one."

"Will your uncle speechify long to-night?"

"Only as long as he can stand upon his legs."

"Or till his wits fail him."

"Or till his tongue tire."

"Which will be soonest?"

"O, his *under-standing* undoubtedly."

"Well, but soberly, at what time do you expect to be free to-night?"

"O, sober enough some time to-morrow morning."

"Ha, ha!—well, but we are going to have a little supper—what say you?"

"Should like it of all things. Let me see—ministers pretty quiet—Brougham not in speaking order—Lyndhurst not spiteful—Melbourne not wound up—our turn come soon—notes for three hours—another for parentheses—half of one for extemporaneous illustrations—another half to explain explanations—well, seven now—just dined—he a bottle, I another—seven—twelve!—Why, about one I may be emancipated—will that do?"

"Excellently. I am going into the club for an hour, and then to see Lablache parody honest Jack Falstaff—he wants the buck-basket for doing it—I shall stop the ballet, and then step out of the Opera into a hack, and stop for you at the Lords—give you ten minutes grace, and then go without you—so you know what you have to expect."

"I shall expect *you.*"

"Ha, ha!—well, adio!"

Mr. Walter Wickham, with the air of a martyr, entered the mysterious sanctuary of the Lords, all bright with crimson and gold, and wonderfully small to hold all the coroneted wisdom in the realm. There stood the empty throne, and there sat the lordly chancellor, pillowed in his wig and his woolsack, and there gathered in the recipients of all the hereditary sense of the nation, notwithstanding that some of the heads that held it nodded with its weight, and a curious degree of ophthalmic disease prevailed, which of course could not be sleep, though it resembled it in some of its symptoms.

Mr. Walter Wickham was happy enough to catch a nod and a smile from his illustrious relation, Lord Killikelly, as he got upon his legs, after the business of the House had progressed about two hours. He took out his watch—just nine—and then looked at his uncle.

What was Lord Killikelly like? Why, he was a specimen of human nature that had been flourishing in this world of ours about forty years; and this duration brings mortality to a sort of clearing-ground of the weeds and follies of youth, which, at such an age, are exceedingly apt to die a natural death, being, like the youth which engenders them, only temporary things, and yielding their ground to the more durable and better-wearing vices, such as covetousness and ambition, which, being only perversions of immortal virtues, are of course indestructible, and never die, even in patriarchal age. We do not say that these were Lord Killikelly's vices—we are not going to utter a word of scandal—we will not dissect him—we will not even give a sketch of his nose; all that we will say of Lord Killikelly's person is, that it was exceedingly diminutive, and that he had a gentlemanly ugliness—an ugliness that is so far from being disagreeable, that it is infinitely better than vulgar comeliness.

Now it is part of the most beautiful of all doctrines, the doctrine of compensation, that little men should make great speeches; and as great things cannot generally be got into small space, so Lord Killikelly could not, by any earthly power of hydraulics or steam pressure, compress more than a certain number of words into a certain number of seconds; therefore, though the torrent came thick and fast, thicker and faster, thicker and faster still, so the time wore on, but like an ugly garment, as if it would never wear out. The Lord Chancellor nodded his approbation, and kept his eyes shut that he might be all ear: the draperies of the throne waved their regal approbation, the red curtains began to dance in gentle motions like the Bayaderes, the opposition slept audibly, and even his own party took snatches of refreshment, only waking up at intervals to cry "Hear! hear!" either in the proper or improper places; not a few adjourned to Bellamy's for a steak, desiring to be sent for just an hour after Lord Killikelly had reached his *lastly;* the reporters laid themselves down on the floor of their little sheepfold, and those who were lucky enough to belong to the other side went very comfortably to sleep for a few hours, trusting to the joy that would fill the house when his lordship had finished and sat down again, to awaken them, while the unfortunate set who had to register his oratorical exertions lay down and wrote upon their hats, trusting to good fortune and the shaking of their elbows not to fall somnolescent; but all these indulgences were denied to Walter Wickham, who was obliged to listen without equivocation.

We have said that he caught the nod and the smile of his uncle as he set out on his speech, like the good-bye inclination of the head of an outside passenger on the top of a stage-coach as the driver gives the first flourish of his whip, and the wheels whirl round, and then on and on he went, like the man with the steam leg, or the railway train, or the perpetual motion, or any thing that never stops, and that is only time, though time just now seemed to be panting after him as though it never, never could get up to him. The repeaters kept striking the same hour, the minute hand seemed to have made a resolve not to make a revolve, the hour hand had an obstinate fit of immovability. Mr. Wickham thought of the splendid theatre, of the voluptuous show, the streams of light dancing in myriads of glittering beams through diamond lustres, the throng of the élite, the dress, the show, the pageantry, the beauty, the pretty coquetry, the piquing whisper, and the long dying strains of harmony—and then his ear caught a few of his uncle's emphatic denunciations, as if in the tone of filing iron, and then his thoughts turned again to the little supper, the delicious French *cuisinier*, the unspeakable champagne, liberty of thought, leave and license, any thing and every thing allowable, all glee, all frolic, all spice, all spirit—and all this waiting for the everlasting clock to go round, that would not move a bit faster than it pleased, just as if it were standing still to listen to his uncle—and there stood his uncle with an organ of speech as if it were made of India rubber, promising to last for ever.

But, at last, slowly, by dull degrees, laggardly, as laggardly as one finds out that one is getting old, the hands of the clock did circumambulate—it was nine—it was ten—eleven—twelve—one—half-past one—and then, joy! there was a shuffling of feet, and coughing, and hemming, and putting on of hats, and shaking of garments, and donning of great coats, and crackling of Macs; and the reporters that had been asleep woke up, and the reporters that had been obliged to keep awake blessed their stars that fine glittering starlight night, and there was a general brush, and a rush, and a stumble. The house was awake, quite awake—it had broken up—it was like an open prison, liberty and delight, and some of the lords rushed out, and some of the lords lounged out, and Walter Wickham, feverish with delight, like a boy out of school after having got through some impossible lesson, made his way up to his uncle, looking as pleasant as possible, and laid his hand upon his arm.

"Well, Walter, well—what did you think of that last argument? Did it tell? Did it tell?"

"Outdid yourself, sir."

"Ah! think so? Well—glad of that; but getting late for you—home as fast as possible. Just want to speak to Flummarie, and then home too. Glad you think that a good argument. Bye with you."

"Delightful!" exclaimed Wickham, and off he bounded, enraptured at having regained his liberty, and in some faint hope of coming in for the latter end of the feast, and the champagne; but, just as he reached the lobby, he found himself seized by the button.

"My dear Wickham, I'm immensely glad to see you! Did you ever feel anything like this heat? It must do an immense amount of mischief to the constitution! quite frightful! perfectly astounding!"

"Yes, rather warm."

"Rather warm! Why, the shock upon the brain is quite frightful—perfectly astounding. I am sure the Lords must have suffered an immense amount of mischief—an immense amount!"

"I rather think that they slept tolerably well, and forgot it."

"Slept! ah, slept! Yes, there is an immense amount of character in the Lords—an immense amount of character. Ordinary men would have kept awake. What an immense amount of character it shows to go to sleep. It is perfectly astounding."

Wickham twisted his button out of the fingers of the astounded man, not being willing to leave that as a gratuity, and got as far as the vestibule: here, amidst a crowd of the peers, and the retainers of the house, he felt himself pulled by the sleeve, and turning round, recognised one of the messengers.

"Mr. Wickham, sir?"

"Yes! yes! well?"

"A gentleman waiting for you at the door, in a hack, sir."

Wickham needed no further intimation: he bounded off, threaded his way through the mob of cabs and carriages, drivers, and policemen, and got bundled into a hack, of which the coachman was standing with the door open ready to receive him.

"All the heavenly constellations be praised!" exclaimed Wickham, as he bounded in, "that I have at last escaped from my dear uncle's eternal tongue. A five hours' speech, Forbes, believe me, as I am alive—or rather, as I am half dead; five hours' tedious, tiresome, wireworn twaddling!"

Some sort of hysterical affection, a kind of gurgling and choking in the throat, a violent agitation of the whole body, a passionate pull at the check-string—all these symptoms of sudden insanity on the part of his companion, roused Wickham's attention.

"Why, what now, Forbes—what now?"

"It is I, sir—it is I!" exclaimed the voice of his uncle, in tones that might have been dignified enough for a Roman emperor, had they not been impregnated both with passion and feeling.

If Wickham had been bit by the tarantula, or had found himself by mistake at the mouth of a four-and-twenty-pounder, with a match at its touch-hole, or if he had accidentally wandered into Van Amburgh's den, he could not have rebounded with greater celerity. Before the coachman could stop the whirling of his wheels, and before the segment of another had circled round, Wickham had dashed open the door, and, at the hazard of life and limb, had bounded out; and, without one earthly purpose in view, had fairly shown his valour by running away.

CHAPTER II.

However disagreeably nights pass, mornings do come all the same; so the morning came, after that eventful night, just in the usual way, and found Lord Killikelly sitting at his library-table, cross and discontented with himself and all the world.

"A speech," said Lord Killikelly, soliloquising, "that I had taken so much pains with. Deep thought—grave consideration—statesman-like views—enlarged conceptions—vigorous measures—vivid language. And that jackanapes boy! *He* to undervalue my speech—that I've nursed from his cradle—to talk of my five hours' speech. It was *not* five hours—but I won't be angry. A statesman and a philosopher ought not to be angry. No, I am not angry; but I'll never see him again; that is a cool determination."

Just at this juncture dashed up a hasty wheel to the door. A dark green chariot stopped in a violent hurry—you might know it for a doctor's, because it was so dirty; that part of the profession who really keep their own, never giving their servants time to clean them, and the greater part having jobs, and not caring whether they are clean or not—and you might know it for a doctor's by the hurry: stop with a dash—out in a hurry—in doors in a hurry—all to impress you with an idea of the much greater value of their time than that of any other human being.

Lord Killikelly had found himself very ill on this disastrous morning.

"Ill, my lord—very sorry," said the doctor, meaning all the while that he was very glad.

"Yes, doctor, quite out of sorts—public duties—overworn—great mental exertion."

"Yes, yes—I see, I see. We must rest, we must rest."

"But, in the present state of the country, it is every man's duty——"

"Yes, yes—I see, I see. We must strengthen the system—we must strengthen the system."

"Do you think, doctor, that an oratorical exertion is injurious? Do you think that my public duties are detrimental to my health? I made a short speech—that is, I spoke in the house last night. Have you seen the morning papers?"

Something like one of the solitary twinkles of one of the palest of the stars shone out of the corners of the doctor's eyes; that was the only sort of shining that ever came out of them, except when they reflected the brightness of a sovereign.

"I did just see the papers—but my time is of so much value—I am actually torn to pieces. I have killed three pair of horses this winter. I have no time to read."

"Did you happen to notice whether my speech was reported?"

"Yes, O yes—it *was* there—but I did not read it—my time is of so much value."

"I did not presume that you would honour it with your attention," said my lord, with dignity.

The doctor found that he was wrong; instead of getting out of the mire, he had got deeper into it.

"I *shall* find time—I shall find time. I have it here in my pocket ready."

And so he had, to show to a few favoured patients to whom he made the amiable.

"Yes, yes—I see, I see. We must write for you, my lord. I see—I see. Overworn with public duties. Yes, yes; we must relax, we must recruit; we must strengthen the system."

"Yes, my public duties and my private ones. My nephew, doctor, is a great anxiety to me."

"Ah, indeed, indeed; out of health—shall have great pleasure in writing for him."

"A sad boy, doctor—a sad boy; gives me the greatest uneasiness."

"Yes, yes, public duties and private anxieties. We must strengthen the system. Shall we write for your heir? no doubt we can do him good."

"Mr. Wickham is not my heir, and very likely never will be."

"Ah! ah! indeed. Perhaps no occasion to write for him, then. But we'll soon put all to rights with you, my lord. We must strengthen the system—we must strengthen the system. Ah! here are pen and paper;" and the doctor made a few guineas' worth of hieroglyphics, and presented it with a—"Here, my lord;"—and "Here, doctor."

So the doctor gave his prescription, and received his fee; and hurried down just as he had hurried up,—and hurried into his carriage just as he had hurried out,—and the carriage hurried away, to hurry somewhere else.

Lord Kilkelly stretched himself out of his library-chair just far enough to give the handle of the bell a sudden jerk. It was answered in due course by one of those stately, well-dressed gentlemen, who borrow their importance from their master's dignity, and so imitate the solar system. We mean something about the moon, and the sun, and all that.

This gentleman, being not less than six feet high, opened the door with great dignity, and bowed an inquiry to Lord Killikelly, with an air of infinite condescension. Any native of any unheard-of island under the sun would have sworn that there was some mistake—that the grand, highly-dressed gentleman was the great man, and the little slovenly, slippered, shuffling mortal, the inferior.

"The papers, Stapleton; the papers!" said the little fidgetty man. "The papers! Why have I not the papers?"

"My lord, Mr. Wickham thought, as you were indisposed—"

"Mr. Wickham thought! Who gave him leave to think?"

"I don't know, my lord."

"Or you either?"

"I did not think, my lord."

"Fetch me the papers."

"Yes, my lord."

The man retired with the same dignity, and returned with the same dignity, and presented the papers with the same dignity. Nothing ever could surprise him out of that.

Lord Killikelly seized the papers with great avidity, and without any dignity at all. "Ay, ay, long reports—let me see—Brougham—Melbourne—Lord Glenelg—Spencer—Palmerston—Killikelly—ah! here it is—'Lord Killikelly made a long and able speech,'—not so very long neither—'in which he spoke at great length;'—not at such great length—'and with much forcible argument, on the advantages to be expected from encouraging the cultivation of potatoes in this country.'—"Potatoes!" ejaculated the peer, doubting the testimony of his eyes, and beginning to read aloud, that he might obtain the evidence of both senses—'His lordship spoke very forcibly on the physical improvement that would undoubtedly arise in this country, if potatoes were universally made the prevailing article of food, and his eloquence became quite enthusiastic as he descanted on the muscular strength, the expansion of limb, and the noble stature of our neighbours, the Irish; lamenting, with a truly patriotic fervour, the inferior bone and muscle of our own countrymen. At this period of his discourse, his lordship, exercising one of those masterly strokes which none but a great orator, whose power lies in touching the springs of our hidden nature, would venture on resorting to, made a sudden transition from the dignified to the pathetic. Look at the marble houses of antiquity!' he exclaimed, 'look at the men of olden time! look at the demi-gods! What height, what breadth, what form, what size, what symmetry, what vigour! But even these give place to our modern Irish. Look at the Irish bricklayers! Every man a Hercules. Men that could take up the world and carry it in their arms; or, without figure of speech, men to whom we are indebted for all the noble structures which adorn our land. What would the architect be without the Irish labourer? Look at his arms, his hands, his limbs, his giant stature, and then, noble lords and friends, look on him who addresses you! Look on me; look on this attenuated form—these shrivelled limbs—these wasted proportions; and listen to what I owe them. I owe them to this calamitous circumstance—that my parents, the late Lord and Lady Killikelly, had the utmost aversion to potatoes, and would never allow me to partake of them; a circumstance which I must ever deeply, most deeply, deplore. A circumstance to which I owe my puny stature—these arms without strength—these limbs without vigour—this body—— Lord Killikelly's emotions became too powerful to allow him to proceed, and he sat down amidst thunders of applause.'"

Now, when Lord Killikelly read this report of his own speech, the frenzy of all Bedlam was as the blazing of a wisp of straw to the burning of Moscow. He vowed he would prosecute all the papers, have every reporter brought to the bar of the house—take away the liberty of the press—raze every printing-office in the metropolis to the ground, and send all the operatives to work in the mines. But presently a sense of the ridiculous of things began to dawn upon him, and he remembered, too, that he was, or ought to be, a philosopher.

So, instead of massacring and exterminating the whole race of typographers, Lord Killikelly only sat down in his library-chair, and suffered a little of that gall and bitterness of heart, which they, who have any heart at all, are made most convincingly sure of the fact by experiencing—they who have only a pulsation on the left side, and no heart at all, never know—how should they?—that the world is full of ingratitude and serpents' teeth: O! one only knows this by having a heart, and feeling them gnawing, gnawing into it.

And the boy whom he had nurtured, fed, loved from childhood, had derided, ridiculed, scorned him! Yes, he was not at all angry, but he would disinherit him.

And his public career, that he had fondly hoped would have won him a name amongst the statesmen of the land, was now closed upon him: he was like a man suddenly lamed in a race—but he would discard his ungrateful country.

And thus with wealth, prosperity, and health, Lord Killikelly, through two trifling and ridiculous circumstances, was rendered miserable, both in his public and private life. He thought himself a philosopher; but philosophers, after all, are only made of like passions with ourselves.

CHAPTER III.

It may be presumed that Mr. Walter Wickham did not find his bed very well made on the night on which we have entered on our memoirs—a fact of which he was so convincingly assured that he never even tried it. It is not exactly the fashion for the moderns to tear their hair, and rend their clothes, and dash their heads against the wall; these being ancient customs, which have now grown obsolete, nobody, now-a-days, liking to hurt themselves; and even Wickham, in his present paroxysm, did not feel inclined to revive an old barbarism for his own particular advantage, neither did he think of all the various kind of vehicles which might carry him out of the world in good style, or of the diversified modes which he had taken into consideration in his consultation with Forbes. The matter was now too serious. He did, however, call himself all the particular fools and ungrateful idiots in the world; and not any of the alleviations of self-love, or self-justification, arising in his heart, or his mind, to convince him that he did not deserve to be thus branded, he was fain to bear the weight of the appropriation.

Besides the satisfaction arising from the certainty that he was really and indeed a very ungrateful wretch, he had likewise the comfort of knowing that he was a very ridiculous blockhead into the bargain. He *now* perfectly well remembered that Lord Killikelly, in a sort of simple consideration for his servants, never kept his own carriage in waiting at the House, when it was expected to sit late, but always contented himself with a hack; secondly, he might have known, had he only had the sense to think of it, that Forbes expected too much pleasure and indulgence from his dear friends, his *dear cuisinier*, his *dear* wine, and his dear supper, to wait for him in the cold at the door of the House; thirdly, he remembered that that very particular bore, who had held him by the button, had just given Lord Killikelly time to accommodate himself with a hack; and, fourthly, that it was only like his uncle's usual kindness to wait and take him up. "No!" said penetration, "that was only to hear you praise his speech." "False!" replied his heart, "what a wretch you are!"

Morning came, and Wickham was shocked to hear that Lord Killikelly was ill. He watched the doctor's arrival and the doctor's departure, and delayed that gentleman not less than three seconds and a half in his anxiety to know the worst.

"Do you find his lordship ill—seriously ill?" asked Wickham.

"Yes, yes, ill—seriously ill," said the doctor, trying to pass on. "Yes, yes; very ill indeed: requires great care—great care."

"But I hope—I trust——"

"O, indeed, indeed; but you don't know the value of my time—you don't indeed."

Wickham would have been much pleased to have accelerated his motions by a little additional impetus. The doctor would probably not have remembered the invaluable value of his time, had he not recollected also that he was probably speaking to a disinherited gentleman. But a moment's consideration dispelled the worst of Wickham's fears: his commonest sense told him that medical men always magnify little things, and diminish great ones—allow danger where it is not, and deny it where it is. So, for decency's sake, and for fear of what Mrs. Grundy might say, he sat down to breakfast, though with no very particular appetite; and by way of penance—a sackcloth shirt, peas in one's shoes, or any little comfortable accommodation of that kind—set himself to read his uncle's speech.

Now Wickham, from his own particular knowledge of the subject, could not have been upon oath whether the newspaper version were or were not the true one; certainly his body had been present during those eternal five hours and a half, and he had been sensible of a long monotony of wire; but as to what Lord Killikelly had said, he knew no more than Methuselah's great-great-great-grandfather.

Having, however, a slight acquaintance with Lord Killikelly, and being aware of a few of his peculiarities, he could only conclude that some amiable hoax, something pleasantly jocular, was intended on the part of the gentlemen of the press; and as among those peculiarities was a very sensitive tenderness on the measurement of his stature, having once dismissed his tailor for saying that his lordship only required a little coat—why, on these considerations Wickham thought it would, on the whole, be better to suppress the obnoxious papers.

But as his lordship happened to have a will of his own, Wickham's wish was defeated, and his lordship fully participated in the joke, to which, of course, he had the best right, as it was all at his own expense.

The next morning Wickham's fears for his uncle's health were entirely dispelled; Lord Killikelly was denied to his doctor—a circumstance which probably saved him from a severe fit of illness.

Lord Killikelly perfectly well remembered the twinkle of the eye with which the doctor had assured him that he had *not* read his speech, and which now proved to him more convincingly than words that he *had*. So Lord Killikelly was left to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy" at his leisure; for, though a philosopher, he was sensitive to excess on the score of his unlucky speech, and lest the tongue of any heedless or malicious visiter should probe his wound, he resolutely shut them all out. As for Wickham, he never referred to him, and Wickham, though living in the same house with him, would have preferred walking over all the ploughshares that ever were heated for the benefit of mankind, rather than have met one glance of his uncle's eye. Damascus never made a blade that could cut half so keenly or wound half so deeply, as the glance of those we have injured; and, on the other hand, Lord Killikelly had still less desire to see Wickham; the reflux of his feelings seemed to have carried with it all his former affection for his nephew, and if the tide could have turned back again into its natural channel, the satire of that newspaper report on the very subject of their division made that division still wider. The first wound had indeed disappeared, but only because he, poor man! had received a larger and a deeper in the same place.

"The boy that I have made my companion and friend!" said Lord Killikelly—"the only relation that I have in the world!"

Something like a twinge in poor Lord Killikelly's heart made a little impression upon him at this moment. "My only relation, did I say? Yes, yes; my only accredited relation on the Killikelly side; but on my mother's—ah! I dare say they are something like the sands on the sea-shore. The vulgar have always a plenteous progeny. The eagle in its flight, the lion in its lair, are followed but by one solitary wing, one lonely footprint."

Lord Killikelly found himself speechifying again. He broke off abruptly, but he continued to ponder on an idea which had entered into his brain.

Be it known to the reader that Lord Killikelly's father had, in his early days, *married a milliner.*

It was a very ridiculous thing—nobody could deny that—a man of his large fortune, his high birth, his condition of life, even to look at a milliner's girl; but he had looked, unwarily enough, and he saw a pair of lustrous eyes, a complexion all radiant, a mouth all smiles,—all evidencing as kind a heart as ever beat within a woman's bosom; and so, notwithstanding his lordliness, he condescended to accept those trifling things which happened to please his fancy, merely bargaining that in return for so great a favour the little milliner should forsake all her kith and kin of every degree, forgetting that she had ever known such people as uncles, and aunts, and cousins, and all that sort of things; and she promising more than every thing, he made her Lady Killikelly; and if she could have forgotten uncles, and aunts, and cousins, she might have been as happy as any other "ladyship;" but, because she had real kindliness of heart, and was also troubled with a good memory, which would not let her rest, and as all the other ladyships in the aristocracy happened to have good memories too, and could on no account patronise a milliner's girl, she was only coldly received, and never quite forgiven for bringing her vulgar caste so near to their nobility; and consequently the object of their scornful courtesy sometimes puzzled herself with a question that might have been very easily answered—namely, whether Lady Killikelly were really much happier than the milliner's girl.

Howbeit it was towards this vulgar troop of his unknown relatives that the thoughts of Lord Killikelly now turned. "Among them," said the peer, "I might find some village Hampden," some "gem with ray serene"—psha! speechifying again! Well, the whole of the matter is, I'll go amongst them, and see if there is any one I can like—any one I can love—any one I can make my heir, now that I have disinherited Wickham."

Lord Killikelly, having made this resolution, found his health wonderfully better; and having settled a few preliminaries with himself, actually pulled the bell, as the first step to action; and that first step! what an important thing it is!

The dignified Stapleton came with his usual dignity.

"My great-coat."

"Yes, my lord."

A pause.

A profound bow, by way of asking "any thing more?"

"Only my great-coat—nothing else."

"Beg pardon, my lord. Did your lordship order the carriage?"

"No, no—I don't want it. I shall walk."

The dignified Stapleton was almost surprised out of his dignity.

"It rains, my lord."

"No matter."

So the invalid peer went out in the heavy rain, much to the surprise of his whole household; but he was full of his new project—he was interested—he was almost happy. "I will go amongst them quite as an humble individual—I will drop my title—I will not be at all distinguished—I shall have an opportunity of finding my real weight in society, and these relations of mine, not knowing me, will not think it necessary to act a part."

So Lord Killikelly went out in the rain, bought himself a pair of green spectacles, and ordered the engraving of a new card.

"Pray, sir, what name shall I engrave?" asked the president of the counter.

"Charles Kelly."

"*Mr.* Charles Kelly, sir?"

"No, sir."

"Charles Kelly, *Esq.* sir?

"No, sir, simply Charles Kelly."

Lord Killikelly might equivocate, but he had a great horror of a direct falsehood. Charles was his own baptismal name—Kelly the half of his title, therefore his own, but he could lay no claim to the prefixing of "*Mr.*" or the affixing of "*Esq.*"

"It shall be done," replied the card-engraver, with the air of a man who promises the next thing to an impossibility.*

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* To be continued.

SONNETS TO A FRIEND.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

I.

Nay, cherish not despondency, my friend!
Nor woo unto thy breast a bride of sorrow.—
The darkest night hath still its coming morrow,
When sunshine may successfully contend
With gloomful shadow. Youth and vigour blend
Thy buoyant form within; then do not borrow
From aimless, causeless cares a thorn, to rend
Thy tender mind,—lest its free, healthful tone,
Sink 'neath such wounds as medicine may not mend!
Cherish thy better nature, for unknown,
E'en to thyself, are all that nature's gifts;
And woo the holy hope, that calmly lifts
Thy soul above the trammels o'er it thrown
By frail and fickle dreams, which stain fair reason's zone!

II.

Yet, friend, *I* blame thee not,—for well thou know'st
The heart of him who writes is frail and weak;
But I would bid thee fairer pastures seek
Than such as he hath trod. Frankly thou show'st
The honest mind to me,—frankly thy cheek,
Thy brow, thine eye, display the thoughts within;
And I to thee, too, own each secret sin,
And erring wish, and chain, I fain would break,
That tell me I am faulty. Let us win
A good report, each for the other; let
Our future life, our faithful love, display
That each true heart in one high cause hath met,
To conquer Ill 'neath bright Religion's sway,
That sheds a gentle peace, which passeth not away!

MEMS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.[1]

BY LAUNCELOT LAMPREY.

Chi va lontan dalla sua patria vede,
Cose da quel che gia credea, lontane.

No. XII.

The Polizia della Marina—Departure from Messina—Charybdis—Stromboli—Water-spouts—Visit to Pæstum—Return to Naples.

On the day appointed for our departure from Messina, we gave Domenico his *congé*, paying him so much per day for the time he had been in our service, and four days return to Palermo. The addition of a handsome *buona-mano* made us part the best of friends. The big fellow actually blubbered when he left us.

Our trunks being packed, our provisions stowed away, and all ready, we walked down to the quay to see why the sailors did not, according to the terms of our engagement with Pietro, come to take the luggage on board. We found Pietro quietly sitting on the top of the little wooden canopy, smoking his pipe, and contemplating the proceedings of one of the sailors, who was lazily stowing away some merchandise below. He started into all his usual activity upon seeing us, and, in reply to the inquiry why he had not sent for our trunks, went on with incredible rapidity to rehearse certain grievances to which he had been subjected, the sum-total of all which, however, when we could fairly collect it, proved to be, that he did not intend to start that day, as he had not got his papers from the custom-house.

The doctor immediately declared his intention of proceeding to the Polizia della Marina and procuring the adjudication of the *magistrato* there, as to a certain couple of golden Venetian zecchini, which we had prudently exacted as hostages for the punctual departure of Il Delfino. Pietro leaped from his vessel and walked before the doctor along the quay, prayed, entreated, wept, clasped his hands, tore his hair, and finally, wrought up to a climax, smashed his pipe to atoms on the pavement. The doctor, however, was inexorable, and having some curiosity to see how they managed things in a Messenian Bow-street, we proceeded to a little wooden building on the quay, which we had visited in the course of arranging our passports the day before, and were ushered into the presence of a large gaunt man dressed in rusty black, with a huge sallow face, on whose brow sat all the Olympian dignity of a constable.

"Signor," said the doctor; but further progress in vain the doctor tried to make. Pietro could utter at least twenty words for his one, and dashed on through his justification like a winner at the Derby. In vain the doctor tried to stay the torrent. His oration was nipped at the first syllable, and at last, after looking several times with intense malignity at the voluble opponent beside him, he fairly caught the little fellow's head under his arm, and clapping a huge fist upon his mouth, held him there, like a mouse struggling in a mousetrap, until he had in a few words explained the reason of his presence.

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[1] Continued from p. 211.

Mercy on us! The torrent of vituperation that poured from the mouth of the Sicilian dignitary on the head of the devoted Pietro. "Bestia! Assassino! Cuccio Calabrese!" were among the most select and genteel of the epithets; but their number, and variety, and the velocity with which they were uttered, surpassed all the powers of abuse I had ever had an opportunity of measuring. The intensity of his indignation was appalling, and Pietro, after a few attempts to get in a word edgeways in the very small interstices, was reduced to silence, clasping his hands, and looking the very picture of despair in the face of the man in authority, an occasional deprecating *Ma! ma!* being all the endeavours to be heard which the overwhelming torrent permitted. So vehemently indeed did the gentleman take up the doctor's cause, that the client himself became somewhat ashamed of his advocate's intemperance, which exceeded even the usual license of a police magistrate, and after listening for some minutes to the outbreak which he had provoked, but which he little expected, he began actually to intercede for poor annihilated Pietro, and to intimate his willingness to accept an undertaking to be ready on the morrow. The official was calmed at once, it was like oil on the waters; and so abruptly did he soften down, that it seemed as if he had expected such would be the natural result of the ultra-indignant style of reproof which he had adopted.

Pietro then having promised with many most solemn asseverations that Il Delfino should be ready to depart on the following morning, Danks was appeased, and we once more adjourned to our hotel. Pietro accompanied us, pouring out his thanks in blessings that sounded as like curses as blessings, even in Sicilian, could well do, and gesticulating with an energy that threatened to wring his arms out of the sockets.

The next morning our luggage was stowed on board, including the commissariat department, the superintendence of which had been entrusted to Igino. This consisted of two large earthen pots of pesce spada, two roast legs of mutton, a bag of biscuit, a pan of butter, half a dozen loaves, and a huge basket of Marsala.

Nothing could be more splendid than the morning, as we pushed out from the harbour of Messina, and hoisted our long latine sail to catch the light breeze that came sighing from the southward. Our crew, as has been said, consisted of four besides the captain. One of these, the individual who acted as mate, looked like a faded miniature of the captain, being his younger brother, and still smaller as well as still more yellow. As I stepped on board, the rays of the eastern sun glancing in the water caught my eye, and I executed the operation called sneezing, common, I believe, only to men and dogs, and which, since the days of Aristotle, and long before, has always called down the blessings of the bystanders upon the performer.

"*Salute!*" said the little mate, adding, sotto voce, with a look, intended to be very waggish, and with that long rest on the broad final *e* which is peculiar to the Sicilians, "a me-a."

This was the little man's only joke, he lived but to perpetrate it; to look out for a sneeze, and appropriate to himself the blessing which he seemed to bestow on others. This was his hobby, his appropriation clause, his breath of life. No man can live without an object, and this was the object of Giuseppe Girolamo.

He laughed, laughed with a glee of which his thin parchment face did not seem to be capable, at the only joke that, as we found afterwards, he ever thought worth the repeating. I laughed, for I have a predisposition to the infection of laughing. The sailors laughed because the forestieri did so, and procceded to hoist our sail.

"Yeo, Sant Antonio." A pull.

"Yeo, Santa Clara." A pull.

"Yeo, Sant Elmo." A pull.

"Yeo, San Nicola. Another pull.

"Then, da capo, back again to Sant Antonio;" and thus this pious "Yeo-heave-oh" proceeded until the yard was chock home to the block at the top of the short mast, and we slowly moved over the barely rippled water towards the Point of Faro.

As we stretched across, the varying colours of the water, and an occasional jabble, apprized us we were on the borders of Charybdis. Several vessels, and among the rest a neat, white-sailed English brig, were, like ourselves, making for the narrowest part of the strait. It was curious to see them, now shooting forward with the wind and current in their favour, now catching the opposing eddy and turning slowly round, leaving the race for the time to some more lucky competitor, who in his time enjoyed but a brief triumph, but came sauntering back, stern foremost, past the very one so lately vanquished.

In this way we dawdled about the straits for a considerable time, beguiled by the flickering breeze that came capriciously from the south, and every now and then filled our sail with the deceitful promise of an accelerated voyage. Twice or thrice we passed within hail of our compatriot, and were able, through the doctor, to make numerous kind inquiries after his health and his domestic arrangements, among others, as to whether his mamma knew he was out—all this to the great delight of the tarry rascals who were leaning over the bulwarks, and grinned from ear to ear when we approached them.

These were all the terrors of our Charybdis; a sea of capricious eddies turned into one another, wandering east, and west, and north, and south, as if at play, but fraught with few of those terrors with which poetry in ancient as well as modern times has surrounded its name. It was not easy—as we sat in the sunshine on the top of the little wooden canopy that covered the stem, tipping a glass of Marsala with a biscuit by way of breakfast, watching our sail, now flapping in the calm, now lazily stretching to the breeze, now gibing as we caught the opposing current—to recognise the whirlpool described by Virgil, alternately drinking in and belching forth an ocean from its horrid jaws:

"Atque imo barathri ter gurgite vastos,
Sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rursusque sub auras
Erigit alternos, et sidera verberat unda."

Or the picture of Schiller—

"It seethed and it wallowed, it roared and it rushed,
As when water commingles with fire,
While the foaming yeast to the heavens gushed,
And still, as they ne'er would tire,
Billow on billow forth there rolled
Like a new sea born from the womb of the old."*

Wearied at length with the slowness of our progress, the long sweeps were got out, and, taking off our coats, we proceeded, in conjunction with the crew, to tug at the shorter end of these huge pieces of timber. It was very hard work, however, and as the morning got warm, waistcoats and cravats were severally discarded, and the consumption of Marsala rapidly increased, especially as the crew, at the instance of Girolamo, insisted upon payment of "footing." The time, however, wore away, and we had as yet made but little progress. The dilettanti dropped off one by one; Igins, however, working to the last, on the ground of his having once been, as he alleged, a good pair of sculls on the river.

We were finally obliged to approach the shore and disembark our crew, who towed us along the beach until we got beyond the Point of Faro. By this time the breeze had freshened, and once more hoisting our sail, we sped gaily on towards Stromboli.

The breeze was favourable throughout the day, and we swept through the water at a great rate, the speronaro reeling along under the pressure of her huge sail, and plunging occasionally "gunnel in" when she caught a short chopping wave, that did not give her room to rise fairly over it. It was, however, verging towards evening, when we reached the island and swept up the channel that intervenes between its eastern side and Strombolino, a steep crag of puzzolana rising sheer out of the water to an enormous height, and presenting, apparently, no trace of a path by which it would be possible to reach the summit. On our left was the little village that forms the metropolis of this tiny territory; low vine-trelliced cottages, scattered along the shore; the church standing on an eminence to the southward, as if watching over the flock below. Behind rose the volcano, presenting, from this side, the appearance of a pretty regular cone, of little height, however, in proportion to the extent of its base; its sides furrowed by the channels which the rain has by degrees cut to a great depth in the soft ashy materials of which the mountain is composed. Over the summit hovered the constant black cloud—the banner of the volcano, ever unfurled. We cast anchor close inshore, the water all round the coast deepening so suddenly as to show that the island is but the extreme summit of a huge submarine mountain. On the northern side especially, the sea, a short way from the shore, is said to be unfathomable, and the unceasing rain of fiery stones that rolls down the slope disappears, year after year, in the waves, without extending the limits of the shore.

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* Und es wellet und siedet und brauset und zischt,
Wie wenn Wasser mit Feuer sich mengt.
Bis zum Himmel sprützet der dampfende Gischt,
Und Flush auf Flush sich ohn' Ende drängt
Und will sich nimmer erschöpfen und leeren
Als wollte das Meer noch ein Meer gebären.
SCHILLER, DER TAUCHER.

Whether it arose from the unwonted exertions of the morning, or from the Marsala, I was for my part so afflicted with headache, as to be obliged to forego the prospect of a visit to the summit of the volcano. Igins, too, not having yet acquired *le pied marin*, had been somewhat incommoded by the decidedly tipsy manner in which our speronaro had made the journey, and his ambition for sight-seeing, never very great, had been completely annihilated by the sea-sickness, a thing which, among the evils which it brings, has one advantage, that of rendering the patient most delightfully indifferent to all sublunaryc oncerns. *Nil admirari*, that receipt for universal happiness which Horace has prescribed, seems hardly to be realised on any other occasion.

Danks and Dawson had therefore to go alone, and, being provided with a guide, set out on their expedition. Our sailors prepared to cook their supper, and bringing a huge black pot from the hold, made a fireplace with a few stones upon the beach. Giuseppe acted as cook, and having procured some herbs at the village, proceeded, with the assistance of a piece of mutton and some brown bread, to the manufacture of a *zuppa*. This was soon ready, and the flavour that ascended from the reeking caldron was so tempting, that we jumped at the invitation to take a share. We sat in a circle round the pot, in thorough gipsy fashion, and proceeded to do full honour to the viands which had been prepared, brown earthen basins and wooden spoons serving as knife, fork, and trencher. In the course of our repast Pietro eulogized, at great length, the Malvasia of the island, It was nectar—*tanto buono*—so superexcellent, that—that—in short. I commissioned Giuseppe to bring from a house at a short distance, where the never-failing bush announced the goodness of the beverage within, a sample from which we might be enabled to judge for ourselves. He soon returned, bearing a huge earthen bottle, with a long and taper neck, containing a very fair modicum of tipple for seven moderate men, It proved to be tolerably good, though, like almost all the Sicilian wines, bearing traces of imperfect fermentation, and so sweet, that my potations were necessarily exceedingly moderate. Giuseppe, Pietro, and the rest, however, absorbed it like so many sandbags; Igins, too, did it full honour; so that before the doctor and Dawson returned from their tour, the whole ship's company was pretty nearly half seas over. Giuseppe especially, never very wise at the best of times, was frantic in his merriment, chanting out the "*membra disjecta*" of some Sicilian songs, with the cadence of a screech-owl, and giving emphasis to the more impressive parts by slapping Igins, who sat next him, on the back, in a manner that considerably deranged the dignity as well as the cravat of "*Il piccolo Signor Inglese.*"

The sun had gone down in the west before Dawson and the doctor returned, their nether garments *abimés* with dust, their shoes full of cinders, and their mouths full of the praises of the glorious spectacle of which they had been witnesses. It is a singular fact, that any scene which is beheld by one or two only of a travelling party, is invariably more magnificent than that which they see together. This is very singular, but there is no doubt of its being a fact. The *rationale* must be left to the decision of the Royal Society.

"O—you—you—language has not an epithet bad enough for you," said the doctor, sitting down on a stone, with the air of a man who has had enough of it, and filling a bumper of Malvasia, "you winebibbing, supper-eating, unromantic couple of savages. Here you have been—'*fruges consumere nati*,'—as if you had been born merely to eat and drink. Eating your eatables, and drinking your drinkables—very good by the way—(here the doctor took a long swig, by way of a pause in his criticism,)—while we have been toiling up the steep in the pursuit of knowledge, and beholding as our reward the most magnificent spectacle that ever was unveiled to mortal eyes. Earth—(and the doctor waved his fat fist in the direction of the mountain top)—earth has but one Stromboli."

"And one Dr. Danks," said I.

"Fact!" said the doctor, with modest confidence; "but seriously, boys, (and here the doctor took another swig at the Malvasia,) you've missed the finest thing in all our tour."

"Of course," said Igins, applying himself once more, with an unsteady hand, to the bottle, "of course;" and he looked at the doctor with a kind of undulatory air of waggery, as if he had some difficulty in regulating the foci of his organs of optical perception.

"Why, you scoffing little disbeliever," replied the doctor, looking at him with a sternness that fixed Igins' eyes at once, "do you doubt it?"

"Doubt it? O dear no," murmured Igins, in that lisping kind of dialect which is only known after supper. "Doubt it—O no—I daren't."

"No, you'd better not," said the doctor.

"Well, I know that," said Igins, in the same devil-may-care tone, "else I would. What did you see now, after all?"

"Why, we went up—"

"Up, up, and then you came down, down, downey," said Igins.

"Now be quiet, Ned," said the doctor. "We went up by a winding path through a long succession of vineyards, then through a little forest of little bushes, and then over a great expanse of stones and ashes, until we got beyond the highest summit you see yonder. Our guide then told us that this was the usual spot from which the forestieri were in the habit of viewing the eruptions, but, in point of fact, I couldn't see anything worth looking at—nothing but the flaming stones when they had reached the highest point of the elevation; so we scrambled to the western side, and at last coming round from behind a great hump of the mountain, lo, there we were on a level with the orifice from which the stones were emitted, and could see them on our left, rolling over and over down the slope, until they went hissing into the sea. The view was rendered more piquant by the idea of a little danger, inasmuch as the stones, 'jolly, ruddy fellows,' some of 'em, fell at no great distance from us, giving us a vivid idea of what would be the probable results of a nearer approach on their part. In point of fact, (there's no use condescending to particulars,) but you've been fairly 'out' in not going with us."

"O, of course," said Igins, once more.

"Well," said the doctor, after a quizzical attempt to look Igins down, "there's no use quarrelling with you; so I think we'd better get on board, as all seems ready for our departure, and the black pot is stowed below."

Once more on the quarter-deck of Il Delfino, our crew, with a rollicking chant, of which I vainly tried to discover the meaning, hoisted our sails, and, in a magnificent moonlight that dimmed the phosphoric ripple in our wake, we proceeded on our voyage.

As we cleared the eastern side of the island, we came fairly in view of the volcano on the north; and Igins and myself, determined to be even with the doctor, insisted on our bark bearing westward, so as to give us a fair view of the *feux de joie*, which, except on one memorable occasion, it ceaselessly displays.* We tacked across in the lee of the island, through a series of puffs and lulls produced by the eddies round its base. The view was certainly magnificent. At intervals of a few minutes, accompanied by a deep and sullen thunder, that seemed to vibrate even to our speronaro, notwithstanding the watery medium in which she was placed, a gush of red-hot stones proceeded from a flaming mouth near the summit of a wide slope that went unbroken to the water's edges, and, rolling over and over, plunged into the waters at its base. The lurid light which these explosions, taking place at short intervals, flung on all objects around, the roar of the subterranean artillery, and the idea of the fathomless abyss over which our little cockleshell was floating, combined to produce an effect capable of impressing the most unimaginative of possible spectators.

Satiated at last, we once more turned our prow to the northward, and, with a light breeze on our quarter, swept rapidly through the glowing waters. It was after midnight, and the fires of Stromboli began to fade in the distance, when we thought of retiring to rest, and the services of Domenico were put in requisition to prepare beds for four.

An old sail, with a pretty assortment of ventilating apertures, was thrown over the top of our wooden canopy, and hung down aft, so as in some measure to intercept the breeze. Underneath, on the deck, was spread a mattress that extended from side to side, and, *apparently*, formed out of the same materials with our curtain, was stuffed, *obviously*, with an assortment of knotted ropes. The arrangement did not look very tempting, and I feared Morpheus would scatter but few poppies upon such a couch. However, casting a longing look at the glorious moonlight we were leaving, we crept into our little cabin. It was placed, we found, under the immediate protection of the Madonna, a pasteboard figure with a huge gilt crown, (in the style of the theatrical costumes, in spangles and tinsel, that are exhibited in the windows of such printshops as haunt the neighbourhood of the minor theatres,) being attached to each side for the purpose of insuring Il Delfino against "the perils of the seas."

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* The vessel that conveyed Byron to the Levant lay off the island a great part of the night, but the volcano, like the lion of a party in the sulks, was obstinate, and would not show off.

"Curious!" said the doctor, as he wrapped himself in his cloak, and we proceeded to pack, like herrings in a barrel, for our night's slumbers—"curious! to find these little traces of metamorphosed paganism, the '*pietæ puppes*' that sailed these seas in Roman times, revived in this pasteboard *effigies*—the *tutelare numen* transmogrified into this Madonna. Empires fade, dynasties decay, the successor of Peter sits upon the throne of the Cæsars,—but there is Pietro copying, as nearly as the church will allow him, the manners and customs of his pagan ancestors thousands of years ago. God help poor Ambition!—a superstition—a humbug—dependent for its daily life upon the whisper of one fool to another,—will live after it is dead and buried, and has ceased to exist, even as an odour. The very games of childhood outlive the immortality of a conqueror. Semiramis is a phantom, Napoleon Buonaparte a drunken dream—cricket and hopskotch are eternal."

"O doctor dear," said Dawson, interrupting this rhapsody, "what an onrasonable rotundity to travel with in a speronaro! I'll be flattened out before morning so thin, you'll not be able to see me sideways. Why, you're like the young cuckoo with the hedge-sparrows; there's no room for anybody but yourself. O, doctor dear, sing small, for my contiguity to this deal board is more close than agreeable."

"That's always the way with you Irish," said the doctor; "unless you have the whole world to yourselves, you're always grumbling.

"'Pon my life," said Igins, "I don't think Dawson *is* unreasonable. The pressure here, as at the pit-door of the Opera, is very great; and if 'the mind's the standard of the man,' as some poet or other says, you have a confounded deal more than your share"

"Well, I can't help it, Ned," said the doctor; "laugh and grow fat is the last of the proverbs of Solomon, and if I have laughed more than I have a right to, you must take the consequence."

It was in vain I tried to sleep under this pressure from within. The quarter-deck of Il Delfino was never built to carry more than four of any reasonable dimensions; and as Dr. Danks was equal to any reasonable two, there was of course a superfluity of one. We tried first, with our faces simultaneously turned to the larboard, to go to sleep spoon-fashion; but alas! some one was sure, sooner than his neighbours, to get weary of lying on his left arm, and his uneasiness rendered imperative a revolution to the starboard. There was no room, any more than in the House of Commons, for an independent party who could go to sleep as they liked. Larboard or starboard, one side or the other, was the only choice open to us. It was necessary to turn about and wheel about altogether, or not at all.

Besides all this, Giuseppe, whose right it was to turn in, and who accordingly exercised his privilege by lying down beside the bulwarks at our feet, snored tremendously, and the helm grating close to our ears had a droll "chirrup! chirrup!" that invariably awoke our whole party every time it was necessary to turn it to one side or the other.

Many an "O dear!" many a maledetto, many an "umph!" and many a groan, were uttered before we were sufficiently exhausted to go to sleep in desperation, heedless of the locality of our neighbours; but at last we succeeded, and did not awake until the morning was pretty well advanced, when we crept out, each the personification of a cramp, cold and benumbed, like one of the seven sleepers fresh awakened.

It was some time before we shook off that plethoric lethargy which a sleep in one's clothes produces, and found our speronaro nearly becalmed, lying to as if to enjoy the rich sunshine of the Mediterranean. We were out of sight of land—Stromboli had disappeared—nothing but sea, sea, as far as the eye extended—white clouds, snowy white, resting hither and thither in the clear sky, their shadows lying like dark shoals on the blue waves around us.

"'Tis sweet to think," said the doctor at last, drawing out a leg of mutton, still inviolate, from the straw basket,

> "'Tis sweet to think that where'er we rove,
> We are sure to find something blissful and dear.'"

And with one plunge of his clasp-knife, "a twa-fauld jockteleg," he plunged into the middle of his *dejeuner à la fourchette.* We all followed his example, being in a twinkling seated in a circle on the deck, our faces beaming with all that philanthropy which Englishmen usually manifest when there is anything to eat.

While we were thus engaged, a sudden bustle, mixed with some alarm, made itself manifest among our crew. The sweeps were put in requisition, the boat put about, and the whole ship's company using their utmost exertions to impel us back again towards Stromboli.

"Cosa è, Pietro?" said the doctor, getting on his feet, and looking in the direction towards which our valiant captain pointed with a trembling hand.

"O signor," he replied, "fa male, fa male, signor—eccolo, eccolo!"

A heavy mass of cloud at a little distance to the northward presented a very singular appearance. Hanging down in the middle, it lengthened out into a long trunk, communicating with the agitated sea beneath. It had a slow waving motion, undulating slightly from side to side, like some huge serpent bending from the clouds to drink. It was a waterspout.

While we gazed on this remarkable, and to us novel apparition, and speculated, not without some little alarm, on the course it was likely to take, to the amazement and terror of Pietro a second was developed right in our very track. The captain ran to the bow, then to the stem, gave a dozen contradictory orders, and wound up by whillalooing to Sant Antonio and Sant Elmo, and other patron saints, who take a special care of sailors, intermingling his pious invocations with exclamations of a somewhat more profane character, directed to the different members of his bewildered crew. The combined result, however, of a great deal of pulling, and pushing, and shouting, and swearing, and putting the helm hard up and then hard down half a dozen times, was, that the vessel's bow was finally directed eastward, and for some time we had one of these strange visiters on each side, uncertain what degree of propinquity they might in their caprice think fit to indulge in." They slowly, however, fell astern, and nearly simultaneously began to fade away, being gradually drawn up, as it were, into the cloud above, and leaving us to enjoy the remainder of our *dejeuner* at leisure.

With the exception of this little alarm, which did not tend to give us any very high opinion of the courage or presence of mind of our worthy captain, the remainder of our voyage, until we arrived off the coast at Pæstum, had hardly an incident. Calms alternating with light breezes made our voyage rather a lengthy one, and it was three days after leaving Stromboli before we arrived at the little village from which, according to our previous arrangements, we were to make an excursion to see these famous temples. I had already visited them from Naples, but to the rest of our party the spectacle was a new one.

We were glad to disembark, the scanty accommodations of Il Delfino rendering the usual annoyances of a sea voyage even more annoying than usual, and giving us a morbid longing for a bit of green grass, a strip of barren sand—anything, in short, ashore. We cast anchor in a little rocky bay, the town of Acropoli being romantically perched on the heights above, and presenting, at a distance, an appearance of neatness and comfort which a nearer inspection proved with melancholy certainty it did not possess. We succeeded, however, in mounting our whole party on very tolerable mules, and set off along the shore towards the temples, standing in majestic solitude in the wide plain, like the grim ghosts of the departed edifices.

The latter part of our ride was through a succession of thickets with strips of bright green grass among them, on which, however, there lay here and there pools of water, produced by rain of the night before, and which, stagnating under the beams of the glowing sun, gave us some idea of the cause of the malaria that renders the once-rosy Pæstum little better than a grave.

The inmates of the small farm-house which stands near the temple, were melancholy examples of the effects of breathing this poisonous atmosphere. One especially, a lad of about seventeen years of age, who officiated as our guide over the ruins, and displayed in the discharge of this office an intelligence that quite surprised us, was in the last stage of disease. The swollen abdomen, the shrunk and decrepit members, the pale sallow skin, and the lustreless gray eye, made him an object from which one felt inclined to turn with a shudder.

We remained several hours at Pæstum, without, however, making any new discoveries in antiquarian lore relating to its often-described temples, or meeting with any incident ever so little out of the usual routine of Pæstum sight-seeing. However, we made amends by riding a steeple-chase back to our boat, dashing along like Arabs through the interstices of the thickets, now on the turf, now in the water, leaving our guide, the owner of the mules, far behind, whooping and hurraing among the bushes, and intimating in no very measured terms, and in very barbarous Italian, his entire disapproval of the pace at which we thought proper to travel.

As the wind had set in from the south-west, and it would have been necessary for us to beat out of the Bay of Salerno right in its teeth, Pietro thought it better, as the night was approaching, to remain where he was, until the next morning should enable him to start under perhaps more favourable auspices, and at any rate with an unbroken day before him. We in vain, however, sought for a resting-place on shore; the desolation and the filth were sickening, so that we were obliged once more to woo coy sleep on the quarter-deck of Il Delfino. We cheated the night, however, of many of its hours, sitting on the top of the canopy, smoking cigars, and passing round the song to a brandy-and-water accompaniment. The moonlight was magnificent—the air like balm, and thick with fire-flies, flitting round in myriads, and exhibiting at brief intervals their tiny lamps.

The next morning the wind was more favourable, and suited with the impatience which all our party now felt to be again, after so long an absence, amid the comforts and the luxuries of Naples. Away we went, gaily and prosperously. Leaving Salerno and Amalfi to our right, we swept past the Punto della Campanella, and were once more in that glorious bay. There were Capri—Sorrento—Castel-a-mare—Vesuvius, and Naples itself.

—— Longæ finis chartæque viæque.

STUDY OF AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

"Laudator temporis acti."

I KNOW not why it should be so, but so it is, that age is uniformly portrayed by poets, painters, and essayists, as something disgraceful in itself—as if our decay were our dishonour. The father of poets brands years with disgrace when he says—

"But since, alas! *ignoble* age must come,
Disease and death's inevitable doom,
The life that others pay let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave though we fall, and honoured if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give."

These lines are noble, but I know not what right Homer had to stigmatise age—that natural consequence of manhood and of youth—that inevitable gradation of our pilgrimage from this world to the next—that fulness of years to which we look with hope, as the extension of life itself—as if it were a disgrace, and as if gray hairs carried their own dishonour.

Shakspeare portrays "the lean and slippered pantaloon" in colours that almost make a man sigh to be cut off in the flower of his bloom; and, to speak reverently, Holy Writ itself warns us to "remember our Creator in the days of our youth, ere the dark days arrive when my soul shall say, I have no pleasure in them."

But age is not all gloomy, all dark, all ignoble—nay, it has its pleasures and its more pleasurable recollections,—it enjoys not merely reverence and honour, but admiration and love. I have seen age not tolerated merely, but desired—not borne with as an evil shortly and for ever to be removed, but loved with the touching tenderness that mingles with our affection for that which is speedily and for ever to vanish from our eyes.

Sir Lancelot was once young, as you may be now; but he is no longer young, as, if God spare your life, you yourself will, sooner or later, no longer be. Yet was not Sir Lancelot old—there was nothing about him either of the decrepitude of age or of its querulousness, and he was as young in constitution yesterday as he was five-and-thirty years ago.

Again, you could not with propriety say the worthy baronet was middle-aged, for Sir Lancelot had long passed the meridian of life. Sir Lancelot was neither young, nor middle-aged, nor old. What was he then? Impatient reader, Sir Lancelot was elderly. He was elderly, but his shadow of life did not seem to lengthen as its sun declined—elderly he was, and elderly to all outward appearance he was likely to remain. His step, less elastic, is no less firm than in youth, and his laugh—for Sir Lancelot is not above a laugh—may be less loud, but is no less hearty than it was half a century ago.

I observe, upon these symptoms of youth at the age of Sir Lancelot, which, by-the-bye, I would state to the accurate reader, if I were in possession of the information myself, in confirmation of a theory I have long entertained, that age has nothing to do with years. Who that has lived at all has failed to observe the premature decrepitude that waits on idleness and vice; who is unable to select from the number of his acquaintance hale boys of eighty and decrepit old gentlemen in their teens?

In person Sir Lancelot is tall, and altogether devoid of that gentle bend of the shoulders which, in gentlemen not holding commissions in the army, is rather graceful than otherwise—of a bland and pleasing yet dignified countenance, high and erect forehead, drawing additional majesty from the group of silvery hairs that cluster on either temple. His countenance is, in complexion, rubicund, but it is the roseate hue of health, not the rouge that dissipation blazes o'er the face; long as I recollect him, that face is ever the same—as hale and as rubicund, to-day as it was in the days of Sir Lancelot's manhood—the days of my hot youth—

"When George the Third was king."

Sir Lancelot dressed like himself—neither before nor behind the fashion, but, if at all, rather behind the fashion than before. He sported not on his shrunk shanks a pair of faded buckskins, nor wrapped his calfless legs in corrugated gallowgaskins, "nor invested his torso in that odious envelope patronised by elderly gentlemen"—a spencer.

Nor did the worthy baronet affect slovenliness; on the contrary, a young lover, desirous to recommend himself in all his best attractions to his mistress's eyes, could not have been more scrupulously neat in his attire than was Sir Lancelot. His ordinary wear consisted of a blue body coat, deficient in velvet collar or satin skirts, shorn of all the extrinsic embellishments that set off to greatest advantage the tunic of a tailor—gilt buttons, unadorned with anchor, crown, or other warlike *alto relievo*, after the prevailing fashion of gentlemen who would seduce the public into a belief that they hold commissions in the land or sea service—plain gilt buttons Sir Lancelot wore on his coat, like, for want of a better illustration, let me say,—like a gentleman.

His vest was a plain, rather old-fashioned stripe—I am not tailor enough to say whether the material might have been Valentia, Jacconet, or Marseilles—let it suffice that the vest of Sir Lancelot was of the plainest make, but, like every part of his dress, of the exactest fit—the most simple pattern, and yet a pattern that nobody, somehow or other, could ever get hold of save the baronet himself. His inexpressibles were of the colour of his coat, and of the prevailing fashion; for Sir Lancelot, although standing out lustily against velvet collars, satin skirts, and swallow tails, gives ample credit to our degenerate age for the rational innovation of the trouser, which, he was accustomed to observe, was the distinctive mark of the gentleman as contrasted with the horse-jockey.

I have been thus particular in describing the outward man of my venerable friend, because I am aware of the usual affectation of elderly gentlemen in opposing their reverend sanction to the prevailing fashion of our day in matters of dress, and of adhering to their periwigs and laced pocket-holes, as if they fondly imagined they were still young, and their formal habiliments in the tip of our mode. Sir Lancelot was above this, as he was above all other methods of exhibiting affectation; he would as soon have thought of riding a steeple-chase, or turning methodist preacher, as of exhibiting himself in any garb which would have marked him out among gentlemen of his rank for its incongruity or eccentricity. At the same time he was no servile follower of the fashion—no battered out beau—no overdressed old man, than which nothing in the whole range of animated nature can be more pathetically ridiculous. Sir Lancelot dressed up to, not beyond, his station; up to, not beyond, the fashion; up to, not beyond, his years.

How it happened that old father Time and the elderly Sir Lancelot jogged on together with fewer than the ordinary number of rubs that fall out between gentlemen of their time of life, remains a mystery beyond my comprehension. It might be owing, on Sir Lancelot's part, to a constitution naturally strong, maintained in its pristine vigour by a regimen habitually temperate Dr. Mansfield called it an idiosyncrasy, and the doctor ought to know.

Sir Lancelot himself attributed his happy temperament in mind and body to the habitual use, in winter and in summer, of cold water externally applied; not a mere indoor shower-bath with the chill off, nor a hip-bath, nor any other half-and-half application of the invigorating element, but a *bonâ fide* head-over-heels immersion in a bathing pond at the foot of his garden, whence, looking from the window of my bedroom on a chilly December morning, shuddering at the bare idea of putting my foot over the threshold, I have seen the hearty old baronet emerge, rosy as Aurora ascending from the lap of Ocean.

I have said that there was no more of the querulousness of age about Sir Lancelot than there was of its decrepitude—no more there was. That petty, unprovoked, and still very provoking pettishness, in which elderly gentlemen consider themselves privileged to indulge, had no place in the constitution of this most amiable of men; as he grew older, his smile appeared to grow more bland and expansive—his cheerfulness became a habit—he was exactly in the position described by the poet, where

> "All his prospects brightening to the last,
> His heaven commences ere this world be past."

Sir Lancelot delights in children. He is their companion, friend, playfellow, their arbitrator of disputes; if he showed selfishness in anything earthly, it was in the monopoly of the society of his grandchildren.

With his children, the eldest son especially, Sir Lancelot has established himself on the footing of a friend; he is not loved merely, he is liked; not revered alone, but esteemed; not obeyed merely, but anticipated in every thought, word, look, or action, that can be supposed capable of affording him gratification or delight. How often has he exulted that he had made to himself friends of his children—not that they regarded him barely as a friend, but that there was superadded to the instinctive affection of filial piety the rational respect due to a man of wisdom and virtue—not that they obeyed him because they were his children, but because *he* was their father; and that his advice was followed less because it was paternal than because it was wise.

Nor did the worthy baronet make any particular mystery of his management in bringing about this desirable relation between parent and child; and his reason for his unreservedness on this subject may have been, that the secret implied an absence of all management whatever, and consisted only in bearing himself towards his children when they grew up, as he was accustomed to comport himself towards mankind in general, in manners complaisant, not compliant, and in conduct upright without austerity.

No man was more highly gifted than was Sir Lancelot in everything essential to worldly success, in everything, I should say, with one only exception, the essential exception of a worldly-minded selfishness, bent solely upon its own aggrandisement, and regarding the rest of the human race, their interests, their passions, their follies, and their vices, as means to that end, and to that end alone. The last thought of Sir Lancelot was of himself—the first of his fellow-creatures; he lamented this self-forgetfulness as a weakness—I reverenced it as a virtue.

There was another impediment, too, which kept Sir Lancelot back from the achievement of that splendid success in life that blazes a while in newspaper paragraphs, and then goes out into the utter darkness of perpetual oblivion, and this was the stumbling-block of a small patrimony.

A small patrimony was all Sir Lancelot ever had, and he suffered under its blighting influence from his boyhood—too large for his mere necessities, too small for real independence; had it been splendid, Sir Lancelot would have enjoyed it splendidly—in doing good; had it been none at all, he would have achieved by his own exertion a fortune for himself, if splendid talents, virtue, and honour have anything to do in the acquisition of fortune; as it was, he swam down the stream of life on bladders, and lived to see men who went into the water with him, naked and unsupported, careering by in frigates, gondolas, and seventy-fours.

Better it had been for him, he used to say, constituted as he was, to have been turned into life from a charity-school, than to have been born heir apparent to an old baronetcy, with a nominal rent-roll, and ten thousand pounds in the stocks; and yet he would often observe, taking the imprudent side of the question, "Perhaps it is as well as it is; that which I might have gained in wealth, I might, as the world goes, have lost in honour."

Sir Lancelot was the soul of honour—not that he deserved any credit for this, nor do I speak it in the way of panegyric. I state it merely as an item in the descriptive catalogue of the virtues of the worthy baronet—the chivalrous pride of honour in Sir Lancelot was an instinct, not a principle—he could not control it; and if an equivocation could have gained him the garter, or saved him from the neck, the plain and downright truth would fall undisguisedly from his tongue.

The reader will not suppose, from this trait in his character, that my friend was a dogmatist, which is only another name for a bear, or that he blurted out the truth upon all occasions, regardless whose feelings it might hurt, or whose pride it might offend; or further, that he was one of those snarling beings who growl through life, openly hating all mankind, and hated secretly by all mankind in return. Not at all; the rigidity of Sir Lancelot was in his conscience, not in his countenance, and I never knew, long as I had the happiness of being known to him, that countenance deformed by a sneer.

For you, me, or anybody else, the baronet would ask any favour that did not involve a compromise of his independent course of action—for himself nothing of the kind.

He held as his rule of conduct the opinion of Marmontel upon the subject of obligations generally: "Favours bind us much oftener than we would choose I am aware that it is not disgraceful to receive them, but I plainly perceive that it is much more creditable to do without them."

You will have perceived that Sir Lancelot was a favourable sample of the lowest order of the hereditary nobility—you will not, therefore, infer that Sir Lancelot was the phœnix of baronets—Sir Lancelot, let me assure you, was not a phœnix any more than he was a jackdaw! He had his feelings, his follies, and, in his youth, for all I know to the contrary, his vices, like the rest of the baronetage. His vices, however, had vanished with his youth, his follies evaporated with his manhood, and his failings which remained were at least as harmless as the failings of elderly baronets usually are.

The most striking foible of the elderly Sir Lancelot is a propensity to gossip—a fine drawing of his histories, and a propensity to *da capo* his old jokes once too often; a good listener with him is a good man, and might be trusted, if Sir Lancelot could be credited, with untold gold. Nor is there a total want of foundation for this somewhat singular confidence of a good talker in a good listener. A good listener must be a polite man, therefore a man of the world; a good listener must needs too be a patient man, therefore a follower of wisdom.

It is of the past that Sir Lancelot chiefly delights to gossip—of the world when he was young, the world not so old, and everything in it fresher and more vigorous than in these degenerate days.

He recollects John Kemble in Hamlet—the scene with the gravedigger especially—and soliloquizes *the* soliloquy.

He remembers Garrick lording it triumphantly over Drury Lane. He recollects, as it were of yesterday, how his childish mind was impressed by the horrors of the tent-scene in Richard, and how soon those terrors were dispelled by the shouts of laughter that greeted the crooked-backed tyrant coming on again in Scrub. He witnessed the triumphant *début* of the infant Roscius, and wonders that any body who heard Billington can talk such nonsense about Grisi.

He recollects Pitt and Fox, Sheridan and Burke, in their palmy days, and shakes his head when desired to read a splendid burst of eloquence in the senate of our time; he really thinks there is no senatorial talent now-a-days.

Not to weary you with his reminiscences, Sir Lancelot is, in short, a brief abstract and chronicle of the times of fifty years ago—of the times when, as the worthy baronet assures his captivated audience, he saw the drama classic, the literature Augustan, the senate eloquent, the people happy! Nor is it singular that the worthy baronet should regard the time for ever gone, with a complacency which he denies to the days now passing over his head; for they were the days less of a classic drama, an Augustan age of literature, a senate eloquent, and a people happy, than the days of his own hopes, loves, fears, ambition, passion, action—the days of his blooming youth and hopeful prime of manhood. Nor marvel, then, that Sir Lancelot proudly reverts to that time past, which was properly his life, compared with which the present is, in feeling and action, mere existence; nor, that memory recals its fancied perfections for ever to his tongue.

He was young and ardent then, now he is experienced and old—then he was an actor, he is a spectator now—then life was tinted with the rainbow hue of hope, and anticipation promised new pleasure in every successive scene—now hopes, one by one, have faded in the twilight of declining years—

"And all the poetry of life is fled"—

his anticipations then bounded high of earthly felicity, his anticipations now are of happiness beyond the grave.

Sir Lancelot is dead.

He is dead, but it is not my purpose to moralize upon his death. The veteran friends of the baronet, who have grown old with him, start at the intelligence, and cry, how sudden! Only seventy-three! The old lament that he should have died so soon; the young and middle-aged, who had the happiness to share the friendship of the baronet, lament that so excellent a man should have died at all. I can discover no reasonable cause for the regrets of the aged, or the lamentations of the young. The death that arrives at the age of seventy-three can scarcely with justice be deplored as sudden, and his death is more to be lamented than Sir Lancelot's, who is not prepared, like Sir Lancelot, to die.

I am moralizing, I find, in spite of myself; my purpose being only to exhibit age in a brighter light, and to show, in the portrait of Sir Lancelot, that the picture of declining life may affect us, not only with tender, but with pleasurable and cheerful emotions; and that age may not only succeed to manhood and to youth, as a condition to be honoured and revered, but as well to be admired and loved.

MIDSUMMER EVE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

So sultry was the evening air,
Its heaviness was pain to bear;
A lassitude stole o'er each sense:
And luxury was indolence!
The flow'rets droop'd—and each young leaf
Flagg'd, as it felt an inward grief,
A sorrow coy—to be betray'd
By zephyr, who'd forsook its shade.
The moths in silence flitted by,
And languid beetles scarce could fly;
The brooks in hush'd meanders crept:
And echo once undreaming slept!
So holy was the calm around,
As if there never had been sound
To jar the muteness of the earth,
And usher discord into birth!
The stars, in the blue vaults above,
Held their assembly of love;
I heard them whisper their delight
To the felicitating night!
While one bright orb shot out afar
To visit some fair sister-star,
Methought I heard the crisp air ring,
Struck by the fleetness of its wing.
So still was all beneath the skies,
I heard the weeping dew-drops rise,
To hang their tears on leaf and spray,
Their votive off'ring to young day.
Sound may intoxicate each sense,
But silence yields bliss more intense;
A sabbath ecstasy which fires
The soul, and holy thought inspires—
Such thought as Christians joy to feel,
To spur their faith, to prompt their zeal—
And lend repentance keener zest,
Too prone to languish in the breast;
Teaching that soul the path to heav'n,
And what it needs, to be forgiven.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.[1]

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

There can be no doubt that the romance of real life lays the most permanent hold upon the heart. A well-embodied fiction seizes on the fancy; but when the wizard steps out of the enchanted circle—when the wily Archimage throws aside the charmed rod, with which he conjured up the beings of air, Reason resumes her sway, and I find myself asking the same question which, after telling him some fairy tale, my little nephew was wont to put to me, "But is it all *in real*, aunt?"

I was never more forcibly struck with this, than on my recently learning some interesting particulars respecting a family residing in a humble cottage in a small village or hamlet in the north of England. A friend of mine was some short time ago travelling in that part, and being in the immediate neighbourhood of Lumley Castle,* a place with which he had been familiar in his boyish days, he felt a great desire to renew his acquaintance with it, and with the umbrageous park which surrounded it, where he had formerly passed many pleasant hours. I was much gratified with the account he gave me of his visit to the castle, where, to his great surprise, he found the self-same venerable housekeeper who held the keys of office, when he was a schoolboy, upwards of thirty years before, and who appeared to him, even at that time, to be a very ancient dame. He wandered through the spacious apartments, which recalled to him so many old associations, surveyed the collection of paintings,—some of them extremely fine, though few, to his mind, more interesting than the various family and other portraits, commencing from an early date, which had fascinated his boyish and less critical eye; and after taking leave of his old friend,—a final leave, as he now considered it,—he quitted the castle, and proceeded to the parish church of Chester-le-Street, about half a mile distant, chiefly for the purpose of there inspecting the monumental effigies, cut in stone, of the long baronial line of Lumley. But I purposely hasten over these particulars, to come at once to the little cottage in the retired hamlet, and the romantic history attached to its inmates.

My friend having a great wish to revisit Painshaw Hill, a remarkable eminence about three miles off, from which, he remembered, there was a most extensive and beautiful prospect over the surrounding country, and eastward as far as the sea, he had occasion to pass through Biddick on his way, a small but populous village on the banks of the Wear, inhabited chiefly by the men who work in the coal-mines, or, as they are locally styled, pitmen. He halted at the little inn of the place, for the purpose of inquiring the nearest way to the summit of the hill; and while he was in conversation with the hostess, a tall and respectable-looking man passed by, apparently about forty years of age, whose dress, though not exactly that of a gentleman, was superior, as well as his air and general appearance, to that of the peasantry of the district.

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* The beautiful seat of the Earl of Scarborough.

[1] Continued from vol. xxiv. p. 51.

"Eh, sir!" exclaimed the hostess, with evident looks of sympathy and respect, "that man was born to be a gentleman."

"Indeed!" said my friend, "what do you mean?"

"Why, sir, I means, that if all had their own, he would be a great man. They say he has a right to a fine castle and great estates in Scotland."

"But you know '*they say*' is very often wrong, and about nothing oftener than the right to fine castles and great estates. They generally turn out to be castles in the air, and estates in fairy land. I mean, my good woman," (perceiving that she looked as if she did not exactly comprehend him,) "how do you know, or how can any one tell, that this person is really entitled to the castle and estates you speak of? It may be all a mere delusion, for I have known many cases of the kind, where men have foolishly deceived both themselves and others, without at all intending it."

"Nay, but *they say*, sir, that he has a right to be a great lord as well."

"Indeed!" exclaimed her interrogator, with increasing incredulity.

"Yes, indeed! there's Mr. Thurlow, the rector of Houghton, and many other highly respectable gentlemen, I can assure you, sir, that believes it all, and has assisted poor Drummond with money to try for his rights. An' they tell me it's to be tried afore the great lords up in Lunnon, sir."

"Drummond, did you say?" with somewhat more both of attention and curiosity on hearing the highly respectable authority of the rector of Houghton quoted, and on learning for the first time the patronymic, as ancient and honourable as any in Scotland, which the claimant bore. "Did you say the man's name was Drummond?"

"Yes, sir, that's his name—Thomas Drummond. He has got a large family, and little to keep them with, though some folks say that the lord as now has the property allows him two hundred a year to keep him quiet; but I thinks that if he had half that, he might do better for his family than he does. Others say that it's a Frenchman, a Popish priest, that has the allowance, for that his right is better than the present lord's, but that poor Drummond's is the strongest of all."

"And pray where does Drummond live?"

"Why, about half a mile from here—just up at New Painshaw, yonder," pointing out with her hand the direction in which it lay. "It's as good a way as any you can take to get upon the hill."

"Thank you; I'll give him a call, and have a little conversation with him."

And shortly afterwards, taking his leave of his worthy hostess, my friend proceeded on his way. A walk of less than ten minutes brought him to New Painshaw, which he found to be a small and mean-looking place, inhabited almost entirely by the pitmen employed in the neighbouring colliery of the Marquis of Londonderry. Having been directed to the cottage of which he was in search, he knocked at the door, which was opened by a female, rather meanly attired, who proved to be the wife of Drummond. Her husband was not yet returned; but she expected him very shortly, and requested the stranger to walk in. He found the cottage and its furniture to be of very humble pretensions: and with the exception of a small engraved picture, framed and glazed, which contained about half a dozen miniature likenesses of the unfortunate Stuarts and their adherents, he did not observe anything which indicated the peculiar position of its owner, in respect of his alleged claims and expectations. My friend had just time to take a survey of the apartment, and to make a few preliminary inquiries, when Drummond himself entered. He received his visiter with great frankness and cordiality, and entered, at his request, upon a most romantic family history, with which he soon found himself deeply interested. He assured him that he was the grandson and sole representative of James Drummond, Duke of Perth, who, taking part in the rebellion of 1745, was wounded at the battle of Culloden, and narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the king's troops. He produced several papers and documents which left not a doubt of his accuracy; and he gave various particulars of his distinguished ancestor's life and remarkable adventures, of which the following is the substance.

The Duke, or more correctly speaking, the Earl of Perth, (as the ducal patent was granted to his grandfather, the fourth earl, by James II., subsequently to his abdication of the throne,) was one of the most powerful and devoted adherents of the house of Stuart. He was one of the seven persons who, some time previously to the breaking out of the last rebellion, entered into and subscribed a solemn engagement to take up arms on behalf of the exiled family, provided that the king of France would support the attempt, by sending over a body of troops to co-operate with them. Accordingly, when Prince Charles Edward, the son of the old pretender, as he was styled, landed in Scotland, to make a last effort for the recovery of the crown by a personal appeal to the zeal and fidelity of his friends, the Earl of Perth, true to his plighted faith, immediately repaired to his standard, with all the followers and retainers he could raise. His brother John, commonly called Lord John Drummond, had been educated abroad, and continued to reside there, having attached himself warmly to the Jacobite cause. He entered into the service of the French monarch; and looking forward, doubtless, to the long projected enterprise in favour of the pretender, which had always been secretly encouraged, both by the courts of France and Rome, he raised a regiment called "The Royal Scots," of which he was constituted colonel. He arrived with his regiment at Montrose, about the end of the year 1745, to join his brother and the rest of the Stuart chiefs, and was present at the decisive battle of Culloden a few months afterwards, which ended in the final ruin of all their long-cherished hopes, while most of those who were taken expiated their temerity shortly afterwards by the forfeiture of their lives and fortunes.

The Earl of Perth commanded, on this occasion, the left wing of the rebel army. He was severely wounded in the face and hands in the course of the engagement; and when the rout of the Jacobite forces became general and irretrievable, and he saw that all were flying in disorder from the fatal field, he began to think of providing for his own personal safety. He was seen galloping, towards the close of that eventful day, his clothes and his person still besmeared with blood, at a considerable distance from the field of battle. His brother, Lord John, contrived to get on shipboard, and escaped to France; but the earl himself took refuge, in the first instance, amongst his own faithful friends and retainers, in the immediate neighbourhood of Drummond Castle. When the first heat of the pursuit and search after the fugitives was in some degree abated, he ventured to return to his castle privately, where his mother had chiefly resided since the death of his father, nearly thirty years before. Here he remained in close concealment for several weeks, during which time he got his wounds healed, and waited for a favourable opportunity to effect his escape beyond the reach of danger. Sometimes he was disguised in female attire; and more than once he was in imminent danger of being taken by the king's troops. On one occasion in particular, a party came very unexpectedly to search the castle; and so sudden was their approach, that the earl had only just time to get into a wall-press, (as it was there called,) or enclosed recess, as the soldiers rushed from the hall to carry on the search upstairs. The woman who had apprised him of his danger, and had just shut him up in the concealed closet, pretended to be busily occupied in front of it about her household duties, of sweeping or some such occupation, until the unwelcome visiters had left the apartment.

After some time, the earl quitted, in the silence and secrecy of night, and with a heavy heart, the walls of his paternal mansion, which were to know him again no more. He had left them, but a few short months before, under circumstances how different, when, in the midst of his numerous retainers, a gallant and a faithful band, and in the open day, he sallied forth, like a Scottish chieftain of old, to join the unfurled standard of the Stuart in the north.

"The kettle drums clashed, and the trumpets were blown,
He waved his proud arm, and the horsemen rode on."

But if he then quitted his home with something of a gloomy foreboding, for it is recorded of him that he stopped and turned round, as he was losing sight of his old ancestral towers, to take a farewell look, and (as if with an instinctive apprehension of coming evil) exclaimed, "Oh! my bonny Drummond Castle, and my bonny lands!" — what must have been his feelings now? The final and decisive battle had been fought and lost. The struggle was at an end, and with it all the hopes and projects of the adherents of the Stuart cause. Danger and death now pursued their footsteps wherever they went; and the gallant Perth felt keenly all the difficulties and perils of his present situation, as, after having taken leave of the duchess, his mother, and in the disguise of a peasant, he gained the woods by a private postern, and quitted his castle, in all human probability for ever.

In pursuance of a preconcerted plan, he made his way to the seacoast, and fortunately succeeded in getting on board a vessel, which landed him safely at South Shields, in the county of Durham. The earl thus at length happily effected his escape out of Scotland, the more immediate scene of danger, although he could not at the time meet with any ship bound for France. He had previously, with a view to lull suspicion, and to facilitate his projected attempt to escape, caused a report to be circulated that he had embarked for that country about three weeks after the battle of Culloden, and died on the passage, from the combined effects of his wounds and the excessive fatigues he had undergone; and this story, being currently believed at the time, answered the purpose for which it was intended. From South Shields he passed to Sunderland, a well-known sea-port town about seven miles distant; and from thence proceeded up the river Wear to South Biddick, which he selected as the place of at least his temporary sojourn. Being a wild, sequestered spot, inhabited exclusively by colliers and keel-men, who were at that period a very lawless set,* and had an especial sympathy for all who were pursued by justice for any crime morally short of murder, Lord Perth thought that he might probably remain here for a considerable time, if necessary, safe from all danger and pursuit. The vicinity of the coal-mines added much to the security of any fugitive; as, in case of any sudden alarm, he could be plunged by the friendly colliers into the recesses of a mine several hundred feet deep, where it would be next to impossible to discover him. It is on record, in some of the accounts of the rebellion, that for this reason many of the Jacobite soldiers, who were unable to get abroad, fled for refuge to the coal districts. The particular locality thus selected by Drummond presented to his mind other advantages: it was at a convenient distance from Sunderland, where vessels were generally to be met with, bound for the ports of France and Holland; and in case any event should unexpectedly happen, prior to his final embarkation, at all favourable to the cause of the exiled family, he was in a situation from whence he could speedily and easily co-operate in any renewed effort which might be made.

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* "The village of South Biddick is in a sequestered situation, and was formerly inhabited by banditti, who set all authority at defiance. Nay, the officers of excise were afraid of surveying the two public-houses, unless protected by some of the most daring of the colliers, who were rewarded for their trouble. There were in the village about ten shops, or houses, where contraband spirits were publicly sold without any license. The press-gang were at one time beat out of the place, with the loss of two men, and never more were known to venture into it; for if they were known to be in the neighbourhood, the "Biddickers" used to sound a horn, the signal for them to fly to arms, fires were lighted in various places, the keels in the river were seized, with which they formed a bridge of communication with Fatfield, (another place on the opposite side of the river, equally as lawless as their own,) and kept watch and ward till the danger was past: in consequence of which, it became a receptacle for such as had violated the laws of their country."—*Parson's History of the Counties of Northumberland and Durham*, vol. ii. p. 271.

On his arrival at Biddick, the noble fugitive took up his abode under the humble roof of John Armstrong, a collier or pitman, who, without at all suspecting the rank and condition of his guest, received and entertained him with the greatest hospitality and kindness. And here it was that all the plans and prospects of the unfortunate Perth were destined, by Providence, to undergo a total and permanent change, to which the force both of public and private events irresistibly led. The family of Hanover, happily for the interests of the reformed religion, and the civil liberties of the kingdom, became, after the decisive victory of Culloden, still more firmly seated on the throne, and no further attempt was ever made on behalf of the expatriated Stuarts. Concurrently with this state of political affairs, a circumstance arose within the little fireside circle at Biddick, which fixed the destiny and the abode of Drummond for the remainder of his life.

Armstrong had a daughter, Elizabeth, who was a girl of exquisite beauty, and of artless and most engaging manners. She was but a child, about twelve years of age, when Drummond first came under her father's roof; and he had taken great delight in instructing her, and aiding the growth and expansion of the superior intellect with which he soon perceived she was naturally endowed. Time rolled on; the stranger still lingered at Biddick, where he had found what proved to be a peaceful and secure retreat; and when Elizabeth Armstrong had entered on her sixteenth year, he conceived a violent attachment for her, which she returned with all the warmth of their affectionate and unsophisticated nature. The unfortunate earl was as generous as he was brave. He spurned the bare idea of attempting to take any undue advantage of the innocent and beautiful girl. He felt that she was necessary to his future happiness: the hopes of the Jacobites had become finally extinguished: he quite despaired of ever recovering his estates, or resuming his former station; and even if he should, the voice of love unhesitatingly assured him that his Elizabeth would adorn it: he obtained the joyful assent of both her parents to their union; and in the month of November, 1749, she being then in her seventeenth year, he led her to the altar at the parish church of Houghton-le-Spring,* and their hands and their destinies became inseparably united.

Some time after their marriage, they removed to a cottage, called the boat-house, the occupation of which was kindly granted to Drummond by Nicholas Lambton, Esq., of Biddick Hall. It is clear that this gentleman knew, even at that time, a part, at least, of the history and misfortunes of the stranger who had thus mysteriously appeared and settled in his vicinity; as it is remembered by Mrs. Peters, one of the earl's daughters, who still survives, that Mr. Lambton on that occasion addressed her father in the following words: —"I know you well enough; you are one of the Drummonds, the rebels; but I will give you the house and garden for all that."

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* Biddick is in the parish of Houghton le-Spring, though upwards of three miles distant from it. The Rev. E. S. Thurlow, the present rector, a nephew of the celebrated Lord Chancellor of that name, has held the living for the long space of half a century.

Attached to the cottage, which was close to the river, was a ferry-boat, there being no bridge across the Wear within less than two or three miles of Biddick; and from the profits of this boat the exiled Perth contrived to procure a scanty subsistence for himself and his rising family. While he was employed in the humble occupation of rowing over the passengers, his wife had the management of a small shop, which added a little, and but a little, to their very limited means of existence. However, here he experienced peace, and a high degree of comparative happiness, in the society of his beloved Elizabeth.

In the course of a few years she had borne him a family of six or seven children; and it was his great delight and employment, in the intervals of his occupation on the river, to give them that instruction himself which he could not afford to procure for them at suitable schools. As, however, the boys grew up, he was much perplexed how to dispose of them. He could have wished to put them in some way of life not altogether unbefitting their origin and descent; but he was entirely destitute of the means to accomplish this. William, the youngest, who frequently went down to Sunderland on the keels, or barges, which convey the coals to the ships waiting there for cargoes, conceived a liking for a seafaring life, and was in due time placed under the care of the master of a trading vessel belonging to that port. His elder and only brother, James, was of a more quiet and studious turn, and his father was very desirous of educating him for the church, but to this poverty presented an insuperable bar. Meantime the boy lingered at home, sometimes taking his father's place in the little ferry-boat, and sometimes accompanying John Armstrong, his grandfather, down the profound recesses of the coal-mine where he worked, to gratify his youthful curiosity, by witnessing the operations there. He was extremely partial to his grandfather; and in this way he gradually conceived a liking, strange as it may seem, for the rude occupation which the old man followed. Children generally experience a degree of pride and gratification on being allowed, for the first time, to participate in the employment of full-grown men. The boy was too young, as yet, to be trusted with the secret of his father's real rank. He longed to be able to carry something home to his beloved mother on a Saturday night, to add to the common stock and common comforts of the family; for, as his sisters grew up, he perceived that the difficulty which his parents had in maintaining their humble household increased. Without his father's knowledge he got himself placed, through the intervention of Armstrong, on the colliery establishment; and at the end of a week, during which his parents had observed that he was more than usually absent with his grandfather, he brought his little earnings, and with all the pride of independence, and all the warmth of filial and fraternal love, he poured them into his mother's lap, as she sat conversing with his father at the door of their little cottage.

This was probably the most severe and painful trial which the unfortunate Perth had ever experienced. It is true that, for some time past, his fate and fortunes appeared to have been quietly merged in those of the unknown Drummond, the humble ferryman. All search and inquiry after him had long ceased; for the story of his death on his passage to France had obtained general credit, and had contributed much to his subsequent security. He had been attainted of high treason by act of parliament, along with others of the Jacobite chiefs, within a few weeks after their final defeat at Culloden. He was not only dead in law, but dead to the world at large; none but a few of his friends in France,[*] and one or two of those in his native Scotland, being at all aware that he was still in existence. He had long despaired of any change in his affairs, or in those of his exiled master; and had, as he fancied, resigned himself to his apparent destiny. But though he might have resigned to it himself alone, the voice of nature was strong within him, and he now felt acutely, that he had not yet resigned his children. All that they at the present moment were, and all that they should and might have been, had never risen in such strong and painful contrast before him, as on this beautiful summer's evening, when his eldest boy gave so touching a proof of the native independence of his feelings, and the excellence of his heart.

[*] There is a letter addressed to him at Biddick, from his brother, Lord John Drummond, at Boulogne, still extant, and in the possession of Mrs. Peters, his daughter. It bears date exactly twelve months after the battle of Culloden, and alludes to the report which had been circulated, of the earl's having died on the passage from Scotland, at the same time recommending him then, for his own security, to rejoin his friends in France. Other letters have been recently discovered amongst the "*Stuart Papers*," written by the earl, or duke, from Biddick: and depositions have been made by the Countess de Genlis, and other persons of distinction in France, to prove that it was always known in that country, both by the pretender and his immediate adherents, that the Duke of Perth never embarked at all after the defeat at Culloden, but had found an asylum in the north of England, where he married, and continued to reside in obscurity.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ANCIENT LITERATURE.

BY AN IRISH BARRISTER.

CICERO.

CICERO, by the universal assent of all ages, takes rank after Demosthenes, though some very ardent but injudicious admirers of the French school of critics give him the pre-eminence, which he has himself often disclaimed, vain, weak, and open as he was through every pore to flattery. Though he celebrated his own genius in Greek and Latin—though he crammed every ear in Rome with panegyrics on his eloquence—though simple truth was not sufficient for his self-admiration, and he begs Lucius to tickle his vanity with fictitious praise—"amorique nostro plusculum etiam quam concedat veritas largiore"—yet he willingly yielded the palm to the Athenian. His works abound with testimonies of the profound esteem with which he regarded the eloquence of Demosthenes. Inferior as Cicero was, he possesses sufficient to waken all our veneration. The world produced only two first-class orators, and he is one: but an immeasurable distance stretches between them. Demosthenes vindicates himself, not only above Cicero, but the whole earth, in depth and comprehension of intellect, in energy of reason, and massive common sense. The attributes of both were essentially different, though the fate of both was alike. Both perished by their transcendent eloquence; and it is to the eternal honour of Cicero that he threw aside all irresolution, and fell with courage and dignity in defence of the expiring liberties of his country. It may not be an improper preliminary to notice the forms of procedure in the courts of justice, and the practice of the forum, when Cicero entered on his magnificent career. It is pretty clear that the Roman orators paid very little attention to the study of the law. Cicero says that Sergius Galba, the most famous speaker of his day, had no knowledge of the laws, or civil rights, or the institutes of his ancestors. Antony, the celebrated pleader, expressed his contempt for the law. "I never," said he, "studied the civil law, nor was I sensible of any loss from my ignorance of it in those suits which I was capable of conducting in our courts." Scævola, under whose roof Cicero imbibed the first rudiments of his forensic knowledge, is made to form the same opinion; and Cicero himself, in his oration for Muræna, sneers at Cato on account of his knowledge of the laws and the forms of procedure. Thus it appears the lawyer and advocate were not necessarily connected, and that the latter more frequently appealed to the equity or humanity of the judges than to sound principles of jurisprudence. It is easier to move the passions by eloquence and art, than to convince the reason by dry argument; and the orator of the forum, while he studied the most refined elegance of language, the display of erudition, a prompt wit, and the power of stirring the feelings, despised the only arts that contribute to the success of a modern advocate, and, without which, all the splendid declamations of Cicero would be a ridicule rather than a recommendation. What display was to the ancient, close business is to the modern lawyer; he forgets himself in his solicitude to work out the interests of his client—he never steps aside from the argument to charm with a metaphor, or dazzle with a trope. To convince is his object—to that, all graces of diction, flowing periods, and felicitous illustration are subordinate; and he does not scruple to violate every concord, and set every grammatical decency at defiance, so his point is carried. The ancient practice was the very opposite. Antony, speaking of one of his most powerful orations, says, that it was made up of an appeal to the passions and an eulogy on himself, and that he baffled the impeachment against his clients, not by prevailing over the understanding of the judges, but by exciting their sympathies, and praising his own powers. We could wish to hear Mr. O'Connell, for instance, in a heavy insurance case, address the court thus:—"Gentlemen of the jury—the sight of your box has ever appeared to me by far the most pleasing of spectacles, and this bar the most dignified for treating with you—the most honourable for haranguing. For some years past, in consequence of my exertions in behalf of my country, which received the approval of all good men, and will hand down my name to remotest posterity, I have been deprived of the pleasure of addressing you; but now, since you have loaded me with honours, since your suffrages have three times returned me to parliament, it is just that you should be delighted with the beauty of my forensic eloquence," &c. If Mr. O'Connell opened his exordium in this manner, and delivered a speech, nine-tenths of which were wholly unconnected with the policy, he would not only lose the verdict, but his character as a lawyer; and yet of such stuff the best harangues of the ancients were composed. What is Cicero's defence of Cæcina —a question of civil right, turning on the effect of a prætorian edict —but an exhibition of the most marked legal ignorance? or his Archian oration, but a beautiful dissertation on the sacred character of poets; the alien law is thrown into the back-ground, and the accomplishments of his client are substituted for argument. Worse than all is his defence of Sextius, one of the longest and most laboured of his speeches. Instead of refuting the charge of public violence urged against his client, he enters most provokingly into a history of his own deserts and honours; he laments his exile—he triumphs in his recal—he attacks Clodius and the consuls—and, for the thousandth time, panegyrizes himself until self-love and adulation are completely exhausted. This was not peculiar to Cicero—it was the universal practice of the forum. Persuasion, wit, excitement, invective, were the great engines of discussion, naturally springing from the constitution of their courts of law, and the system of procedure, which, though unsuited to a sound distribution of justice, were calculated to exercise the highest powers of eloquence. It was the character of the courts, and the nature of the causes tried before them, that gave Roman oratory that brilliant lustre and extreme rhetorical richness which could only be effective in a community where theatrical flights and bursts of compassion were more regarded than a calm dispensation of law, based on simple fact and clear argument. There were three great arenas where the champions of eloquence exhibited their gladiatorial art, and struggled for the great prizes that followed oratorical success—the civil and criminal trials before the prætor—the comitia or popular assemblies, where the citizens assembled to adopt new laws or repeal old ones—and the deliberations of the senate, the first field, perhaps, that ever existed for the triumphs of the statesman and orator. The prætor held his court in the forum. His jurisdiction extended to all matters of which the senate and comitia could take no cognizance; consequently all civil suits came before him; and if the question was one on which the law was not explicit, or to which the principles of natural justice could not be immediately applied, he chose from the panel a number of select judges, not unlike our jurors, who were to decide the mixed issue of fact and law. Before such a tribunal there existed no great necessity for legal erudition; so the advocate pursued a different course. His harangue was composed of topics which appealed powerfully to their sense of natural equity, mercy, or humanity, staking his own reputation on the rights or respectability of his client, a species of evidence which was often successful. The prætors were the reverse of our judges—they were generally young, inexperienced, and ignorant—deciding on no fixed principle—swayed by party opinions or individual prejudices—and so furnishing the most ample scope for the influence and address of the orator. To conciliate favour, to rouse attention, to quicken or abate a prejudice, but, beyond all, to stimulate compassion, was his whole aim and object. The ancient pleadings are full of the ridiculous modes resorted to, either to move popular pity, or secure the favour of the judges. If a man indicted for forgery or perjury were to appear in our courts in a suit of rags, his face begrimed with mud, and accompanied by his children, to give effect to the touching exclamations of the counsel, Baron Pennefather would scarcely direct an acquittal. Such farcical representations were of every day occurrence in Rome. Piso, who was guilty of the grossest oppression to the Roman allies, threw himself at the feet of the judges, and obtained a prompt liberation; while Rutilius, who was innocent, but prohibited any entreaties to be used in his defence, was condemned, because, according to Cicero, "his counsel was compelled to plead for him as he would have done in Plato's republic." Another great encouragement to eloquence was the complaints from the provinces, some of such vast interest and magnitude as to afford the grandest opportunities the world before or since witnessed. Oppressed and plundered nations appealed to the majesty of Rome, and her perception of right against the scandalous vices of her foreign magistrates. They came, with their long catalogue of grievances, to demand redress at the great fountain-head of justice, and no spectacle could be more imposing, more flattering to national feeling, than to behold the representatives of distant provinces standing at their bar, or better fitted for the display of the orator by the splendour and variety of the materials he had to work with, and the lofty and indignant appeals to national honour and national justice which they afforded. Cases of this nature were frequent, and must have materially contributed to elevate the character of Roman oratory. The Forum was to Rome what the Agora was to Athens—the scene of all eloquent inspiration, the centre of all the glory and greatness of the republic. "It presented," says the accomplished historian of Roman literature, "one of the most splendid spectacles that eyes could behold, or fancy conceive. This space formed an oblong square between the Capitoline and Palatine Hills, composed of a vast assemblage of sumptuous though irregular edifices. It was bordered with statues of the ancient heroes and preservers of their country, and adorned on both sides with temples, among which, in one angle, stood that of Romulus the Founder. It was entirely surrounded by a piazza, terminated at each end by a triumphal arch, and was bounded on one side by the Capitol with its ascending range of porticoes, and the temple of the tutelar deity on the summit. Having been long the theatre of the factions—the politics—the intrigues—the crimes, and revolutions of Rome, every spot of its surface was consecrated to the memory of some great incident in Roman story. In this heart and centre of the world there was likewise contained a variety of shops, stored with a profusion of the most costly merchandise, so that it was the mart for all important commercial transactions. Being thus the emporium of laws, politics, and trade, it became the resort of men of business, as well as of those loiterers whom Horace calls *Forenses*. Each Roman citizen regarded himself a member of the same illustrious family, scrutinized with jealous watchfulness the conduct of his rulers, and looked with anxious solicitude to the issue of every important case. In all trials of extortion or oppression the Roman multitude took a particular interest, and repaired in such numbers to the Forum that even the spacious square was hardly sufficient to contain those attracted by curiosity, and who in the course of the trial were in the habit of expressing their feelings by shouts and acclamations, so that the orator was ever surrounded by a crowded and tumultuary audience."

After the Forum, the assemblies were great promoters of eloquence. No law, however unimportant, was proposed that did not meet with the disapprobation of some sturdy tribune, or the advocate of aristocratic prerogative. Here, as in the courts of justice, judges were to be gained over, the caprices of the people to be flattered, their errors palliated, their animosities inflamed, or their predilections gratified—here was the theatre of popularity—here consulships were obtained—here the few knelt to the many, and cajoled the multitude they secretly abhorred. Last of all, the senate, where freedom of debate, to its widest extent, was allowed. The wisdom and authority of that venerable body gave Latin oratory that reflective character, which, among many points of resemblance, distinguishes it from the Greek. In the judicial and legislative proceedings, the calmness of the senate had a marked effect—it controlled the ardour of the comitia—checked precipitancy of decision—and gave a graver cast to the spirit of the orator. We have now arrived at the result of the foregoing observations—that the state of the Roman law—the courts of justice—the forms of procedure—the great interests of the republic—and the modes of their administration, combined to make Cicero one of the first of orators.

His early education was eminently favourable to the developement of his brilliant qualities. It was the custom of that age, as it was three centuries ago in England, for young gentlemen to pass a portion of their boyhood under the roofs of able and experienced men, that they might profit from their wisdom and conversation, and inure themselves to stern discipline, while at the same time they laid the foundations of knowledge. Cicero's patron was Scævola, the famous jurisconsult, whose kindness he afterwards commemorated in the most affectionate language. Cicero's inclination did not lie altogether towards the law—the twelve tables were thrown aside for the fascinating speculations of Plato, and the Greek poets were preferred to the oracular *responsa prudentum.* He profoundly studied the ancient writers, whose works were his chief delight after the toil of the bar and senate, and in which he sought repose and consolation amid the storms of factions and the convulsions of the republic. Besides Archias, he attended the lectures of the most famous philosophers and rhetoricians at Rome and Athens. The doctrines of the academy found peculiar favour with Cicero, less from the beautiful morality they inculcated, and the noble language which conveyed it, than the practical utility he was likely to derive from them in the discussions of the forum. He learned dialectics from Diodotus, whose instructions were conveyed in Greek from his ignorance of the Latin tongue—a practice of the greatest service, not only to Cicero, but to Roman literature, by enabling him to enrich his native language with the graces and idioms of the Greek. Strange to say, Cicero first tasted of fame as a poet, and was considered a prodigy by his contemporaries. Juvenal's cutting sarcasm has abolished all his claims to that distinction in the estimation of many—the unlucky "O fortunatam" is the modern standard of his excellence; but to condemn a writer for a single line is to carry criticism to the most extravagant length. If such a test were adopted in our times, which of our poets would live one day? Without agreeing in opinion with Voltaire, who ranks Cicero with Lucretius, "Ce que peu de personnes savent, c'est que Ciceron était encore un des premiers poètes d'un siècle où la belle poésie commençait à naître: il balançait la reputation de Lucrece,"—it is reasonable to infer that had Cicero cultivated poetry, his triumphs would have been as immortal as his eloquence. He possessed all the requisites of success—a glowing and exuberant imagination—exquisite taste—a grand and elevated style—a fertile invention—unsurpassed stores of learning—in fact, every quality essential to the poet. But he sought other conquests, and abandoned the tranquillity of the Muses for the tumults of the Forum. Hortensius was then in the full blaze of his reputation, and was, without doubt, the most eloquent speaker that had yet appeared in Rome. His splendid and animated manner at once recommended him to the people, and he continued for many years to dazzle until the rise of another luminary, in whose brilliancy his fame was soon lost. The eloquence of Hortensius was of the glittering style called Asiatic, which delighted solely in the showy and ornamental. It was deficient in reason or argument, but characterized by a beautiful flow of language, the harmonious cadence of the periods, and the most exquisite rhythm. It had all the sparkle, fancy, and luxurious phraseology of poetry, and may be called poetry without its metrical chains. The Romans had never been accustomed to such elegance, and, with the appearance of Hortensius, oratory commenced a new era. Some of his efforts are said to be astonishing; his harangue against the Manilian law extorted the warmest admiration from Cicero;—that against the sumptuary class of Crassus is described to be the finest ever delivered out of Athens. The subject was well adapted to his style, as well as to his habits of life, for he kept the most magnificent establishment in Rome. Unfortunately for the admirers of ancient eloquence, the speeches of this great speaker are lost, and Cicero has left us the only means of forming an estimate of his splendid oratory. Cicero has done him justice, notwithstanding the manifest jealousy with which he regarded him. He had a commanding figure, a clear melodious voice, a gracefulness of action, which Roscius and Æsopus loved to imitate. He was remarkable for the most prodigious powers of memory, so that he could recollect every word he had meditated, as well as its proper position, and also every sentence uttered by his adversary, even to the proofs and documents brought forward against him. He also possessed powers of application, which no labour could fatigue, and though one of the most thorough-going diners-out in Rome, scarcely a day passed that he did not speak in the Forum, and never was he found unprepared. His gesture was exceedingly artificial, so that he was taunted with the appellation of *Dionysia*, a celebrated dancing girl. Like Demosthenes, he was exceedingly finical in dress, and arranged his toga with as much elaborate precision as the periods of his discourse. A story is told which illustrates the extreme attention, amounting to absurdity, which he paid to his attire. He instituted an action for damages against some person who had accidentally ruffled his gown when about to speak in public. One stain rests on the character of this illustrious man—he was in the habit of corrupting the judges; which, however, should rather be attributed to the state of the judicial system at Rome than any moral deformity on his part. It was necessary to say so much of Hortensius, the model on which Cicero formed his oratory, and afterwards his rival. Though the eloquence of Cicero was of an higher order, and his superiority confessed, yet he learned the art of success from Hortensius, by first adopting and afterwards refining and improving his style. As Demosthenes, Cicero distinguished himself in his twenty-sixth year, though the question was of such a nature as not to allow any high flights of eloquence. It affected the forfeiture of recognizances, and was undertaken at the request of the distinguished comedian Roscius, in defence of his brother-in-law. Here there are brilliant bursts of invective, calculated to provoke the indignation of the judges against Nævius, and pictures of distress adorned with all the glaring colours of poetical exaggeration. His success was commensurate with his merits; all eyes were turned on the new light of the Forum—his praise was on the lips of every man in Rome. In the following year he acted a truly noble part—he had the manliness to attack the bloody policy of Sylla. Si omnia sic fuissent!—had he, through life, exhibited the same courage and dignity, and attacked tyranny instead of flattering it—had he fulfilled throughout his glorious boast, "when a youth I defended the republic," history would have consecrated his statesmanship, as it has consecrated his eloquence. His defence of Roscius eminently entitles him to our admiration. During the anarchy of the proscription the father of his client was murdered, and his estate handed over to the slave of the dictator. In order to quiet the possession, the new proprietor sought to get rid of the son's claims by suborning witnesses to charge him with his father's assassination. It was a splendid opportunity, but the terror of Sylla's name scared every advocate. Cicero alone came forward. In one so young, such a daring and intrepid course attached to him every lover of liberty in Rome. The oration was highly spirited and animating, but somewhat marked with that unpruned floridity which he had caught up from Hortensius. To this taste may be ascribed that celebrated passage on the punishment of patricides, which he afterwards commented on with so much severity. "Its intention was to strike the parricide at once out of the system of nature, by depriving him of air, light, water, and earth, so that he who had destroyed the author of his existence, might be excluded from those elements whence all derived their being. He was not cast to wild beasts, lest their ferocity should be augmented by the infection of so much guilt—he was not committed naked to the stream, lest he should contaminate that sea which washed away all other pollutions. Everything in nature, however common, was accounted too good for him to participate; for what is so common as air to the living—earth to the dead—the sea to those who float—the shore to those who are cast up? But the parricide lives, so as not to breathe the air of heaven—dies, so that the earth cannot receive his bones—is so tossed by the waves, as not to be washed by them—so cast on the shore, as to find no rest on the very rocks." Cicero censured himself for his undisciplined enthusiasm in this cause; but, notwithstanding his own depreciation, and Hume's severe attack, it is full of passion, energy, and beauty, abounding in hits, and those artistical interrogatories which he afterwards rendered the most useful of his weapons. He says that it was admired, not so much for its intrinsic beauty, as for the glimpse it gave of the excellence of future years. This may be true; but to say that it was not argumentative, is only to say that it was not Cicero's; for, with the exception of a few passages in Milo, where is any argument to be found in all his harangues? This speech at once fixed his reputation as a virtuous and fearless citizen, as well as an orator only inferior to Hortensius, whose supremacy was not shaken till the impeachment of Verres. With such delight was Cicero wont to contemplate this generous effort of his youth in the days of his adversity and his exile, when a different policy degraded and ruined him, that he urges his son, "as the most certain path to public esteem, to stand boldly forward against oppression, as he had in many instances done; but more particularly that of Roscius of Ameria, whom he defended against Sylla himself in the blaze of his power." He was compelled to leave Rome, and travelled to the East, where he attended the most famous schools of Asia Minor. After two years he returned much improved in the compass and volume of his voice, and his general style of speaking, which was now polished to the highest pitch of refinement. At thirty he was appointed quæstor, the first step to consular honours; and it is creditable to his character that he was elected by the unanimous suffrages of the tribes, and stood the first on a long list of competitors. He obtained the provinces of Sicily, where he showed so much sound sense and sagacity, so much disinterestedness and purity of purpose, that he was honoured, very unlike other Roman magistrates, with a public statue on his departure. Here, too, he laid the foundation of his future glory in collecting the details of his memorable prosecution of Verres. That corrupt official had carried injustice, cruelty, and rapine to their last excesses. In vain did the Sicilians seek redress at Rome—in vain did they appeal to advocates whose pockets overflowed with the gold of Verres—to judges, who would rather screen the guilty from impeachment, than remedy the wrongs of the aggrieved. But Cicero was not intimidated by these vast difficulties: all the powerful families in Rome ranged themselves on the side of the delinquent—Hortensius received a huge retainer—the people were entertained with games and spectacles—the Sicilian deputies were hooted in the streets. Every artifice was tried to scare Cicero from the accusation; but he was firm, and boldly cited Verres to the bar. The first trick was worthy so subtle a pleader as Hortensius; he sought to withdraw the management from Cicero by conferring it on Cæcilius, a creature of the accused, on the double pretence of personal injury from Verres, and a more intimate knowledge of the crimes laid to his charge. To determine the claim, the process called *Divinatio* was resorted to, in which Cicero succeeded. This attempt to defeat the impeachment resembled the conduct of the Macedonian party, when they laboured to prevent Demosthenes from being heard under colour of accusing Ctesiphon. In this cause Cicero displayed the whole resources of his mighty genius, and the first burst of that splendid eloquence which blazed unabated to his last moments. Everything conspired to ensure his success. He was in the prime of life, being then in his thirty-sixth year—he was, for the first time, an accuser—the uncontrolled management was in his hands—he fostered and brought it to maturity. It was his own creation—he traversed the scene of the Prytons' cruelty—he had ocular testimony of the facts—he addressed an assembly composed of all that was illustrious, virtuous, and refined in Italy—he appealed to the wisest and most magnificent tribunal of ancient times—his clients were the undeserving victims of every form of oppression—Sicily was the granary of Rome—the dependence of the republic in the days of its dearth and famine. Such was his subject, the grandest that ever fell to the lot of the orator;—the only parallel in history is the impeachment of Warren Hastings, but it cannot stand a comparison with the accusation of Verres, while the advantages of Cicero over the managers were numerous and striking. The subject abounded with every topic that suited his eloquence, and on which he might give his genius the most unrestrained power; and he arranged it through all its parts with such elaborate skill and judgment; he matched the evidence to his exertions so exquisitely, and with such fine discrimination when to stir up the indignation of his audience, or melt them into pity, that it surpassed all the orations of antiquity in the perfection of its structure, as well as in the beauty and polish of composition. Indeed, to conduct it without eloquence was next to impossible, so vast and fertile in material was the field. Brilliant, however, and inviting as it was, Cicero surpassed it in the boldness and grandeur of execution. An advocate of ordinary ability would have been overpowered by its magnitude—he would not know how or what to choose in the singularly splendid variety; but Cicero marshalled them with surpassing skill, and formed of the whole a noble unity. Full of magnificent eloquence as this renowned cause is—curious and interesting as it is by the commemoration of the works of ancient art—by the insight it affords into the customs and manners of a distinguished people—by the number of its entertaining anecdotes—by the astonishing profusion of irony and sarcasm—yet much of our delight is abated by the reflection that the introductory speech was only spoken—the rest were merely written, and never delivered. So was it with the grand Philippic—so was it with the Milo, for it could not have been spoken from the violence and disorder of the day. To us it appears absurd that the orator should charge Verres with effrontery for taking his seat in the Forum, and braving his judges and accusers, though, before a word of this was written, Verres had fled into exile. But the ancients regarded oratory in a very different light from the moderns; they attached to it a much higher value, considering it more as the result of severe and deeply laboured art than a mere temporary delight to be forgotten when delivered. The *De Signis* is the most remarkable for its illustrations of the history of ancient art, but the *De Suppliciis* is incomparably the grandest—the topics are of general and enduring interest—here all his vehement eloquence is poured out in a blazing torrent that envelopes and devours everything in its terrible course—it is like the "burning levin" that annihilates every obstacle to its progress. It is full of beautiful pictures. The sailing of the fleet from Syracuse is equal, in picturesque effect, to the opening passage of the Æneid—the whole armament seems to pass before our eyes. Can words convey a more vivid description than that of the ignominious Verres standing on the shore to witness its departure! "Stetit soleatus Prætor Populi Romani cum pallio purpureo—tunicâque talari muliercula nixus in littore." The singular beauty and harmony of this passage are unsurpassed; the closing of the period with a dactyle has a noble effect, and paints as strongly as colours the contempt and indignation of Cicero. The oration is planned with a direct reference to national feeling.

Having gone through the administration of Verres in all its branches —his cruelty, extortion, and avarice—having described scenes of the most brutal murder,—miserable parents dragged to behold their children tortured—everything that could stimulate anger or compassion —he comes to the last grand head. What went before was briefed to him by his clients, but the matchless termination was his own. We will give a few extracts, but the closest and most perfect translation must fall far short of the spirit and beauty of the original. The English reader wants the feelings and associations to which almost every sentiment appeals. With us, religion hallows the idea of the cross and crucifixion, but the application of them by Cicero we must admire. How, too, can we comprehend the inviolable nature of the Roman citizen, the force of that famous plea, "Ego sum Romanus civis," or the dignity with which foreign nations regarded the grandeur of the Roman name? All these are lost on modern minds, and materially detract from the practicability of giving even a resemblance. We will take the history of Gaius.

> "What shall I say of Gaius? How shall I give sufficient power to my voice, or energy to my expressions, or manifestation to my sorrow? Yet, profound as my sorrow is, must I the more look for language to detail this atrocity in a manner worthy of its importance—worthy of my deep feeling. When reported to me, I did not intend to avail myself of it, though well convinced of its reality. I thought it would appear to you incredible. Yielding at length to the entreaties of the Roman merchants—to the unanimous solicitations of the inhabitants of Rhegium, and influenced by the testimony of some Roman knights, who were accidentally at Messina, I produced such a mass of evidence on the first pleading, that the criminality of Verres was put beyond all doubt. Gaius, with some others, had been thrown into irons—he escaped, and reached Messina. On first beholding Italy, after his fortunate escape from death and the dungeon, he felt, as it were, a new spring of life, when he respired once again the pure air of the laws and liberty. But he was yet at Messina. He spoke. He complained that, though a free citizen of Rome, he had been cast into irons—that he was journeying thither, and Verres, if he could, may catch him on his return! Unfortunate citizen! He knew not how little it mattered whether he spoke so in Messina, or before the monster himself in his palace. Did I not tell you that Verres had made this city the accomplice of all his crimes—the depository of all his rapine—the cooperator in all his infamies? Gaius is dragged before a foreign magistrate who could take no legal cognizance of the act—chance brought Verres to Messina on that very day—the matter is detailed to him—he at once rushes to the Forum, bursting with crime and madness—his eyes burning with passion—every feature of his countenance bearing the impress of cruelty. All eagerly watched his demeanour. On a sudden he ordered Gaius to be seized, stripped, and manacled in the public market-place. The scourges are ready. That wretched victim exclaims—"I am a Roman citizen of the free town of Cosa!" In vain! Verres orders him to be seized by the executioners of his vengeance, and scourged almost to the death! Gracious Heavens! only think—a Roman citizen scourged and scarred in the open market-place of Messina! No groan escaped him through all his excruciating pain—during all the repeated blows, only one cry was that miserable man heard to utter—"I am a Roman citizen!" He thought, and thought justly, that the mere mention of that word should terminate his torture. But no! while he implored and claimed the protection due to the name of citizen, the cross—yes, the cross was got ready for this wretched and pain-worn victim, who had never before witnessed such an abuse of power."

Cicero paints the madness of Verres—the fury of his unbridled passion—with a vehement eloquence, which, had it been spoken, must have produced the greatest effect in the history of eloquence. He ordered a Roman citizen to be flogged—with what justice the orator does not state:—that forms no ingredient in the aggravation. The charge is, that he disregarded that plea which proved an effectual security in every quarter of the earth. What greater act of phrensy than this can be conceived? Yet Verres had surpassed this enormity. His magnificent apostrophe to Liberty and the protecting enactments has been much admired.

"Dear name of liberty! sacred privileges of Roman citizens! Porcian law! Sempronian law! Power of the Tribunate!—so long, so deeply regretted, and at length restored to our people! Have we lived to see it come to this, that in a province of the Roman people, in a town of our confederates, by order of a man to whom that people had given in trust the symbols of their sovereignty, a Roman citizen should be bound and scourged? What, Verres! when you practised flames and burning plates, and all the horrors of torture, though you were callous to his painful shrieks and lamentations, how were you insensible to the undisguised tears and groans of the Romans who witnessed his excruciation? Dared you crucify a man who called himself a Roman citizen? In my first oration I was reluctant to give way to just indignation—I was very reluctant—for you judges witnessed the deep sorrow, the indignation, the fear of common danger, that stirred the hearts of the multitude against the accused. I then resolved to calm my feelings, and simply adduce the evidence of Numitorius, a man of the first distinction. I rejoiced that Glabrio, in his experienced wisdom, suddenly discharged the witness, for he feared the insulted people would inflict that personal chastisement on the monster, which they apprehended he would receive from the laws and your tribunal."

The illustrious orator does not keep his word—he does not content himself with a mere detail of the facts, for he envelopes the recital in a storm of eloquence passionate and overwhelming to the last degree. The famous Oath scarcely surpasses it in dignity, and falls short of it in the rapid flow of composition. It has justly been considered the storehouse from which the finest examples of every species of rhetorical figure have been drawn, and the boldness and beauty of the figures are only equal to the consummate skill with which he disposes them. In the midst of the inflammation it is surprising how his judgment and discretion never fail him, for the main object is never for a moment forgotten.

"Judges—here I stop—here I take my stand! I rely on this one fact, and give all the rest to the winds. His own confession arrests and strangles him. What, Verres! did you not know it? Did you only suspect he was a spy? I ask not the grounds of your suspicion—out of your own mouth are you condemned! He said he was a Roman citizen—you heard him. Verres, tell me! Were you doomed to live in some remote part of the earth, and there dragged to torture, what would be your exclamation? What else but that you were a Roman citizen? And if so—if that glorious and august name of citizen had been your protection with strangers and savages, should not that man, whom you violently crucified, stranger and unknown to you though he may be—should he not, when he declared himself a Roman citizen, obtain from a Roman prætor, if not life, at least a short respite from death? Poor and humble men traverse the seas—they reach countries they have never before seen, where their persons are unknown, and security for their conduct they cannot find. Yet, relying on the privilege of citizenship, they deem themselves safe, not alone in presence of our officers, whom we restrain by the fear of the laws and public opinion—not alone in the society of their fellow-citizens, to whom they are united by the same language, the same laws, the same communion of numerous privileges; but go where they may, they are sure to find in it a sure guarantee for their inviolability. Annihilate that hope—weaken that assurance—let there be no protection in the words "I am a Roman citizen—let the prætor or any other person have the power to inflict whatever measure of torture he pleases on whosoever calls himself a Roman citizen, under the pretext that he does not know whether he is or not! What is the result?

* * * *

Why say more of Gaius? As if you were the enemy of him alone, and not of the Roman name—the Roman nation, and the rights of citizens! No, Verres; you were not his enemy, but the enemy of the common cause of liberty. Why did you, when the Mamertines, in pursuance of an usage, were rearing the cross on the Pompeian way, order them to erect it towards the sea? Why did you add—you cannot deny it—you said it in the hearing of thousands—that you preferred that site in order that he who called himself a Roman citizen might, from his elevation, get a last look of his home and his country. From the very foundation of Messina no cross was ever erected on the same spot, but Verres chose the aspect of Italy, that his victim, while gasping in torture, might measure with his dying eyes the narrow space that separated slavery from liberty, and that Italy might behold one of her children expire with a refinement of cruelty only reserved for slaves!"

Here is the celebrated climax and personification—

"It is criminal to bind a Roman citizen—it is a wickedness to scourge him—to put him to death is all but parricide. What shall we say if he be crucified? Language has no name for so flagrant an enormity. Yet did not all this satisfy that man. 'Let him be placed in view of his country,' he cries—'let his dying looks be turned towards liberty and the laws!' It was not Gaius—it was not an obscure individual—it was not a single Roman citizen, but the common cause of freedom, and of all the citizens of Rome that you crucified and tortured! Look to the audacity of the monster. Do you not believe he regretted his inability to crucify our citizens in the Forum—the Comitium—nay, on this very tribunal? Oh! were I to narrate his cruelties—not to Roman citizens—not to the friends of our republic—not to the nations who have heard our name—not to human beings, but to the brutes of the field; or if, still further, in the most desert solitudes, I were to utter these lamentations to cliffs and rocks, even all that is mute and inanimate in nature would tremble with indignation at the recital of such atrocities! But now, when I address Roman senators, the organs of the law—of justice—of indefeasible right—why should I fear that he will not be condemned to the punishment of the cross, that his fall may be a lasting warning to similar monsters?"

This wonderful oration closes with a beautiful peroration, invoking on Verres the vengeance of the gods, whose temples he had profaned. To us, whose manners are so different from the nations of antiquity, whose religious systems are so different, and over whose feelings and habits of thought their mythology exercised so powerful an influence, the dignity and effect of this appeal is lost:—on the Romans it must have been intense. After the first oration, Verres submitted to exile. Nor was Sicily ungrateful for Cicero's advocacy, though the issue of the trial was not altogether satisfactory. Civic honours were decreed him, and medals were struck, which exhibited on one side the orator crowned with laurel, on the reverse the flattering inscription—"Prostrato Verre Trinacria."

Hitherto his exertions had been confined to civil suits or criminal prosecutions. He had never spoken from the rostrum to the whole people. His first appearance was in support of the famous Manilian law, which is one of the finest pieces of panegyrical oratory ever spoken. In brilliant declamation there is nothing equal to it; from first to last it is a radiant shower of many-coloured lights, like a discharge of rockets, and like them the glitter is dazzling, but cold. It has not the heat—the fire—the enthusiasm of eloquence;—it wants the true spirit. Reasoning is wholly rejected, and Pompey is flattered far beyond his deserts and all human patience. The imagination is filled with the grandeur of his achievements—the whole earth is inadequate to the glory of so vast a genius, and all the time Cicero did not either know or care that he recommended a measure which sapped at the basis of constitutional government, and afforded a precedent which finally laid the republic prostrate at the feet of Cæsar. The power he advocated was incompatible with public liberty; but Cicero's habitual weakness or vanity blinded him to its real tendency, and it was not till the veterans of Cæsar entered Italy that he repented of his error. The same absence of political foresight characterised his speech *De Provinciis Consularibus,* which procured for Cæsar a continuance of his government in Gaul, and which he profitably employed in the training of his legions. Cicero, with all his brilliancy of intellect, wofully wanted head. So little did he penetrate the views of that master spirit, that he gravely asked the senate what inducement Cæsar could have to remain in Gaul, except the public good?—"for would the delightful nature of the climate, the beauty of the cities, or the civilization of the inhabitants, detain him there? Can a return to one's native country be so distasteful?" Such was the depth of his political sagacity. On this we shall speak a few words hereafter. Cicero was now in the full height of his glory—he stood for the consulship, and was returned almost unanimously. His principal opponent was Catiline, who reaped for him such a harvest of renown in his four immortal invectives. The detection and suppression of that infamous conspiracy is the brightest act of his statesmanship, and the burning Catilinarians are among the greatest efforts of his eloquence. The opening has been much admired, and will continue to be so long as genuine oratory exercises an influence over the human mind. Cicero came prepared with one of his favourite exordia, with which he was always abundantly supplied. He might have lavished the most exquisite praises on the excellence of the constitution, and painted in the most finished declamation the iniquity of the conspirators; but what would the effect of the most artificial and premeditated rhetoric be, when compared with that sudden and indignant flash?—"Catiline! how long then will you trifle with our patience? How long will that frantic wickedness of yours baffle our efforts? How long will your unbridled audacity insolently display itself? Have the guards stationed nightly on the Palatine Hill produced no impression on you? Have the watches planted throughout the city produced none? None—the consternation that pervades all classes?—none—the association of all virtuous citizens?" The picture is very imposing. We may imagine the senate to remain for a time buried in the most profound silence—every eye directed to Catiline—the orator rising majestically from his curule chair, and pointing with indignant scorn to the guilty conspirator, to have burst at once into this impassioned rebuke. It must have been electric. The boldness of Catiline in appearing in that venerable assembly—the pollution of his presence—the disclosure to himself of his most secret machinations—his horrid purpose of assassinating every member of the senate—the whole catalogue of his treasons blasted with the fire of incensed eloquence, and the last final adjuration to free his country from such a pestilence by flying alone from Rome, were wonderfully calculated to excite the audience to the highest point of intense feeling. Not less beautiful, although less startling, is the opening of the second oration:—

> "At last, my countrymen, we have cast out, or sent away, or accompanied with execrations, on his voluntary departure, Catiline, frenzied with audacity—breathing forth crime, nefariously plotting the ruin of his country—every instant menacing you with sword and fire! He is gone—he has left us—he has escaped—he has broken loose! Now, within the compass of these walls, you will have nothing to apprehend from that monster and prodigy of wickedness! Yes, that individual assassin—the leader of this conspiracy, we have overcome without a struggle. No longer will you feel that poniard of his between your ribs; he was dislodged from his stronghold when he was forced from the city. Now, in the face of day, with an avowed enemy, we shall wage a formal war. No doubt we have crushed him, and splendid is our victory when we have driven him from skulking treason into the open warfare of robbers! That he did not carry out his sword bathed with blood, his dearest wish—that he departed and left us alive—that we wrested the steel from his hands—that he left the citizens safe, and the city standing—how profound, think you, must be his sorrow!—how must it have dashed his hopes to the earth! Romans! he now lies prostrate—he feels that he is a stricken and worthless thing! Often does he roll back his savage looks on your city, which was torn from his jaws, and he laments it. Great indeed should be our joy for having vomited forth so dire a parricide."

The declamation of these renowned harangues is truly grand. They are full of fire and vigour—the invectives of an orator conscious that he had a generous cause, in which he was supported by the approbation of all good men. They have that bold superiority—that forcible thundering, which distinguishes his Verrene orations. We see in them the confidence of success—the anticipated triumph—the trampling on the neck of a crushed adversary. Here Cicero was strong, not because of his own inherent strength, but the weakness of his opponent, and the abhorrence in which he was held by all but the *roués* and commonest dregs of Rome. To be daring and confident in such a crisis was no great proof of power, and when the least resistance was offered, as in Milo's defence, we see how his energies failed him—how his nerves shook, and his eloquence degenerated into weakness and incoherence. It was but a poor consolation for Milo, that, after he retired into exile, Cicero sent him an improved copy of his oration. Much better had he delivered it, and saved his unfortunate client from the luxury of Massilian oysters. Polished and elaborately wrought as it is—the favourite of Cicero himself, and considered by contemporaries as the finest production of his genius, the admiration of Lords Mansfield and Brougham—we do not rank it with the Verres or the Catilines, much less with the inspired Philippics. The exordium is a fine piece of art. The troops were placed there by Pompey, to secure him from molestation by the Clodian faction. Cicero knew it well, but the appearance of arms paralyzed him; and feeling that his courage must give way, he invented a very impotent palliation for his cowardice. The cry that drove him into exile was still ringing in his ears—he lost all firmness, which not even the cheering presence of Pompey, his vast influence over the judges, and the protection of his legions, could restore. The published oration contains very many noble passages, but, as a whole, it is far from perfect. The argument is by no means well sustained; it rises and falls as if Clodius still haunted him in his calm retreat at Tusculum—now swelling into a lofty strain of argumentative eloquence, and dropping at once into a strain of weak declamation. The grounds of defence are exceedingly defective, perhaps arising from the circumstances of the case; but that does not excuse their manifest want of forensic art. There is a profusion of illustration and digression—flashes of ill-timed wit, and passionate appeals to the humanity of the judges. Lord Brougham labours to defend this oration from the absence of argument charged against it, and if any authority could influence our opinions, it would unquestionably be his. But his lordship appears to us to prove too much, and to have been betrayed by his zeal into assertions which diminish the weight of his authority. He says that, in reasoning, the Milo is not at all inferior to the *De Coronâ*, and even hints at giving it the preference; while, in another part of his dissertation, he declares, that nothing ancient or modern can at all be compared with the Crown, in the prodigious ability with which the argument is kept up from the opening to the close. This is a variance on the record, which disentitles his lordship to judgment for his illustrious client. He contrasts the evasion of the laws by Demosthenes with the closeness of Cicero in expounding them; but the cause of the former's apparent inferiority is simple and satisfactory. Ctesiphon clearly violated the laws. Every fifth-rate lawyer in Athens knew it. That was the stronghold of the impeachment, the anticipated victory of Eschines. Had Demosthenes laboured on this part of the defence, he would have laboured in vain; he would have been doing what all knew he could not accomplish—to give a satisfactory exposition of the laws on the conduct of Ctesiphon, which was a manifest infraction of their letter and spirit. No fair dealing could have availed him; and to mutilate, pervert, and shuffle, was abhorrent to his manly and straightforward mind. He merely unravels the subtle pleading of his opponent, thus discharging the duty of a good advocate, who covers his own weakness by attacking his adversary's. And how much the more is our admiration of his genius elevated, when he achieved such a triumph, encumbered as he was with the dead weight of the laws? Cicero had not to contend for his character, and perhaps his life; he was merely justifying a very excusable homicide, which he certainly did with great eloquence and power. The ablest part of his defence rested on the universal law of nature, which teaches man to repel force by force, and slay his aggressor, if necessary for his own preservation. This cannot be called argument—it is only the elucidation of a great principle beautifully expressed, and applied to the case with consummate skill. The only effective argument he enforces is, that the assassination of Clodius was a public benefit; and that even though Milo had pursued and slain, whereas the contrary was the fact, he might proudly boast of having freed the state from so desperate a citizen. To add strength to this argument, he takes a rapid survey of the acts of Clodius, and the perils that would accrue, were he to revive. We confess the great merit of Milo; the advocacy is fine, but argument is the least of its many brilliant qualities. We have not heard that Cicero produced such effects as those attributed to Burke, when Mrs. Siddons swooned on hearing him denounce the fearful inhumanity of Warren Hastings, or Lord John Townsend's exclamation on the speech on American taxation, or the adjournment that followed Sheridan's oration. In this, however, history may be more to blame than the orator; for it is certain that Cicero had more power than either of the English orators to stir the feelings. Only one authenticated instance stands recorded. In his pleading for Legarius, the stern vengeance of Cæsar relaxed—he grew pale and trembled. This is not the only recommendation of that splendid harangue—it is remarkable for the spirit of freedom it breathes in the face of the great power to which it was addressed for mercy. From the day of his banishment Cicero was heart-broken, and in the Legarius occurs the first symptom of the recovery of his courage. But it was not till his old age, when he stood forward to oppose the profligate Antony, that he covered himself with never-dying glory. He was then "the old man eloquent," was more than his former self, and his spirit flashed forth "a stream of heroic rays." He concentrated all his faculties for a mighty effort, worthy of the cause and the occasion; and he did his duty to public liberty with all the fire and energy of youth. We pardon his many weaknesses for his unparalleled grandeur in this crisis of his country. It is here that he rivals the majesty of Demosthenes. It was not the conqueror of Cheronæa, before whom all Greece trembled, except the fearless spirit of Demosthenes,—but it was Alexander levelling the ancient monarchies of Asia, that the generous patriot sought to drive from Europe. With the same self-sacrificing devotion, and the same expectations of martyrdom, did Cicero defend the last fragments of Roman liberty. The magnitude of the danger put an end to all irresolution—the eyes of the world were on him—the glorious example of Brutus was before him, and he threw himself valiantly into the breach, and fought for his fallen country with a courageous fervour and an headstrong eloquence which far outshone all his former efforts. Notwithstanding the deep infamy heaped on Antony's character in the Philippics—his youthful excess and debauchery—his womanish weakness at Actium, and his final fate, there is much to admire in his conduct. The address and vigour he displayed after Cæsar's death, prove that he was by no means deficient in ability of a high order. The conspirators committed a flagrant error, in not only sparing his life, but leaving him in possession of consular authority. They must have known the relation in which he stood to Cæsar—his gratitude and affection for the usurper—and, from his personal character, that he would be their deadly enemy. Cassius, the only sensible man among them, felt this, but he was overruled by the timidity of Brutus, and Antony was spared, or rather he outwitted the philosopher. When the conspirators came down from the Capitol, Antony commenced his monarchical schemes—all or nothing was his favourite maxim as well as Cæsar's; and all he would have been, had not a new competitor appeared, whose extraordinary sagacity no depth of wisdom could have then suspected. This was the boy Octavian, the future Augustus. Though young in years, he was old in craft and hypocrisy; and possessed of the coolness, the wiles, the unshaken firmness of purpose, which belong to the experience of the most practised politicians. Antony at first almost succeeded in convincing Cicero that his designs were strictly constitutional, and that he sought to re-establish the republic, while he was exerting all his influence with the veterans of Cæsar to subvert it. Cicero saw through the object, and spurned him. They now broke out into undisguised animosity, and took their stations at the head of their respective parties. Cicero at the head of the aristocracy, the constitution, the laws, and government, by civil authority; Antony at the head of the monarchy, the multitude, and government, by military force. On the day that the conspirators appeared before the people, Cicero raised his voice with the enthusiasm of a free republican. After a long silence, that eloquence was again heard, which drove Verres into exile—Catiline into rebellion—turned Cæsar pale, and covered the name of Antony with immortal infamy. These incomparable orations contain the genuine expression of his feelings. Notwithstanding the appalling roll of indignant invective, a deep tinge of melancholy pervades them. He felt conscious that his cause was lost—that freedom was at its last gasp; and though he spoke with more than his habitual boldness, it was with a strong foreboding of his destiny. The Philippics, especially the second, teem with the spirit of resolve and proud defiance, but they want the air of superiority which runs through the Catilines. It is the last death-struggle—the animation of intense hatred—the outpouring of fierce desperation—the poor triumph of perishing with his talons deep in the vitals of his antagonist. Even when matters began to wear a brighter aspect—when Brutus seems to be master of Gaul, and Octavius attached to the senate, he is liable to sudden misgivings, and in the midst of his exultation a dark despondency passes over his spirit. "If we fall," says he, "let us fall, like noble gladiators, with dignity. Let us fall with freedom, rather than protract an ignominious existence in slavery." It is painful to contemplate this virtuous-minded man, after all he had accomplished, so wholly at the mercy of the abandoned Antony. He did not know the hour he was to die, but he never shrank from the responsibility of his position. He left nothing undone—he spoke the "divine Philippic of conspicuous fame," but what could that avail against the arms of tyranny? It is objected to this oration that it was never spoken, and consequently that much less praise is due to Cicero for his magnanimity. No doubt it would have added much to its effect, had he looked his executioner in the face. But it was not from want of nerve that he did not speak it—

he was justly apprehensive of a design against his life, and kept within doors. Does that detract from the merit of the second Philippic? Whether spoken or written, does not everybody know he was murdered for it? Read the conclusion—has it not all the mournful solemnity of death? "I implore you, Antony, have some respect for the commonwealth. Consider the blood from which you are sprung, not the associates with whom you live! Stand on what terms you will with me, return into favour with the commonwealth! But it is for you to look to your own course—I will proclaim mine. Young, I have defended the republic—old, I shall never abandon her. I scorned the swords of Catiline—I will not fear yours. Nay, gladly would I lay down my life, if my death could accomplish the freedom of my country, and if the resentment of the people could give maturity to that vengeance they are so long fomenting. For if, almost twenty years past, in this very temple, I denied that a premature death could befal a man of consular dignity, with how much more truth can I say so now in my old age? To me, in truth, conscript fathers, death is even to be desired, having discharged the high duties I undertook to accomplish. Two things only do I wish for—one, that dying, I may leave the Roman people free—a greater favour than this the immortal gods cannot bestow; the other—that the fate of every man may be in proportion as he deserves well or ill of his country."

The presentiment of death is stamped on every line of this singularly beautiful and affecting passage; they were no vain words, but the melancholy result of his conviction; he knew that his life would be the forfeit of his intrepidity, but he resolved to die rather than suffer the new tyranny. After the first Philippic, Antony attacked Cicero in the senate with the most savage violence; he charged him with the assassination of Cæsar, in order to excite the profligate veterans, who sought for nothing more constitutional than another era of proscription and blood. It was a declaration of war. Cicero was then at Naples, and he replied in the second Philippic, which was not published for some time. His design was to hold it over to the last extremity, but it appears to have been generally circulated after the fourth Philippic, when the senate openly resisted the usurpations of Antony, and declared him an enemy to public liberty. The least effective part of this grand production is the defence of his conduct in the conspiracy. Of its existence he was well aware, though Brutus suspected the soundness of his head or the sufficiency of his courage to admit him to a more active participation. In the accusatory portion, he amply atones for the weakness of the defensive; for a more bitter—a more severe—a more overwhelming invective was never written or spoken. With what terrible power he paints the criminality of Antony, almost from his cradle to his consulship? The whole is one dark uninterrupted picture of the grossest immorality, faction, plunder, and violence. What can equal the description of the drunken riots—it is awful—compared with it the abuse of Demosthenes is eulogy. "Tu istis faucibus—istis lateribus—istâ gladiatoriâ totius corporis firmitate, tantum vini in Hippiæ nuptiis exhauseras, ut tibi necesse est ira populi Romani conspectu postridie vomere—rem non modo visu fœdam, sed etiam auditu! Si inter cœnam, in ipsis tuis immanibus poculis, hoc tibi accidisset, quis non turpe duceret? In cœtu vero populi Romani, publicum negotium gerens magister equitum, cui ructare turpe esset, is vomens frustis esculentis vinum redolentibus, gremium suum et totum tribunal implevit!" No translation could do justice to this scorching sarcasm; but we shall try that splendid passage in which he dwells with unspeakable horror on the offer of the diadem to Cæsar.

"Conscript Fathers! he dissembles not—he appears agitated—he sweats—he grows pale—let him do everything but vomit, he did that in the portico of Minutius! What can be offered in extenuation of such monstrous turpitude? I wish to hear our orator. I wish to know whether his master in rhetoric deserved the rich fields of the Leontines! Your colleague sat in the tribune in a robe of purple, on a throne of gold, crowned with laurel. You ascend the steps—you approach him as if you were a priest of Pan, and had forgotten that you were a consul. You present the diadem! The whole forum groans. How did you get that diadem? You did not pick it up by chance. No. You brought it from your own house. Then, you wretch—you alone were found in proposing kingly power to Cæsar, to have him as a master whom you had as a colleague. You, too, had the temerity to test the extreme length of Roman suffering! Nay, you even appealed to his feelings—you flung yourself at his feet. What did you ask? To be a slave. For yourself alone should you ask it; slavery would be less insupportable to you, habituated, as you have been from your childhood, to bear with every insult. Assuredly you had no such orders from the senate or the people. What imposing eloquence was yours when you harangued Cæsar, in a state of nudity! O! could anything be more infamous, more disgusting, more worthy of the severest punishment? Do you wait for a deeper goad? If you have an atom of sensibility, my words must rack and mangle you? I am fearful lest I should impair the glory due to illustrious men, but resentment forces me to speak. What greater indignity than suffer you, who offered the diadem, to live, when the whole world is of opinion that he who refused it was lawfully slain? Worse still. You ordered an inscription to be made in the Fasti—'To C. Cæsar, perpetual dictator, Marc Antony, by order of the people, has offered supreme power—Cæsar refused to accept it!' I am not at all surprised that you should confound the general harmony; that you should not only hate this city, but the very light of heaven; that not only your whole days, but nights too, are squandered in the society of the most desperate robbers. In peace, where can you have a firm footing; what protection in the laws and public justice, which, as far as in you lay, you abolished? Was it for this that Tarquin was banished? Was it for this that Cassius, and Mælius, and Manlius were put to death; that ages after, Marc Antony, in defiance of all that was sacred, should establish a monarchy in Rome? Let us return to the auspices."

Another torrent of vehement eloquence, is the account of the plunder and debauch at the once classic villa of Terentius Varro.

"After this violation of all the laws of religion, you fly to the demesne of Marcus Varro, the purest and most incorruptible of men! With what effrontery! By what right? The same you will, no doubt, say, as your right to the patrimonies of Tersilius and countless others. If the sale was ordered by Cæsar, I admit its validity—I admit the registration; but it must be his, not yours; a registration to make you a debtor, and not to discharge you from debt. Who can say that Varro's villa was set up to sale? Who has seen the notice? Who has heard the crier's voice? You pretend that you wrote to Alexandria to Cæsar to purchase it. I suppose it was too long to wait for an answer; but who ever heard that a particle of the property was confiscated? And if it be true that Cæsar wrote to you to restore it, what language is sufficiently strong to characterise such impudence as yours! Remove for a moment those swords, and you will soon know the difference between a sale of Cæsar's and your rashness and assurance! Not only will the proprietor have power to eject you from your usurpation, but any friend, neighbour, guest, or agent. How many days of the most scandalous revelry did you riot in that villa! What drinking—what gaming—what vomiting! Miserable mansion—how unlike the master's—though, could that ruffian be called a master? Yet so it was. What a melancholy change! With Varro it was a retreat for his studies, not a brothel for debaucheries. In other days, what was there spoken, what written? The laws of the Roman people—the monuments of their ancestors—the principles of all wisdom, and of all learning. But during your usurping sojourn—master you never were—every apartment rang with the cries of your intoxicated associates; the floors floated—the walls were drenched with wine. Youths of noble descent were mixed together with pandering slaves—matrons were confounded with common prostitutes. From Cassinum and Interamna persons came to pay him their respects. None were admitted, and with good reason. The homage rendered to dignity could have no effect on a being so brutalised. When he approached Aquinum, on his return, a vast multitude came forth from this populous district to accompany him. But he was carried through the town in a covered litter, like a corpse! The Aquinotes acted foolishly, but they resided along a line of march. What shall I say of the Anagnani, who have not the same excuse? They came down from their mountains to greet the pretended consul. The fact is incredible, though universally attested; he returned not a single salutation, though two of their countrymen were his intimate friends—Lacon and Mustella—one, his first gladiator; the other, the caterer of his orgies!"

The peroration is sublime beyond conception, and whoever wishes to read a translation which we cannot supply—one retaining all the force, the fire, the beauty, and eloquence of the original—will see it in the appendix to the fourth volume of Lord Brougham's Speeches. The orations, from the second to the last, were all delivered, and are full of passages of the most glowing brilliancy. But it was in the fourteenth—the last he ever spoke—that he appears in all his lustre; the fable of the dying swan is not inapplicable to Cicero. The defeat of Antony at Modena filled all true lovers of liberty with high hopes. The senate met to deliberate on the course they were to pursue; never did a nobler opportunity exist for a display of patriotic eloquence, and Cicero was not found wanting in the general enthusiasm. He was then in his sixty-fourth year, and yet in his last harangue there is not a trace of any diminution in his powers. Like Burke, he retained his faculties in unimpaired splendour; like him, his imagination burned even more brightly in his last moments. The fourteenth is one of the highest and boldest of his flights; a sort of triumphal hymn, in which he consecrates the memories of the warriors who perished for liberty. In dignity it equals the famous eulogy of Pericles, but has more passion and energy. Can anything be more inspiring than the following? it would make heroes of cowards

—a man could almost covet death, to be deemed worthy of such praise.

"I propose, then, that a monument of the most splendid character be erected in honour of the Legion of Mars, and of those who fell with them in battle. Great, and beyond all price to the republic, are the services of this legion! It was this first tore itself from the brigand crew of Antony—garrisoned Alba, and ranged itself under the banners of Cæsar. Following in its footsteps, the Fourth has covered itself with equal glory! The conquering Fourth lost not a single man; of the Martian legion some few fell in the very moment of victory. Happy death! It was nature's debt, but nobly offered for their country! Yes, you were born for your country—worthy the God whose name you bear; and as that divinity reared up Rome for the nations, so did he rear you up for Rome! In flight, death is dastardly—it is glorious in victory—for Mars chooses for his own service the bravest in the battle. The godless beings you have slain, in death, as in life, will atone for their parricide; while you, who lavished your last breath in victory, have reached the mansions of the blessed! Short is the life given us by nature, but its memory is immortal, when laid down in a good cause; and were it not longer than this transient existence, who would be so senseless as to toil through a world of fatigue and peril, to reach the highest eminence of praise and glory? Bravest of soldiers in life—the most renowned of men in death! Your valour has accomplished what the oblivion of the present or the silence of future generations will never suffer to slumber, for the Roman senate and people, almost with their own hands, will erect, in your honour, an imperishable monument! Many, and great, and distinguished were our armies in the wars of Carthage, Gaul, and Italy; none of them have received honours like yours. You have forced from the city the frantic Antony—he was plotting to return—you beat him off. For that you shall have a sumptuous memorial, and graven inscriptions, to bear never-dying testimony to your godlike bravery. Of all who shall behold your monument—of all who shall hear of it, their grateful language shall ever hymn your praise. So have you changed a perishable existence for a duration of immortality!"

Equally beautiful and affecting is his proposal to confer on their friends the pecuniary rewards which would have been granted to themselves, had they survived.

"And since we discharge the debt of glory to those best and bravest citizens by the honour of a public monument, let us also console their friends, to whom this is the proudest consolation; to their parents, for having given birth to such bulwarks of the republic—to their children, for having before them such models of valour—to their wives, for being deprived of husbands, whom it will be more honourable to praise than to lament—to their brothers, that they may rival them in bravery as they resemble them in person. And would to God that our suffrages and decrees could purge away their tears; or that an oration addressed to them in the name of the commonwealth could calm their lamentations and sorrows, and rather inspire them with joy; for of all the various deaths that befal humanity, the most beautiful of all has been theirs; and because they are neither neglected nor unburied, which, though a misfortune, ceases to be one when men fall for their country; neither are their ashes scattered in obscure graves, but interred together at the public charge, and in such a monument as shall continue to be the altar of virtue until time shall be no more. Since, then, it will be the greatest consolation to their friends that the same record attests their piety and valour, the faith of the senate, and the remembrance of this monstrous war, in which, without the conspicuous courage of our soldiers, the very name of the Roman people would have been extinguished by the parricidal Antony, I am further of opinion, that the rewards we promised on the re-establishment of the commonwealth, we should pay over without diminution to the surviving victors, and the parents, children, wives, and brothers of the fallen!"

Cicero's hopes were too high-coloured—he confided too much on the heartless and selfish tyrants in whose success he thought he beheld the reorganisation of public freedom. His visions of liberty were soon dispelled. Antony and Octavius were reconciled, and the first condition of the execrable union was the death of the orator. There were many extenuating circumstances in the vengeance of Antony; the provocation he received was, to the last degree, exciting. He may have been all that Cicero described him—as vicious, debauched, and prostituted; but no man wishes to be told of his infamies, much less to have his character eternally branded with the foulest crimes that brutalise human nature. We do not believe that his excesses bore any fair proportion to the unbounded invectives of Cicero. The orator caught up every flying rumour and absurd story in a corrupt and demoralised community, and from his intense hatred of Antony, heaped them on his devoted head in every shape of abuse and sarcasm which an indignant and exaggerated eloquence could suggest. To spare the life of such an adversary would have been generous, but that was a stretch of magnanimity to be found in more exalted natures than Antony's. He obeyed the impulse of an headlong and resentful spirit, and set his seal on the life of his antagonist. But what shall we say of the cool-headed, the cold-hearted, the cowardly, and hypocritical Augustus; the monster who signed with the same hand, and no doubt with the same temper, the pardon of Cinna, and the proscription of Cicero? In youth he was his guide and protector; in every crisis his steady friend; he gave him credit for virtues he did not possess. Against the express wish of Brutus, who saw deep into the tyrant, he blazoned his reputation, his love of liberty and the constitution, his virtues and talents, until all the resources of the commonwealth fell into his hands. Cicero was deceived in Augustus, as he was in many others before him; he saw only the gilded mask of the hypocrite; little did he know that he was advancing the interests of his assassin. Cicero fell, and with him a free constitution, which for seven centuries had survived all the storms of intrigue and faction. He perished, like Demosthenes, in the noblest of all causes: both were buried under the ruins of freedom and their country.

SKETCHES OF JERUSALEM.[1]

BY C. G. ADDISON, ESQ., OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

The Valley of Jehoshaphat—The Pool Bethesda—The Haram Schereef—The Mosques of Omar and El Aksa—Mussulman Relics—The Pool of Siloam—The Tombs of the Patriarchs—The Golden Gate—The Castle of David—Holy Relics and Legends—Ancient Cemeteries—The Potter's Field—Via Dolorosa—Christian Sects—Superstitious Ceremonies.

> ....“ The pomp of her strength shall cease ... I will stretch out my hand upon Jerusalem; and I will cut off the remnant of Baal from this place, and the name of the Chemarins with the priests ... and them that worship the host of heaven upon the house tops.”—PROPHECIES.

WE again crossed the Brook Cedron, and ascended a steep rocky path to the walls of the city. We had a good view of the whole Valley of Jehoshaphat; it is merely a deep ravine, separating the rocky eminence on which Jerusalem stands from the Mount of Olives, and contains several ancient tombs. It is variously called in Scripture Tophet, the Valley of Slaughter, the King's Valley, and the Valley of Shaveh; and we are told that Moloch and Baalphegor were worshipped within it. As we approached St. Stephen's Gate, my attention was directed to some immense masses of hewn stone, the remains of an ancient wall, and to a richly carved entablature and archway supported by pilasters of the Corinthian order of architecture. This gateway appears to have led into the enclosure anciently occupied by the Temple, and was evidently erected long before the city came into the possession of the Moslems. It seems to be an elegant remnant of the Roman colony of Ælia Capitolina, founded by Hadrian on the site of the ancient Jerusalem, and may very possibly have been one of the entrances made by Hadrian to his new grove, or have belonged to some one of the idolatrous temples erected by that emperor, when, incensed by the second great insurrection of the Jews against the Roman government, he determined to desecrate the site of the Jewish temple, and all the places held in holy estimation by that strange and infatuated people.

A short distance beyond, and very near to St. Stephen's Gate, I halted by the brink of a large ancient cistern, one hundred feet in length, and forty feet in width; the sides and walls of which are lined with large stones and flints. This is positively affirmed to be the ancient “ Pool Bethesda by the sheep-market, having five porches,” in which the lambs for sacrifice were anciently washed, and by the side of which lay that multitude “ of impotent folk of blind, halt, and withered,” from among whom our Saviour healed the man “ which had an infirmity thirty and eight years”....“ and saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed and walk.” It is undoubtedly an ancient work, and being an underground structure, it *may* have escaped the general destruction of the city by Titus.

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[1] Continued from p. 240.

Nov. 22d.—Accompanied by a tall Moslem guide, and shrouded in a black abbah, I proceeded through various narrow streets, and over some desolate heaps of ruins, to Mount Moriah, to visit the great Mussulman mosques of Omar and El Aksa.

We paused at the entrance of the gateway opening upon the sacred enclosure surrounding the mosques, called "*El Haram Schereef*," or "the noble retirement," considered by the disciples of Mahomet the most sacred place in all the world after the holy territory of Mecca, from whence they fondly imagine that the prayers of mankind are more acceptable to God, and will be more surely granted than from any other spot upon the surface of the globe. Until of late years it has been preserved with the most scrupulous care from the profane tread of unbelieving Christians, and at present it is impossible to gain admittance into the interior of the mosques except in disguise, and by means of an enormous bribe, or by the possession of great influence with certain high functionaries. A young Irishman, however, not long ago walked into the Mosque of Omar, grasping a pistol in either hand, and, after surveying the interior of the building, coolly walked out again, amid a volley of curses from the excited Moslems; all of whom, awed by his determined bearing and the sight of his weapons, refrained from personal violence. The result of this rash attempt would have been widely different, if it had been made when the city was under the rule of the sultan.

From the gateway in the *harat el allam*, we enjoyed a delightful view of the mosques. A large space covered with green turf, and planted with trees, among which were the cypress, the citron, the orange, the pomegranate, and the olive, extended in front of us; beyond rose a light, elegant gateway, formed of pointed arches resting on slender columns, and approached by a flight of steps; and immediately behind this gateway towered the large black dome of the Mosque of Omar. This splendid structure was erected by the great caliph of that name upon the consecrated ground where, according to the belief of the Moslems, the spirit of prophecy descended from heaven upon the ancient prophets.

The sacred enclosure of the *Haram Schereef* is from fifteen to sixteen hundred feet in length, and about one thousand in breadth. The eastern and southern sides are enclosed by the walls of the town, and on the north and west it is bounded by stone walls and small buildings used as schools. We passed along a paved walk leading from the *harat el allam*, over some greensward, part of "the noble retirement," and arrived in front of the light elegant gateway, which is approached by a flight of eight steps, and opens upon an inner enclosure or raised platform, paved with white marble, and elevated sixteen feet above the level of the surrounding exterior grassy court. Along the edge of this platform are some small buildings with cupolas, used as private places of prayer, and some others occupied by learned Mussulman saints, greatly reverenced for their knowledge and sanctity. From the midst of this platform rises the mosque—one of the finest specimens of Saracenic architecture. It is an octagon, each side being seventy feet in width, and it is entered by four spacious doors, each door facing one of the cardinal points. The *Bab el D'jannat*, or "the gate of the garden," on the north—the "*Bab el Garb*," on the west—the "*Bab el Kebla*," or "the gate of prayer," on the south—and the "*Bab ibn el Daoud*," or "the gate of the son of David," on the east. This last gate, which looks towards the Mount of Olives, is positively believed, both by Moslems and Christians, to stand upon the identical spot where the first stone of Solomon's temple was laid, when Solomon "began to build the house of the Lord at Jerusalem in Mount Moriah, where the Lord appeared unto David his father, in the place that David had prepared in the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite!"* The lower portion of the external walls is constructed of large blocks of marble, the surface of which is much disintegrated; the marble appears evidently to have once belonged to a much more ancient edifice. It is white, with a slight tinge of blue, and pieces entirely blue are occasionally introduced into the walls with good effect. All the upper part of the mosque is fronted with small glazed tiles of various colours, upon which are inscribed passages from the Koran. In the four fronts facing the cardinal points, in which are the doors of entrance, are six elegant arched windows of stained glass, and the other four fronts have seven. The roof gradually slopes upwards towards the dome, which is ninety feet in height, covered with lead, and surmounted by a gilt crescent.

On entering the doorway, a plain, simple building meets the eye; the walls are white, and the floor is paved with gray marble. A double circular row of forty pillars supports the roof and the dome. The outer circle consists of eight square pillars facing each angle of the building, and of sixteen columns, upon which rests a row of twenty-four arches, sustaining the roof, which is wrought in compartments and gilded. The inner circle consists of four square pillars and twelve columns, resting on a slightly raised marble platform, to which there is an ascent of four steps. They support the dome, the inside whereof is painted and gilt in arabesque, and hung with antique lamps of gold and silver, the offerings of pious Moslems.

The building, however, derives its chief sanctity and celebrity from the holy and wonderful relics enshrined within it. The Moslems here seem to be affected with almost as great a rage for relics as that which has seized upon the Christian priests and monks. Their writers dilate with enthusiasm upon a variety of holy curiosities which are here exhibited.

Immediately under the dome, surrounded by a railing, is the "*El Sahkara el Hadjera Allah*," or "the locked-up stone of God," an immense, irregular mass of limestone, covered with a silken pall, and held in the highest possible veneration. It fell (say the Moslems) from heaven, when the spirit of prophecy commenced in Jerusalem, and the ancient seers sat upon it, when they delivered their predictions and warnings to the Jewish kings and people! It was upon this very stone too, they affirm, that the destroying angel stood, "by the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite," when "David lifted up his eyes, and saw the angel of the Lord stand between the earth and the heaven, having a drawn sword in his hand stretched out over Jerusalem!"†

* 2 Chron. iii.

† 1 Chron. xxi.

This wonderful stone derives its appellation of "locked up" from a ridiculous story connected with the angel Gabriel. When the spirit of prophecy departed from Jerusalem, the stone would have taken its departure likewise; but the angel Gabriel, mindful of the greatest prophet of all, the prophet Mahomet, whose advent was yet to be, laid his hand upon the stone and arrested its flight! In confirmation of this they show the marks of the angel Gabriel's fingers! At last, in the twelfth year of the Hejira, the prophet Mahomet, accompanied by the angel Gabriel, was conveyed on that mysterious animal *El Borak* from the temple of Mecca to this stone, and from thence, after performing his devotions, accompanied by his celestial guide, he undertook the celebrated night journey through the seven heavens, when he received and repaid the salutations of the patriarchs, the prophets, and the angels, in their respective mansions, passed beyond the veil of unity, and approached within two bow-shots of the throne of God, when he was touched on the shoulder by the hand of the Almighty, and stricken with a cold chill that pierced him to the heart! After the arch impostor had enjoyed a conversation with the supreme being, he again descended upon this stone, repeated his devotions, and then remounting *El Borak*, he returned to Mecca, having performed in the tenth part of a night the journey of many thousand years! The print of the prophet's foot is also shown, in addition to the marks of the angel Gabriel's fingers! From the period of that solemn event (say the Moslems) the stone has been immovably fixed upon the spot, where it is to await the final end and consummation of all things, when Mahomet will again descend upon the earth, and alight upon this identical stone, previous to the final judgment, which is to be passed upon all the sons of men in the neighbouring valley of Jehoshaphat. The mosque was accordingly built by the Caliph Omar, to whom all these wonderful circumstances had been especially revealed, over the sacred relic, which was railed round, and made to occupy the exact centre of the edifice. From this circumstance the mosque is also known by the name of "the mosque of the locked-up stone!!"

This ridiculous reverence of a stone is remarkable, inasmuch as it is a superstition of great antiquity, and much anterior to the time of Mahomet. In the Caaba of Mecca, the genuine antiquity of which ascends beyond the Christian era,* a large black stone is held in the highest veneration by all the Arabs. This stone, there is every reason to believe, has been reverenced by them from a very remote period. Maximus of Tyre, in the second century, speaks of the superstitious worship of a quadrangular stone by the Arabs,† and other writers have alluded to the same circumstance. When the Caliph Omar built the mosque in the holy city, on the site of the Jewish temple, which he intended to constitute as sacred an edifice as the Caaba of Mecca, he no doubt determined within himself that it would be necessary to have some set-off against "the black stone" and "the well Zenzem," and therefore trumped up the solemn story of Mahomet's journey on the beast *El Borak*, and his ascent into heaven from "the locked-up stone," an excursion now universally believed among the Moslems to have been a real and corporeal transaction, although the seventeenth chapter of the Koran merely gives a mysterious allusion to such an expedition, without expressly naming either heaven, Jerusalem, or Mecca.

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* Diodorus Siculus is supposed to allude to the Caaba of Mecca when speaking of the famous temple between the Thamudites and the Sabæans revered by *all* the Arabians: "*ἱερὸν ἁγιώτατον ἵδρυται τιμώμενον ὑπὸ πάντων Ἀράβων περιττότερον.*"—Tom. i. lib. iii. p. 2.

† "*Ἀράβιοι σέβουσι μὲν, ὅντινα δὲ οὐκ οἶδα, τὸ δὲ ἄγαλμα εἶδον; λίθος ἦν τετράγωνος.*"—Tom. i. p. 142.

To increase the sanctity of the building, a host of other sacred subjects have been concocted. Under the stone is an irregular chamber, called "the ennobled cavern of God," in which is the well of souls, or entrance into the infernal regions, and some sacred relics connected with the names of Solomon, David, and the angel Gabriel; but I could never understand exactly what they were. There are also to be seen the shield of Mahomet, the standard of Ali, the scales for weighing the souls of men, the saddle of *El Borak*, the birds of Solomon, the pomegranates of David," &c., the sacred well at which the true believers wash and drink, and near the western door the famous slab of marble, pierced with the wonderful nails, which gradually disappear one by one, marking in their flight the completion of some great era in the history of the world! When they are all gone, then, it is said, the end of all things is at hand!

We found it impossible to visit all these different relics in consequence of the discontent manifested by some Moslems, whose observation I had not been able to escape. Notwithstanding the exertions of my excellent guide, they collected round me, chattered and screeched, and absolutely foamed at the mouth with rage, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could make a decent retreat. We managed, however, some time after this interruption, to get a footing again within the *Haram Schereef*, and we succeeded in taking a peep at the Mosque el Aksa, the other great place of devotion within the sacred enclosure, but we did not venture to enter the interior of the building. On the side of the Mosque el Aksa there is a good view of the *Bab el Kebla*, the large gateway of the Mosque of Omar facing Mecca. It is ornamented with a handsome portico, supported by eight marble columns. In traversing the path leading from this gateway to the Mosque el Aksa, you pass by the orange fountain, so named from a few orange trees which overshadow the water. Here the true believers wash and purify themselves for prayer, and then pass on to the shady piazza, under which is the only door of entrance to the Mosque el Aksa.

This building is of an entirely different shape and appearance from the Mosque of Omar. It is an oblong structure, somewhat similar to our modern churches, having a round tower and dome at the southern end of it. It is much more ancient than the Mosque of Omar, having been in the christian days of Jerusalem the church of the purification, and it was converted into a mosque by the Mussulmen on their conquest of the city. The interior of the edifice is crowded with columns, the ceiling being supported by six rows of them; the two centre rows form a nave thirty-two feet wide, above which the roof rises considerably, and the walls on either side under the roof, and resting on the columns, are pierced with two rows of windows. The other columns form three naves on either side of the central nave, and are surmounted by arches which support the ceiling above. The dome springs from the end of the central nave; it is gilded and painted, and the light is admitted through windows of stained glass.

This mosque also contains some very sacred relics; there is the playing place of the Caliph Omar—a large octagonal pillar, called the pillar of Sidi Omar—the Bab Arrahma, or Gate of Mercy, said to occupy the place of the mercy-seat in Solomon's temple—two large granite pillars, called "the columns of Fatima," said to have been exhibited by the Christians when the church was in their hands, as the two pillars which Solomon "reared up before the temple, one on the right hand, and the other on the left, and called the name of that on the right hand *Jachin*, and the name of that on the left *Boaz*!" There is also the church of the first prophets, the praying place of Zacharias, the graves of the sons of Aaron," &c. &c.—all which solemn nonsense was, no doubt, fabricated by the Christians, and adopted by the Moslems, who have the highest respect for the Old Testament!

According to all accounts, there are substructions of a building of very great antiquity under this mosque, consisting of vast ranges of pillars and arches, and of huge blocks of stone. The materials with which this edifice and the Mosque of Omar were erected appear evidently to have belonged to a more ancient structure, and are doubtless portions of the idolatrous temples of Hadrian, of Herod's Temple, and perhaps of the splendid edifice erected by Solomon the son of David.

Of the identity of all this sacred enclosure of the Haram Schereef with that which was occupied by the great Jewish Temple, and the courts thereof, there can be no doubt. When Hadrian founded the Roman colony on the site of the ancient Jerusalem, he expressly directed the erection of an idolatrous temple to Jupiter Capitolinus, on the site of Solomon's temple on Mount Moriah; which circumstance the historians of the period expressly assign as the immediate cause of the second great rebellion of the Jews. On the conversion of Constantine to Christianity the idolatrous temples of Hadrian were destroyed, and on the pious pilgrimage of Helena, the mother of the emperor, to the Holy Land, christian churches were reared upon the ruins of the pagan temples; Hadrian's sacred grove, and his temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, were destroyed, the enclosure was dedicated to the worship of Christianity, and the christian church of the Purification was erected. When the Arabians conquered Jerusalem, it was the first care of the caliph to erect a mosque worthy of "the most holy city in the world after Mecca;" and the Arabic writers tell us that the caliph made choice of the site of Solomon's temple, erected upon it the splendid Mosque of Omar, and converted the christian church into a place of prayer for the true believers.

In the afternoon we passed out of the city, through the gate called the "Gate of Zion" by the Christians, and traversed a winding rocky path, which skirted along the walls of the town. We then descended by a zig-zag road into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and visited the deep reservoir of water, alleged to be "the pool of Siloam," where the blind man received his sight. It is situated just under the city wall, and is a fountain or well of water, evidently of very great antiquity.

We entered a vaulted subterranean passage, and descended a staircase cut out of the rock. After a descent of sixteen steps we arrived at a small ledge or platform, and then entered a large arched grotto or cavern, pierced through the limestone rock: through this we descended, with the assistance of lights fourteen steps more, and then came to a reservoir of clear limpid water, which fills up the entire cavity of the grotto. Several persons, both Moslems and Christians, accompanied me down the steps, and they all positively affirmed that the water rises and falls at stated periods similar to the flux and reflux of the sea! They seemed to regard the sacred element as very precious, soaked and soused their beards in it, and drank it with great avidity. The water is brought into the grotto from the city above by an artificial channel cut through the rock, and it is said to make its escape in the same manner into the valley below, where it serves to water a few miserable gardens,

We passed up the valley of Jehoshaphat, and crossing the brook Cedron, we visited the four striking ancient sepulchres, called "the sepulchres of the patriarchs." They are placed at the base of the rugged rocks and eminences which hem in the valley to the eastward.

The two principal sepulchres are "the tomb of Absalom," and "the tomb of Zacharias;" they are both conspicuous objects from all points of the valley of Jehoshaphat.

The rock has been cut away, so as to leave two large isolated masses in the centre of an area hollowed out of the hill; these masses have been then regularly shaped, and adorned with architectural decorations and columns, which appear to support the monumental edifice, but are, in fact, integral parts of the entire mass. Absalom's sepulchre is a large square monument, ornamented with twenty-four semicolumns of the Doric order, six on each front, surmounted by a cornice, frieze, and triglyphs. The upper part is shaped off into a lofty triangular pyramid, which is not of the same piece as the rest of the structure. After removing some loose stone and rubbish, we entered by an aperture which had been broken in the face of the tomb by some sacrilegious hand, and found ourselves in a sepulchral chamber, furnished all round with niches for the reception of dead bodies. The original entrance is not perceptible, and it is probable that after the large isolated mass had been hollowed out, and the sepulchral chamber formed and filled with the dead bodies which it was destined to contain, the pyramidal roof was constructed and placed upon the monolithic mass, so that the grave might be effectually closed, and no visible entrance left to invite the sacrilegious footstep of the inquisitive intruder.

The ancient Egyptians were most careful to close up and conceal the entrances to their tombs, and so it appears were the ancient Jews.

"The tomb of Zacharias" is much smaller and plainer than the tomb of Absalom; the rock is merely shaped and planed, and carried to a point. We could discover no entrance whatever.

The two other sepulchres are those of Saint James and Jehoshaphat, which are excavated grottos, fronted with porticos and architectural decorations. That of St. James has a portico of four columns, resting on a basement of solid rock, planed and shaped, and the sepulchre of Jehoshaphat has a well-sculptured door. I entered this last tomb with much difficulty, and, scrambling over stones and rubbish, found the customary sepulchral subterranean apartment furnished with niches for the dead.

These sepulchres have been christened with the names they hold by the monks and priests, and to recount *their* stories and legends about them would be worse than silence. Nothing whatever is known as to the period of their construction.

Chateaubriand observes,* "If I was required to fix precisely the age in which these mausoleums were erected, I should place it about the time of the alliance between the Jews and Lacedemonians under the first Maccabees. The Doric order was still prevalent in Greece: the Corinthian did not supplant it till half a century later, when the Romans began to overrun Peloponnesus and Asia." In naturalising at Jerusalem the architecture of Corinth and Athens, the Jews intermixed with it the forms of their peculiar style. The tombs in the valley of Jehoshaphat, and the sepulchres of the kings, display a manifest alliance of the Egyptian and Grecian taste.

All along the steep elevations skirting the edge of the ravine are numerous sepulchral grottos, forming one continued ancient cemetery.

We recrossed the valley of Jehoshaphat, and ascended the steep acclivities of Mount Moriah, and before entering the city I was shown the following holy Mussulman curiosities.

There is a piece of a column, projecting from the top of the city wall, which is here very lofty, and built along the edge of a steep rocky declivity. On this column, say the Moslems, Mahomet is to sit at the last day and judge all mankind, who are to be assembled in the valley of Jehoshaphat below! From this spot, too, they positively affirm, will commence *El Serat*, the invisible bridge alluded to in the Koran, sharper than the edge of a sword, which believers will pass over with the rapidity of the lightning's gleam and enter paradise; but from which the infidel will fall into the precipice below, and from thence be plunged through the dissolving fabric of the globe itself into the bottomless pit of hell!

It is hardly worth while to allude to these nonsensical stories, but they are really believed by the Moslem pilgrims who resort to Jerusalem, and, in common with the monkish legends, they serve to show into what extravagant absurdities men fall in matters of religion who are shrewd and sensible upon other subjects.

The Moslems, in their stories and legends connected with Jerusalem, have made a sad jumble of the Old Testament and the Koran. The idea that all the world will be judged in the valley of Jehoshaphat is evidently taken from the third chapter of Joel—"I will gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there for my people, and for my heritage Israel, whom they have scattered among the nations, and parted my lands. "Let the heathen be wakened and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat, for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about. "Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision, for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision."

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* Vol. ii. p. 101.

We passed again by the large well-shaped stones and the ancient gateway in the city wall, near Saint Stephen's Gate, which I have before mentioned as a remnant of Hadrian's colony of Ælia Capitolina. This, I find, is called the Golden Gateway; and as it is altogether of a different architecture, and evidently much more ancient than any of the Saracenic or Turkish structures about Jerusalem, it has been wisely affirmed by the monks and priests to be the identical gate by which our Saviour entered Jerusalem from Bethphage, riding on an ass, when "the multitude spread their garments in the way, and cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in the way!" And all this do these pilgrim-hunting, alms-seeking ministers of the Gospel maintain before the ignorant, superstitious wanderers from distant parts, in the very teeth of the undoubted evidence which we have of the complete and utter destruction of the ancient city by Titus, "so that not one stone was left standing upon another."

As we passed on to St. Stephen's Gate, my guide pointed to a part of the city wall, which here forms the boundary of the sacred enclosure of the *Haram Schereef;* and he informed me, that on the opposite side of the wall there was a small building within which the Moslems affirm they possess, safely secured, "the throne of Solomon!" After getting through the gate, we passed over some vacant spaces of ground covered with rubbish, and entered the street called *Harat el Allam.* As we passed by the large gateway opening upon the Haram Schereef, my guide stopped to draw my attention to the *Mekheme Sidina Daoud,* the judgment-seat of David, which had escaped us during our rapid and hurried visit to the mosques in the morning. It is a small building, surmounted by a cupola, and stands in front of the *Bab Daoud.* The inside is adorned, my guide tells me, with an exterior circle of eleven very antique columns of a beautiful species of stone which support the ceiling, and with an inner circle of six similar columns which support the cupola. This is positively affirmed to be "the tribunal of king David!"

Nov. 23.—We proceeded at an early hour into the narrow, winding, gloomy street, called *el Harat Bab el Hamond,* "the street of the gate of the column." It is the principal street of Jerusalem, leading from the Damascus gate, and crosses the city from north to south. We then traversed some narrow lanes, amid stone walls and gloomy houses, until we reached the street called *Souk el Kebir,* or "the street of the great bazaar." This street runs from east to west, and leads towards the gate called the Bethlehem Gate.

Just before arriving at this gateway, we turned to the left to visit an old fortress, forming part of the city walls, called the Castle of the Pisans, and also "the Castle of King David." The upper part is of Saracenic architecture, but the lower is evidently much more ancient, and probably formed part of the fortifications of Hadrian's Ælia Capitolina. Some have even ventured to affirm that it is a fragment of the ancient Jerusalem, and the name *Castel Pisano*, by which it is known among the Christians, they gravely assure us is a corruption of Psephinus, the name of one of the towers of the outer wall of the ancient city mentioned by Josephus! Unhappily, however, for the enthusiastic relic-hunters, a much more probable origin for the name *Pisano* can be found in the fact that Paolo Tronci, in his "Annals of Pisa," claims for two of his countrymen, two *Pisani*, the honour of having been the first to scale the walls of Jerusalem, when the city was taken by Godfrey of Bouillon. The fact is, the Pisani, or Pisans, distinguished themselves in the siege, and had this part of the fortifications committed to their charge after the garrison had been driven out.

As, however, there are marks of some antiquity about the place, the story-tellers and the relic-hunters have seized hold of it, and called it "the Castle of King David," and they positively declare that the old masonry is a remnant of the palace of that monarch on Mount Zion; and, not content with this, they pretend to show the identical window from which David saw Bathsheba bathing—the very bath in which the young lady was disporting at the time, and the marks of king David's elbows on the stone window-sill, left imprinted there on the hard stone by the Jewish monarch, when, resting his hand on his chin, he remained gazing with admiration on the disclosed charms of the young Jewish matron—(they were sad fellows those old Jewish kings!) But here again, most unfortunately for the ignorant, besotted story-tellers, the whole narrative about the window, which is detailed to each wondering, admiring, and reverencing pilgrim as he arrives, is directly at variance with the scripture narrative, which says, that "it came to pass in an evening-tide, that David rose from off his bed and walked upon the roof of the king's house: and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself; and the woman was very beautiful to look upon. And David sent and inquired after the woman; and one said, Is not this Bathsheba, the daughter of Eliam, the wife of Uriah the Hittite?" To make the ridiculous narrative complete, they have dubbed some stones and rubbish below the castle, "the house of Uriah," and an old tank in the court-yard of a private house is affirmed to be the bath which was attached to it!!

From this place we passed along a narrow dirty lane, called *harat el Arman*, or the street of the Armenians, and crossing over all that part of Mount Zion which is within the walls, we went out of the gate, called Zion Gate, and traversed all that portion of Mount Zion which extends beyond the modern wall.

Here they would needs take me to see some other holy curiosities. Accordingly we entered a small Armenian church, decorated with Dutch tiles and some sad daubs of pictures. The church stands, say the pilgrim deluders, on the site of the house of that Annas, the father-in-law of Caiaphas, the high priest, "who gave counsel to the Jews, that it was expedient that one man should die for the people;" and to whose house Jesus was led and incarcerated after he had been betrayed by Judas!

In addition to this, they show the very place "where the servants and officers made a fire of coals, for it was cold, and they warmed themselves; and Peter stood with them;" and the very identical spot on which Peter was standing when he "denied again; and immediately the cock crew!" Also a rough stone, built in the altar at the upper end of the church, which the Armenians contend to be the stone that was rolled to the door of the sepulchre, in preference to the one shown in the church of the Holy Sepulchre; the exhibition of which, by the Latin fathers, they do not hesitate to characterise as an imposition upon the faithful. This sacred stone is left uncovered in several places, to be kissed and embraced by the poor simple-minded, superstitious, and deluded pilgrims!

After walking a few paces from the church, I entered a long, dingy-looking mosque, called "the Mosque of the Prophet David." Here the Moslems take a turn at the display of "holy relics." They pretend to show the tomb of king David, over which they say the mosque is erected; and, to crown all, a room in the upper story of the building, which is affirmed both by Moslems and Christians to be the "large upper room furnished," in which our Saviour ate the last supper with the twelve apostles,—the memorable event to which the Christian world owes the institution of the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper!

Sick of relics, we descended into the narrow ravine which encompasses the western and southern declivities of Mount Zion, and along the edge of which the walls of the ancient city extended. This appears to be the ditch described by Strabo as being one hundred and fifty feet in breadth, and the bottom of it about sixty feet below the summit of Mount Zion. A great part of it seems to have been hollowed out by art, so as to make it serve as a ditch to the outer fortification, extending along the edge of Mount Zion.

Descending this ravine, in an easterly direction, we traversed another vast ancient cemetery which extended to the south and southwest of Mount Zion. The rocks are pierced into innumerable subterranean excavations, which are fronted with small doorways fitted with grooves for the reception of large stones, which were slipped down the grooves, and thus made to block up the entrances. Most of these grottos and sepulchral chambers have been torn open, and the contents removed by sacrilegious hands. We crawled on our hands and knees over rubbish and stones, and entered some of the low doorways. Within was a square sepulchral chamber, with receptacles for the dead, rising one above another, like so many cisterns hewn out of the rock.

On many of these sepulchres may be perceived faint remnants of Hebrew and Greek inscriptions. Those in the Hebrew character appear quite illegible, and those in the Greek, carved on the face of the rock, only contain the words, "Of the Holy Zion."

The rocks bordering the deep ravines which encircle the city to the west, south, and east, are all hollowed out into cells and chambers, the last mansions of the dead of all classes, variously adorned, from the richly sculptured tomb of the monarch, with its columns and the fragments of its marble coffins, to the plain, unadorned, and roughly-hewn grotto, the last resting-place of the humble citizen. In the large ravine on the south-east side of the city, known, among other names in Scripture, by the name of "the valley of the son of Hinnom," and "Tophet," these sepulchres crowd fast around the footsteps of the stranger; but in common with every tomb around Jerusalem, although evidently originally fastened up with great care and strength, they have been broken open and rifled.

Unlike the ancient sepulchres in Egypt, which are thickly strewn with human bones and skulls, not a vestige is here anywhere discoverable of the dead bodies which once evidently so thickly crowded these innumerable chambers. The silent tombs which everywhere meet the stranger in his wanderings around Jerusalem, are the only remnants of the ancient city, whose utter destruction is everywhere so fearfully foretold in the books of the Jewish prophets.

Amid all the denunciations of destruction and desolation which we meet with in the prophecies, Jeremiah thus forewarns the people of Jerusalem, in reference to the sacred grove and the idolatrous places of sacrifice, called Tophet, which they had erected in the valley of the son of Hinnom—

"Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the valley of the son of Hinnom, but the valley of slaughter: for they shall bury in Tophet, till there be no place.

"Then will I cause to cease from the cities of Judah, and from the streets of Jerusalem, the voice of mirth and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride; for the land shall be desolate.

"At that time, saith the Lord, they shall bring out the bones of the kings of Judah, and the bones of his princes, and the bones of his priests, and the bones of the prophets, and the bones of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, out of their graves.

"And they shall spread them before the sun, and the moon, and all the host of heaven, whom they have loved, and whom they have served; and after whom they have walked, and whom they have sought, and whom they have worshipped; they shall not be gathered nor be buried: they shall be for dung upon the face of the earth!"

We proceeded to the bottom of the ravine, passing all these sepulchral grottos, which are excavated in the rocks on the southern side of the valley, and not in the declivities of Mount Zion itself; and we then walked to the base of the hill, which rises just above the small village of Siloa, on the southern side of the Mount of Olives, called by the Italian monks and priests, "*Il colle di mal consiglio*," or "the hill of evil counsel;" because, say these relic-finders, it was on this hill that the Pharisees took counsel against Jesus to put him to death! Along the base of the eminence is the "*Akel Forar*," or "the field of jars," otherwise the "*Aceldama*, or the field of blood," which is positively affirmed to be the identical piece of ground bought by the chief priests with the thirty pieces of silver, the price of the betrayal of Jesus Christ, when "they took counsel and bought with them the potter's field, to bury strangers in; wherefore that field was called the field of blood unto this day!"

Here the Armenians have a most horrible cemetery, equalled in brutality only by the Campo Santo at Naples: a cemetery which it is alleged was first constructed by the Empress Helena. It is an oblong cavern vaulted over, having orifices at the top, through which to cast down the dead. The bottom was covered with bones; and some mouldering corses, heaped one upon another in a state of wild confusion, presented a loathsome and sickening spectacle. Rats and cockroaches feast upon the livid masses of corruption, and assist the decomposing property of the earth, which is said to cause the dead bodies to rot and consume quickly away.

This cemetery, however, seems now to be little used. It is too revolting to the feelings of mankind thus to dispose of the dead, and quite contrary to the genius of the eastern nations, who generally cherish with fond affection the tombs of their departed friends, plant flowers and blossoming shrubs over the earth under which they lie buried, and resort to the consecrated spot to weep and to pray.

On the hill above are the remains of several structures of no great antiquity, which are affirmed to be the ruins of the house in which "the priests, scribes, and pharisees took counsel against Jesus to put him to death."

We picked up pieces of Mosaic pavement, which are, no doubt, relics of some very ancient buildings.

Returning to the city by the valley of Jehoshaphat, we toiled up the acclivities of Mount Moriah to St. Stephen's Gate, and we then proceeded duly to make the circuit of the *via dolorosa*, and to have done with all the sacred relics, of which I was heartily tired. To make amends, however, for my trouble, the monks were to give me a certificate of my having visited all the holy places, like a faithful and devout pilgrim, and I was then to be indelibly marked with certain mysterious signs and figures, as an indisputable testimony to my having duly and thoroughly performed "the holy pilgrimage to Jerusalem."

The *via dolorosa*, or "the mournful path," is so called by the pilgrim deluders, because (say they) it is the identical path traversed by our Saviour, when "he, bearing his cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha, where they crucified him," &c. This sacred road, which is simply a part of "*el harat el allam*," one of the modern streets of the town, commences from the building called "the palace of Pontius Pilate," crosses *el harat Bab el Hamond*, "the street of the gate of the column," leading to the Damascus Gate, and proceeds by a gentle ascent to the back of the Holy Sepulchre, which is affirmed, as before mentioned, to be seated on Mount Calvary.

Along this "mournful path" I was shown the various objects which attract the superstitious reverence of the ignorant and credulous pilgrims, who, at the season of Easter, flock in crowds to Jerusalem, and kiss and embrace them with pious fervour.

We first stopped at an irregular range of buildings belonging to the governor of Jerusalem, the greater part of which appears now to be used as a barrack for soldiers. It stands, I was assured, on the site of the house of Pontius Pilate! and an old stone edifice adjoining, of an architecture certainly anterior to the time of the Saracens, is positively affirmed to be a portion of Pilate's house, in which was the hall of judgment where our Saviour "was accused of the chief priests and elders," and from whence was taken the splendid marble staircase called "the *scala sancta*," which is exhibited at Rome, and is pretended by the clergy there to have been brought from the house of Pontius Pilate at Jerusalem!

It may be safely affirmed that there never was in this building such a marble staircase as the *scala sancta* at Rome.

The ancient part of the edifice is built of large blocks of stone, and a ruined court is shown as the chamber in which "Pilate scourged Jesus, and delivered him to be crucified!"

A little beyond, an old stone archway stretches over the street, which is affirmed to be the place where Pilate brought "Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe, and saith unto them, Behold the man! Consequently the arch has received the name of the "*Arch of Ecce Homo!*"

A short distance further on, near a prostrate column, consisting of one single piece of gray granite, surrounded by prickly cactus plants and crumbling walls, is a large stone, a remnant of some old masonry, having an indentation marked in its surface. This indentation is gravely pointed out by the pilgrim deluders as a mark left by the cross of our Saviour, which, they affirm, was rested against this very identical stone by Jesus Christ, when he was overcome with weariness during his journey to the place of crucifixion! Beyond is a broken column, lying on the ground, which, it is said, marks the place where our Saviour fainted, and fell to the ground from fatigue and anguish! We were next shown where "the women also bewailed and lamented him. But Jesus, turning unto them said, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children!"

The next holy place is the site of the house of some lady, called Veronica or Berenice, who wiped the bleeding face of our Saviour with a pocket handkerchief, which pocket handkerchief is still carefully preserved at Turin! and the last sacred station is a lump of stones, affirmed to be a fragment of the gate which formed the boundary of the ancient city, out of which our Saviour passed to the alleged Mount Calvary, two hundred paces distant!

In short, without alluding further to the monkish stories and traditions, and the pitiable delusions concocted to impose upon the simple and superstitious pilgrims, it may be sufficient to state that there appears to be scarcely one event or occurrence mentioned in the scripture narrative, but that the precise spot where it took place is pointed out, down to the window out of which the rich man looked upon Lazarus, and the place, as before mentioned, where the cock crew and Peter went out and wept! The gospel narrative, indeed, has not been sufficiently fertile in events for the pious enthusiasts, but they must needs bring to their assistance other occurrences, as above mentioned, which no doubt never had any existence except in their own heated and crazy imaginations.

With reference to all these legends, and the various objects pointed out as "*holy relics*," it may be observed, as will be hereafter shown, that there is now no vestige whatever of the ancient Jerusalem remaining beyond the sepulchral grottos, which encompass the city, and the mere blocks of stone which have been built into modern erections by the different people who succeeded the Jews in the possession of the Holy Land. I should, however, also except the large masses of stone on the edge of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, forming part of the present city walls, which *may* have constituted the foundation of the area formed by Herod, whereon to build his temple, and which was supported on the side of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, where the ground suddenly falls away from the summit of Mount Moriah, by an enormous and very strong wall.

The Jerusalem of sacred history is, in fact, no more, and not a monument of Jewish times is now standing; the very course of the ancient walls has been changed, and not a vestige can now be discovered of those stupendous buildings, towers, and gates, which adorned and fortified the ancient city of David.

In the afternoon we strolled once more into the church of the Holy Sepulchre for the purpose of examining the Greek church and some other objects which, on our first visit, we had only partially inspected.

In the large rotundo enclosing "the Holy Sepulchre," all the various sects of Christians in the eastern part of the world appear to have "a habitation and a name." There are small chapels belonging to the Copts, the Abyssinian, the Syrian, and the Maronite Christians, besides the large chapels attached to the circular hall, respectively belonging to the Roman Catholics, the Armenians, and the Greeks.

These different sects of Christians, who are here such near neighbours, are, it appears, at the time appointed for the celebration of all the great Christian festivals, animated with the bitterest spirit of animosity and hatred towards each other; and the most furious contests often take place between them, in order to be the first to obtain possession of, and to perform their devotions at, the various supposititious sacred places enclosed within these walls. Were it not for the Mussulman officers and watchmen, who are appointed to keep guard on the occasion, and to repress the immoderate outbreaks of violence between the parties, there would, I am assured, be scarcely a festival without bloodshed or slaughter. Since Ibrahim Pasha's government, however, has been established in Jerusalem, the fierce enthusiasts have been kept in better order; but, previous to that period, my cicerone tells me, the tug of war was carried on between them with brickbats and clubs in the most furious manner, and yet these wretched devotees pretend to take the gospel for their guidance and rule of life, and preach "peace and goodwill" among mankind.

At Easter the monks of the Latin convent *perform* the ceremony of the crucifixion, or rather the taking down from the cross. On Good Friday night they erect a cross upon the pretended Mount Calvary, having thereon a crucified effigy, large as life, besmeared with blood, and crowned with a crown of thorns. The ceremony commences by the approach of two worthy friars with claws and pincers, the one of whom personates Joseph of Arimathea, and the other Nicodemus; these worthy men set to work in the most concerned and sorrowful manner, and draw out the nails which attach the effigy to the cross. The pretended body is then taken out, and, being flexible, is properly arranged and rolled up in a large winding-sheet. It is then borne by the monks, accompanied by a crowd of admiring spectators, to the "stone of unction" before described, and there it is anointed "with a mixture of myrrh and aloes," after the description given in the New Testament of the anointing of the body of our Saviour. They then, carrying their effigy to "the holy sepulchre," bury it, and shut up the door until Easter morning, when they resort with great pomp to the place; and the monks having previously carried off the pretended body, "the holy sepulchre" is found empty, and they then rejoice and sing hymns, as if there had been a real resurrection!!

The disciples of the Greek church, the great rival sect of the Roman Catholics in this part of the world, celebrate after their fashion the anniversary of the resurrection in the midst of riot, blasphemy, and the most infamous mockery. They likewise carry a pretended dead body round "the holy sepulchre," which is accompanied by a most disorderly and riotous mob, and they concoct a miraculous fire, called "the Greek holy fire," which is made by the contrivance of the Greek priests to burst out of one of the windows of "the holy sepulchre." This holy fire, it is alleged, descends from heaven annually in commemoration of "the fire of the Lord," which "fell and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stone, and the dust," at the prayer of Elijah the prophet.* The superstitious and deluded crowd rushes with vast tumult and in strange disorder to the sacred flame, and the wild enthusiasts light thereat torches and candles.

Maundrell, alluding to these pernicious and absurd mummeries, remarks that the Greek and Armenian pilgrims pin their faith upon them, and make their pilgrimages chiefly on their account, "and it is the deplorable unhappiness of the priests, that having acted the cheat so long already, they are forced now to stand to it, for fear of endangering the apostasy of their people."

After sauntering for some time round the large circular hall, listening to the description given by my cicerone of all these different absurdities, I crossed over to the Greek church, which is decorated in a far more gorgeous and magnificent manner than the church belonging to the Catholics. It is lofty and spacious, and is surmounted by a large cupola; the walls are covered with pictures, deeply set in screens of beautifully carved wood, richly gilded and adorned. The church is also extremely rich in altars, silver lamps, and other decorations, and in the centre of it a globe has been set up by the Greeks, which, they gravely assure us, marks the exact centre of the world!

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* 1 Kings xviii. 38.

LINES TO A FADING GERANIUM.

Child of a gayer land,
And milder clime than this,—
Thou that the breeze with murmurs bland
Of old was wont to kiss—
Alas! our wintry tempest's breath
Hath been to thee the blast of death.
Thy pale and shrivelled leaves
Are falling to the ground,
In truth my spirit starts and grieves,
Whene'er I hear the sound,
As if it were the latest knell
Of something I had loved right well.

* Dreamers have found in thee,
Thou solitary plant,
That seekest not the sunshine's glee,
And feelest not the want
Of fellowship and neighbourhood—
Preferring still thy solitude—
A type of mournful hearts,
Bowed down with silent woe,
Who,—when the joy of life departs,—
From splendour's dazzling show
Will turn them wearily aside,
Their melancholy thoughts to hide.

Yet now far sadder still,
When fearful storms awake,
And frost hath prisoned every rill,
And hidden every lake;
While from the woods and mountains hoary
Hath passed away all former glory,
Thy drooping head declares
How deeply thou hast pined
For pleasant sounds and balmy airs,
The nurses of thy kind—
'Tis well that thou shouldst perish now—
This is no home for such as thou!

Oh! it is even thus,
When sorrow's gath'ring cloud,
That chills all comeliness in us,
Enwraps us like a shroud;
And mutt'ring tempests round us roll
In the dark winter of the soul;
When sadly, one by one,
The withered leaves of life
Fall down and leave the stem alone
To meet the shock of strife,
Till e'en the lonely trunk at length
Is shatter'd by the whirlwind's strength.

Fade on! this was no home
For loveliness like thine;
Thou lovest not the sculptured dome:
The tendrils of the vine,

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* The "sorrowful geranium" is the emblem of a melancholy spirit.

Or blossoms of th' acacia tree
Had formed a roof more meet for thee—
Some quiet, mossy nook
Where mid-day shades are deep,
And music from the far-off brook
Might lull thee to thy sleep;
There, sheltered from the winter's rage,
Should be thy lonely hermitage.

Yet still do odours rise
Now from thy faded bloom,
As if a grateful sacrifice
Were offered for thy doom;
And thou didst joy to pass away
When nothing that was dear might stay:
Like some afflicted soul
That patiently lives on,
And yet rejoices when the goal
It wishes for is won,
And pours in death a grateful song
To him who has not tarried long.

Thy faint, rich breathing brings
The thoughts of olden times—
Of loved and long-forgotten things—
The distant evening chimes,
The gladness of long summer days,
The village maiden's merry lays,
The kisses of the breeze—
My childhood's thousand pleasures,
And even sadder thoughts than these,
Of one among Love's treasures—
One bright companion who is laid
Alone beneath the yew-tree's shade.

Thy modest garb I've seen
Cheering the humble cot,
Or dwelling in some bower green
Unnoticed and forgot,
Or shadowed by some blooming mound;
And now in thee my heart hath found
A record of the past;
Kind word and loving smile
Around me here their sweet spells cast,
And thou, poor plant, the while,
With all the sights and signs of mirth,
Art passing from the dreary earth.

Oh! be my lot like thine,
Save in its loneliness—
Preferring shade to gay sunshine,
Loving the wood's recess;
And called by Nature's still small voice
To feel, to worship, to rejoice!
And be at last my end
With humble gladness met,
Leaving with ev'ry long-loved friend
A kind and calm regret,
Whose whispered tales to them may be
What thou in death hast been to me.

H. P., Nova Terra.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S NEPHEW AND THE LOTTERY TICKET.

The maxim, that virtue is its own reward, would be truer, perhaps, if for *own* we read *only;* but even with this amendment it would still be partially false, since there are, undoubtedly, some virtues which neither obtain nor deserve the smallest recompense, being neither more nor less than downright nuisances both to the owner himself and to society at large. Of these the most notorious is that unhappy microscopic turn, which, under the various names of accuracy, precision, punctuality, &c., inflicts so much misery on its victims. Men of business are peculiarly liable to this species of monomania. We have known a short-legged alderman run down three whole streets, at a killing pace, merely to be in at a meeting of directors before the clock struck two; and when, at the imminent risk of apoplexy, he had succeeded in saving his distance, great was the exultation of the poor deluded creature, as he sat steaming, and fuming, and blowing, like a railway engine after hauling a train of fifty carriages.

Another case of the same kind fell under our notice some years ago. An old gentleman, quite rational on other subjects, had apparently taken up the notion that he was a clock or a time-piece; and as madmen reason rightly from wrong ideas, the whole object of his life was to come to time. At first he was satisfied with setting his watch by the Post-office twice a day, and regulating his own movements to half a minute; then he gave sixty guineas for a chronometer, and by great perseverance brought himself to go to a second; at length he reached to the surprising pitch of actually regulating the chronometer by himself, he having become considerably the more accurate of the two. Poor man! his end was truly tragical. The marriage of a near relation in Dublin, unfortunately, induced him to cross the water from Bristol. On inquiry at the Packet-office, he was informed that the passage would be made in twenty-four hours; and as the vessel started at six A.M. on Tuesday, he went on board, confident of being in Dublin before eight o'clock on the following day, the time fixed for the intended marriage. It was his first trip to sea; the usual effects ensued, and he remained in his berth until half-past five on Wednesday morning, when he dressed and went on deck, ready to land. What were his feelings on learning that they were still twenty miles from Kingstown harbour, which was seven more from Dublin! He upbraided the captain in the bitterest terms for want of punctuality, laughed scornfully at the mate's assertion that it was only just gone five, and took his seat at the bow in a state of nervous irritation, which increased every moment. Wind and tide were favourable; the packet tore along at race-horse speed; she reached the Hill of Howth by seven, and in twenty minutes more dashed into the harbour. "Boat," screamed the old gentleman, at the top of his voice. "Boat, yer honor," re-echoed half a dozen voices from below. There was a prodigious uproar,—a crash of oars and oaths; shrieks from ladies—cries of "They'll be drowned!" from the passengers, and "Stop her!" from the captain. At length the paddles ceased, and the vessel drew ahead, leaving in her wake two boats swamped, with the crews swimming in the water, while two more were pulling like mad for the shore, with the old gentleman in one, and his portmanteau in the other.

"Are ye there, Brian?" roared the foremost, "here's his honor will be giving five pounds to the boy that gallops him to Dubbling."

"Whirr-a-hoo!" shouted Brian.

The bridle was slipped on the mare's neck in a twinkling, and the old gentleman had hardly been pitched from the boatman's shoulder into the car, before he was rattled off at a thundering rate. "And hurry, hurry, clash, clash, clash!" Brian and the mare swept on, the jingle bounding from rut to rut, the foot-boards banging at every jolt, and everything looking fair to win, when the linchpin snapped, and "the horse and the horseman lay rolled on the ground."

"Hoora, never say die, yer honor," said Brian, after his tumble, "the mare's done up, that's sure, but here's Pat Murphy drivin' after us with the portmantle. Now, yer honor, up wid ye, and better luck this time."

Alas! it was not to be. In vain Pat belaboured his steed with unremitting diligence; in vain he charged, with reckless desperation, right up Baggot Street, through cars, and carts, and pigs, and passengers; before he pulled up in Stephen's Green West, it was a quarter after eight, and the wedding party had gone to church. The shock was too great; the old gentleman took to his bed, from which he never rose again; he fell into a trance-like state, (during which, however, he always called the hour with mechanical exactness,) and, what is very remarkable, he died on the following Wednesday, at a quarter after eight o'clock in the morning.

Instances such as these are fortunately rare, but cases of a similar description, though of a less virulent character, are by no means uncommon. Sterne's critic looked not at the actor or the scene, but at his own stop-watch; the calculating boy cared nothing for Hamlet or the Ghost, but could tell how many words the Prince of Denmark spoke with arithmetical exactness; and Dennis fiercely attacked the concluding lines of "Inkle and Yarico,"

> "Now let us dance and sing,
> While all Barbadoes *bells* do ring,"

because it could be undeniably shown that there was but *one* bell on the whole island. In later times there is the anecdote of a well-known peer relinquishing his visit to a pleasant house and agreeable circle, because his valet had put up a set of cravats, differing in date from the accompanying shirts. And examples might easily be multiplied of this unhappy propensity displayed in a thousand shapes, and under a thousand varieties of form. Patients of this sort are, perhaps, fair objects of compassion; but when the love of accuracy is a mere eccentricity, and does not amount to derangement—to actual punctomania—the ground of indulgence fails. Natural infirmities should be respected, but not acquired follies; "pity those whom nature has abused, not those who abuse nature." And what is a greater abuse than voluntarily to form artificial habits of precision, opposed to the whole course of practical life, and to one of the main objects of human existence. It is necessary in life to glide lightly over many things—to yield, and bend, and turn easily and smoothly—to make allowance for situation and circumstance, and to fall in with every sort of temper and intellect; and how can this be done by one who, being accurate himself, looks for the same quality in others, who cannot excuse the smallest neglect or omission, and who must constantly meet with a thousand petty vexations to contract his heart and sour his temper. Besides, if the world be, indeed, a school of moral discipline, may not the conduct of these accurati be subject to a higher censure? Do they not attempt to evade the accidents of life by establishing rules, and forms, and times, and seasons? Is it not a rebellion against nature, an endeavour to run a railroad through the ups and downs of the world, and thus to escape the Hill of Difficulty and the Valley of Humiliation? To us the case appears so clear, that we consider all such characters out of the pale of human sympathies; no favour should be shown to their slightest shortcomings; if one of them is half a minute behind the sailing time, let the captain leave him without scruple on an uninhabited island; and let no critic hesitate for a moment to expose the smallest mistake of such an author with unrelenting severity. This latter duty we are now about to discharge.

Mr. Prior, the well-known author of the "Life of Burke," has lately put forth a "Biography of Oliver Goldsmith," in which, after patient scrutiny, we have *discovered an error*. Now Mr. P. is notoriously one of the accurati; indeed, his last work alone would be sufficient to convict him, as it is full of personal details, anecdotes, and such small ware, evidently misplaced in a biography, which ought to contain broad and panoramic views, not minute and highly finished cabinet pictures. We look upon Sir David Brewster's "Life of Newton" as the best, and "Boswell's Johnson" as the worst, specimens of modern biography. In the one, how many pages are wasted on Johnson's table-talk, his way of eating and laughing, and a hundred little matters which serve no other purpose than to give an idea of the man as he appeared to his associates; while, in the other, nothing is said of such trifles, their place is filled up with solid accounts of Sir Isaac's scientific works, and we lay down the book with a clear impression of his philosophical discoveries, undisturbed by the smallest notion of the philosopher himself. Mr. Prior, however, has not thought proper to follow this bright example; he has gone into details, one of which at least is erroneous, and though it is but slightly connected with the narrative, and might have been passed over in any other writer, yet such mercy to one of his class would be cruelty to the public. We have no personal quarrel with Mr. P.,—we are neither a political opponent, nor a rival author; but we write his name on our shell, because we hate to hear him called the Accurate.

Mr. Prior states, in his second volume, page 144, that one of Goldsmith's nephews, a Mr. William Hodson, "having formerly incurred pecuniary obligation to one of his college friends, a Mr. Cowan, member of a respectable family in Donegal, it was reclaimed on their meeting in England; but Hodson, being at the moment without money, offered, in discharge of the debt, a lottery-ticket, which was accepted. To the surprise of both parties, and the mortification of the original holder, it turned up a prize of twenty thousand pounds. No portion of this large sum was, it is said, given him; neither did it materially benefit the receiver, who, having spent part of it at a county election, lost his life afterwards by the upsetting of a boat on one of the lakes in Ireland."

Now, will it be believed, that this account, so confidently put forth to the world, is full of enormous errors? Nay, that the only pretence for inserting it at all, namely, the supposed connexion of Goldsmith's nephew with the transaction, is in itself utterly groundless, and that no "Monsieur Hodson" had art or part in the matter? But we will not waste time in exposing its manifold inaccuracies. We have been enabled, by zealous and persevering research, to ascertain the real facts, and we shall now narrate them as they actually occurred. The reader will bear in mind the *accurate* Mr. Prior's account, and mark how a plain tale shall put him down.

In 1771 the Mr. Cowan above alluded to, after graduating at Trinity College, Dublin, came over to London, and entered a student of the Inner Temple. He was, as Mr. Prior has stated, the eldest son of a respectable family in Donegal, and soon found himself at home in the metropolis among old friends, college chums, and Irish cousins. One of these, a Mr. Knox, was at that time residing at Ely Place, Holborn, and at his fireside the young student soon became a constant visiter, induced, as he said, by its near proximity to the Inns of Court; but, as his friends suspected, by the attractions of the "daughter of the house," then in the full bloom of sweet seventeen. There can be no doubt that these suspicions were true, yet Mr. Cowan resolutely refused to own the soft impeachment; he knew that the "*res angusta domi*" forbade the banns, and abstained with professional prudence from any declaration of attachment.

Time wore on, term followed term in regular succession. The poring students dined in the hall, read in the library, and sat in the courts, even as at this day; while the dashing templar drank champagne with the wits, haunted the theatres, or played critic at Wills's in the style of days gone by. But a lawyer in love is a nondescript sort of animal; he neither enlists in the Coke on Littleton corps, nor in the chivalry of the Temple; and accordingly we find no memorials of our hero's career at this period, except a huge common-place book, filled with "ballads penned to his mistress' eyebrow." Of the verses we subjoin a specimen, and if the want of a genius for poetry implies the possession of talents for the law, we are of opinion that Mr. Cowan would have outshone all competitors at the bar.

"See you that rock
  Where the moss-tufts have thrown
A fairy-like beauty
  Around the grey stone?
See you that tree
  Where the wild vine has braided
With clusters of green
  Its foliage faded?

If sorrow should wither
  Thy feelings so warm,
If the world should reject thee
  With hatred and scorn,
If lone and deserted—
  Oh! my love will be
Like the moss on the rock,
  Like the vine on the tree."

What would have been the issue of these "love passages" is hard to say, had not a circumstance occurred more effective than a ream of rhymes. On the last day of August, 1772, Mr. C. was strolling down Ludgate Hill, in company with a college acquaintance, universally known as Jack Parkinson—a real Milesian, with heels as light as a feather, a heart as light as a bird, and a purse for the lightness of which, Jack used to say, nature afforded no parallel. They stopped opposite a lottery office, and after looking at the bills for some time, "Jack," said his friend suddenly, "I shall buy one of those tickets."

"I'll go halves," was Jack's friendly offer, which, however, Mr. C. declined for a reason he had, preferring on this occasion to be *solus cum solo*, at all times the safest sort of partnership.

"Don't choose that number, man," remonstrated Jack," it isn't lucky."

"Pooh, pooh," replied his friend, "one number is as good as another; so come along."

"You're a nice boy to put in the lottery, I'm thinking," grumbled Jack; "you may bid good-bye to your sixteen pound any way, for the devil a prize will that bit o' paper bring ye—a dirty, ill-looking, blue-printed scrap of an old play-bill, that would be dear at nothing, and a glass of whisky to boot." And so he went on stringing one extravagance upon another, until at length he actually persuaded his companion to go back and change the ticket for No. 345, which Jack declared was a decent-looking article, and sure to win.

The long vacation had passed away, and Michaelmas term was far advanced, when Mr. Cowan, soon after his return from dining in the hall to his rooms in Warwick Court, Gray's Inn, was startled by a thundering knock at the door, and in rushed Jack Parkinson, flourishing a paper in one hand, and his oak stick in the other.

"My dear fellow," he began, quite breathless, "I've been the ruin of you—I've slaughtered you entirely. O, I wish my tongue was blistered when I bid ye change the ticket. See here, see here, it's drawn a thousand pounds this blessed day;" and throwing down the fatal list, Jack sank into a chair in utter dejection. It was too true; the dirty scrap of a play-bill had been drawn a prize, and the young lawyer felt his disappointment bitterly. It would have been a step towards Marian's hand, a considerable addition to his scanty store, and to have lost it all through a mere whim, a ridiculous fancy! —for a moment he wished Jack Parkinson at the Antipodes. But that unlucky Mentor blamed himself so heartily, and was so inconsolable for the misfortune he had innocently caused, that his old chum forgot his own vexation in soothing that of his friend; nor was it without innumerable assurances of unabated friendship, and a considerable expenditure of brandy punch, that Jack's spirits were brought up to their usual standard.

When he had gone, and Mr. Cowan was left alone, his reflections were gloomy and dispiriting. A loss from imprudence is less galling than one from ill fortune; the former has a visible cause, we can explain its origin, and avoid its recurrence, but the latter implies the enmity of an unknown power, alike above our comprehension or control. Haunted by thoughts like these, the poor student lay counting the midnight hours by the toll of St. Paul's, or the watchman's monotonous cry, until at length the sounds faded on his ear, and deep sleep came upon him.

"Blessings on the man that first invented sleep," says honest Sancho; "it covers one all over like a blanket;" its physical relief to the weary the squire could fully appreciate, but "gross of intellect suspicion none conceived" of a subtler and more spiritual influence. The mind is a liquid ether, filled with ideas of different specific gravity; cares and troubles, though the heavier, are kept uppermost by the stir and current of waking life; but when all is hushed in slumber, the disturbing causes cease to operate, and lightly uprise the gentle thoughts, the bright imaginings, concealed by the troubling of the waters. Scarcely had our hero fallen asleep when this change came over him: the phantoms of his brain disappeared, the darkness cleared away; beautiful forms flitted by, soft music floated on the breeze, and all around was a garden of delight, cushioned with flowers, and plumed with glittering trees. Purple-winged birds sang hovering in the air; fountains sparkled in their rise, and tinkled in their musical fall; while soft, and warm, and bright o'er bird, tree, fount, and flower, lay the sunset glow of a summer eve. He stood on a mossy tuft beside a grotto of gems, radiant with changeable hues of glossy green; in its centre was a veiled nymph, bending over a triton's shell: —she drew a packet from the spiral folds,—she called his name—he started—her veil fell and disclosed the face of Marian—he rushed forward, when an unseen hand dashed him senseless to the ground, and on recovering from the shock he found himself lying on the Kidderminster carpet, with a most disagreeable pain in the head, and a strong suspicion that he had been dreaming for the last half hour, the locality bearing a striking resemblance to his rooms in Warwick Court, Gray's Inn.

Although the young lawyer was in reality much excited by his dream, he took his place on the following day in the student's box as usual, and fancied he was attending vigorously to an interesting argument about stopping up a lane somewhere in Lincolnshire. His notebook, however, contains only the name of the case, with sketches of grottos and female heads in profile, all of which exhibit a strong family likeness. At length the court rose, and Mr. Cowan, after methodically buttoning up his great coat, and twisting his comfortable, set off from Westminster with truly professional gravity. It was four o'clock; a fog was gathering, which the miserable oil lamps of those days only rendered more dismal; the shops in the Strand had a dull smoky air, the passers-by looked cross and unhappy; nothing could be less inviting for a walk, but his dream still haunted the sleeper's memory, and he held on his way up Fleet Street to Ludgate Hill. It was the second day of drawing, and there was a crowd round the lottery office, where a huge placard announced in sesquipedalian characters, "Just Drawn—Great Prize—20,000*l.* ! ! !"

"What number is it?" said Mr. C. to his predecessor in the crowd.

"Three hundred and forty something," replied the man, "as well as I can make out."

To push his way into the office was the work of an instant.

"What is the number of the prize?" he inquired in great excitement.

"Three hundred and forty-five, sir," replied the agent; "sold by us, sir—undrawn tickets still on sale, sir, and another 20,000*l.* in the wheel."

It might be a mistake; the head quarters were at Cornhill, and he hastened to make the same inquiry there. To his great delight the news was confirmed—"No. 345—20,000*l.*—paid in three months, or immediately, minus discount." There was no room for doubt, and he posted back to Warwick Court in a perfect fever.

We have ascertained from the daughter of an ancient laundress who attended his chambers, that her mother found his door locked on this eventful evening, and was kept waiting a full hour, during which she heard him walking up and down, talking to himself, and spouting poetry. His pocket-book, however, of the same date, far from containing verses, is entirely covered with figures and calculations. "Rent, 70*l.*—taxes, 14*l.*—servants' wages, 30*l.*" &c.; as to the meaning of which we are unable to offer a conjecture. At length the door was unlocked, and Mr. Cowan made his exit, buttoned up in his brown great coat, and looking, as the laundress said, "uncommon tidy."

Ely Place, Holborn, is at this day the same quiet sedate row of houses that it was sixty years ago; the dead wall at the end, the iron gates at the top, and the blue beadle, all appear unchanged. Mr. Knox was then living at No. 32, and on this particular evening was busily engaged in his study with some accounts of the colony of East Florida, for which he was agent. Mrs. Knox had put on her hood, and crossed the street to sit for an hour with an opposite neighbour, and Miss Knox was alone in the drawing-room, very comfortably leaning back in an easy chair, with her foot on the fender, reading a volume of the "Spectator." Her portrait is still in the family; it represents a lovely face, with a soft and gentle expression, the hair drawn off the forehead, and falling in long rolls on either side, the eyes dark gray, and the complexion of transparent fairness, if we may judge by the cold blue tint with which the artist has chosen to imitate it.

A double knock at the hall-door made her spring up hastily, push back the chair, and settle her hair in the mirror. In a few minutes Tim made his appearance, announcing our hero, who entered with a flushed cheek and unsteady manner, very different from his usual sober demeanour.

"He has had a glass too much," muttered Tim, with a wink, as he closed the drawing-room door.

"He has something particular to say to me," thought Marian, not a little fluttered by the expectation.

She was not kept long in suspense. After a melancholy attempt at general conversation, the young lawyer opened his case by expressing an apprehension that he had broken in too often on Mr. Knox's family circle; and on Marian's assurances to the contrary, he continued—"Have you never imagined, Miss Knox, that I had a particular motive for coming here?"

Marian began something about her father's high opinion, the family connexion, and so on, trying to look innocently in his face, as she said it; but it would not do, her eyes dropped before his, she began to blush violently, and the unfortunate sentence never came to a conclusion.

"Ah, Marian!" said the lover, "why will you pretend to mistake me? It is your high opinion,—your gentle love I have tried to win; you know I love you, and I hope you will not say my attachment is unwelcome or unreturned?"

"It is so—so sudden," murmured she; "you never said——"

"No," replied our hero; "no, I never did say so before; and why? because I was poor. I had no answer to give to your parents' natural inquiries—I could not point to a happy home for their child. You would have thought little of this, but they would have thought a great deal; I knew they would have banished me at once, and rather than be shut out altogether, I concealed my feelings from them at least, if not from you, in the faint hope that something might happen in our favour. It has happened—within the last four hours I have become a rich man."

"Never," proceeds our hero's journal at this part, "never shall I forget those eyes—the love, the beautiful surprise that lighted them. I drew her to my side; her soft hair touched my lips as I poured into her willing ear the thousand varied fancies so long pent up in my heart. Struggles of the past, plans for the future, visions of hope and joy were there; but I have forgotten all—the dream is gone from me, and I only retain a confused impression of vivid and overflowing happiness, which even now fills my eyes with 'pleasant tears.'"

We shall not dilate on the marriage, which soon followed, nor describe how charmingly Marian looked in her bridal dress, how the happy pair set off for Bath to spend the honeymoon, and how both the bridemaids laid heavy complaints against Jack Parkinson. Neither shall we enumerate Mr. Cowan's liberal use of the gifts of fortune, the donative to the poor of Lifford, the dowries to his sisters, and the acknowledgment of his father's care—testimonials to his generosity and good feeling, which show the malice of Mr. Prior's insinuation "that no part of the 20,000*l.* was given to Hodson." If none was given him, it was because he deserved none.

On their return from Ireland, the young couple fixed their residence in the village of Charlton, near Greenwich, close by the old manor-house of Sir Thomas Wilson. Here they passed a simple and happy life, the paradise of a lover's dreams. They rode in the fresh summer morning over Blackheath down to Eltham Vale, they wandered in the cool of evening under Sir Thomas Wilson's elm-trees, or lingered to watch the shipping in the river from the corner of Charlton Churchyard. The hours "scarcely seemed to stray," so smoothly they glided by; it was too happy an existence to afford materials for narrative, and we shall only extract from the young husband's journal a copy of verses which appear, from the subject, to have been written about this time.

JUST MARRIED. A PICTURE.

She stands down-looking on the sparkling tide
Of the bright river, half in bashful fear,
Half bounding joy to find herself a bride;
Her blue eyes glistening with an infant tear,
Her lips apart,
Her colour raised—and you may almost hear
Her beating heart.

He sits beside the river's bank; his eyes
Upturned to her sweet face, with looks so full
Of admiration, as if Earth supplies
To him no object half so beautiful:
One ringlet fair
Has left its sister curls, and nestling lies
In his dark hair.

It is the twilight of a summer eve;
A crimson flush just tips the western trees,
As though the lingering sunbeams sighed to leave
That loving couple fair, sweetening the breeze
With honey words,
'Mid flowers and rippling streams, low-humming bees,
And singing birds.

So far we have dwelt with pleasure on our hero's success in the pursuit of fortune and happiness; but from this time the poetry of his life disappears, and we shall hasten to its closing scene. In 1775, he was induced to become a candidate for the county of Donegal, though with very slender prospects of success; and the result was, that he lost both the election and a considerable sum of money, besides incurring no little ridicule for the attempt. But a heavier calamity followed; in June 1778 Marian died, and was buried in that very churchyard where she had so often wandered in "pride of youth and beauty's bloom." There is no epitaph on her tomb; a shield surmounted by a hand and heart, sculptured on a pyramid of gray stone, to the right of the narrow pathway, is all that remains to recal the beautiful Marian.

To the bereaved husband Charlton was no longer an Eden; he gave up his house, and removed with his infant son to Nash Gate, Richmond. The spell was broken; he was thrown back into the "roll of common men;" he bought and sold, held shares in Indiamen, turned underwriter, and kept a ledger; in short, he became a mere man of business; and we should no longer feel an interest in his story, except from the romance of his past life and the singularity of his final destiny.

Early on the 14th of August, 1790, two gentlemen were walking over the Downs, above the little fishing village of Broadstairs in Kent, now promoted to the dignity of a watering-place. It was beautiful harvest weather—a bright sun and a cloudless sky; the dew was still sparkling on the short turf and furze bushes, while a light breeze from the west gave freshness to the morning air, and life to the glittering sea below. "Capital day for our sail, M'Causland," remarked one of the pedestrians, as they made their way down to the shore.

"O elegant!" replied his comrade, "we might cross to Holland in Simpson's boat, and never wet a thread."

Simpson, however, was not of the same way of thinking; he spoke doubtfully of the weather, and proposed a trip towards Deal, instead of round the Foreland. An old weather-beaten tar, on being appealed to, twisted his quid and slewed his eye round knowingly before giving it as his opinion that the wind had shifted a point to south'ard since morning, and it was like enough to blow a gale from sou'west afore sundown.

"Cowan, my good fellow, d'ye hear that?" said M'Causland.

"Faith and honour! I don't know but we may as well go Deal way, at any rate."

"Nonsense, man," replied his friend, drawing him aside, "they think the wind is shifting to the south, and want to save themselves the trouble of beating up against it; no, no, we will round the Foreland."

The two friends stepped astern, the men followed, and in a few minutes the fishing-boat shot away from the rocky coast, and danced gaily over a short cockling sea. The old sailor watched it for a while, then thrust his hand into his pea-jacket, and turned away with an ominous shake of the head.

Nothing is more singular than the rapidity with which a storm will sometimes gather, even in our temperate latitudes. The sunlight grows pale and sickly—clouds are suddenly formed, we know not how—the wind blows fitfully—by degrees a black scowl settles on everything—there are a few drops of rain, then a fierce squall, and then—down comes the torrent, with its flashes of lightning and peals of thunder.

> "'Tis pleasant by the cheerful hearth to hear
> Of tempests and the danger of the deep,
> And pause at times, and feel that we are safe,
> Then listen to the perilous tale again,
> And with an eager and suspended soul
> Woo Terror to delight us."

But the tempest brings no pleasure to the fisherman's wife or child. Many on this eventful day were the anxious hearts that watched for the return of those near and dear to them, and many did return safe to the sheltering harbour, but Simpson was not among them. Others, after suffering the tortures of apprehension for days, were relieved by hearing of their friends' safety in some port along the coast; but no such tidings reached Simpson's family. Weeks passed away in the same dreary suspense, and at length even the fisherman's widow was convinced of her husband's death. Whether the unfortunate men were sunk at once by the storm, or driven on the rocks and dashed to pieces, or blown out to sea and starved, is beyond even conjecture; not a fragment of the boat, not a shred of her sails, was ever discovered, and of her doomed crew not one was ever heard of more!

For years after this event, Mr. Cowan's son and heir, the only child of Marian, indulged a fanciful expectation of his father's return; an expectation contrary to reason, but quite in unison with the benevolent disposition, the natural kindness of heart, which he has inherited from both parents. We are ourselves well acquainted with his virtues, and our inducement to publish this narrative was partly to vindicate the good name of his immediate ancestor, though principally, no doubt, to inflict a heavy blow on the vaunted accuracy of Mister James Prior.

LORD KILLIKELLY.[1]

BY ABBOTT LEE.

CHAPTER IV.

Now Lord Killikelly had a vague recollection of having heard that amongst all the troop of the vulgar Hookses and Crookses that formed the regiment of his unacknowledged relations, there was one Howland, or Powland, or Rowland, or something like it, or something else, that was either a third, or a fourth, or a fifth rate artist, and that happened to have once been a brother of his mother, the milliner's girl, the late Right Honourable Lady Killikelly.

So turning over a directory, and running his eye over all the Howlands, and the Powlands, and the Rowlands, whose eternal existence was just dotted down as forming items of the great mass of life that rushes through the arteries of our mighty city, serving as channels to its passions and its pride, Lord Killikelly found *a* Matthew Rowland, artist, number something, Lisson Grove.

It was a foggy afternoon in November when Lord Killikelly knocked at the door of a third, or fourth, or fifth rate house in Lisson Grove bearing the name of Rowland on a brass plate, and being the identical number something which he sought.

The door was opened by a third, or fourth, or fifth rate maid, who ushered Lord Killikelly into a very little parlour, and then went to announce his visit to the powers above.

Lord Killikelly looked around. He at first imagined that it would be morally impossible for a peer of the realm to breathe within those narrow limits, but his second thoughts suggested his philosophy, and respiration then seemed practicable.

So he looked around, and became thoroughly convinced that the whole concern was several grades better than the tub which Alexander coveted. The front parlour was about eight feet square, the back six, or thereabouts, and they were thrown into one—that was magnificent—and then too there was a princely garniture. The floor covered with green baize, eight old-fashioned heavy mahogany chairs, with the bottoms covered to hide sundry fracture in the horsehair, sofa to match, a dining-table in the front parlour, a round ditto in the back; and in the ornamental line a fire-screen and some rich genuine china: yet, though our inventory may seem brief, those apartments were, in fact, sufficiently furnished, the articles being as much over large in size as they were deficient in number, and having been evidently originally intended for a locality rather larger than Lilliput.

Lord Killikelly's glance was next directed to the pictures. About a dozen little black profiles, surrounded by little black frames, hung over the fireplace. These gave the outlines of the very particular noses and chins of the most distinguished of the Hookses and the Crookses. In the centre of these hung a small portrait: Lord Killikelly's eyes were riveted, the tears started into them—it was the portrait of his mother—the milliner's girl—the late Lady Killikelly.

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[1] Continued from p. 310.

Ay, that portrait was more like the milliner's girl than it was to Lady Killikelly. The large swimming eyes, the rich ruby lip, the long graceful jetty curls, the redolent complexion, the laughing air, the very personification of Hebe-like happiness, smiling, trustful, loving, and the girlish white frock and blue ribbon breathed all of innocent, happy, thoughtless girlhood. Yes, this was the milliner's girl. Lord Killikelly had a picture of his mother, done by Lawrence down at his country seat, in which the eyes were as large and black, but not so bright—the cheek as fair, but less round, and paler—the lip less full, and wanting its sunny smile; but the robe was velvet, and the brow was surmounted by a coronet, and she who wore them was then Lady Killikelly.

But Lord Killikelly had determined not to be sentimental, and so have we. So just in time to prevent it, the before-mentioned maid came to pilot his lordship up stairs into the drawing-room, and he accomplished the ascent with only bruising one elbow against the wall, and the other against the banisters, but without further personal injury. Here, in rooms of precisely the same dimensions, and boasting of as rich a garniture, he was received by Mr. Rowland.

The artist was in his little back drawing-room, seated at his easel within a yard of the window, and half a yard of the fire, and surrounded by a heterogeneous mixture of busts, and bronzes, and casts; and pictures finished, and pictures unfinished, but a great many more of the latter than the former, and all the paraphernalia of the arts. The artist himself wore slippers down at the heel, a loose dressing-gown, and a black velvet cap pushed far enough off the brow to show that time had been writing wrinkles there with indelible ink.

The artist made a bow as though he had forgotten how, and pushed a chair; the peer showed that he understood the intention by returning the one and taking the other.

"I have called upon you, sir," said my lord, "to request to be favoured with the sight of some of your paintings. I am wishing to purchase a few of the works of the best living masters—that is, as far as moderate means may go."

The old painter brightened up instantaneously. "*Purchase*," and "*the best living masters*"—talismanic words!

So off he set at once, post haste, into a long tirade, of which the leading points were, light and shade, fine effects, points of sight, legitimate art, neutral tints, warm colouring, susceptibility of beauty, height, breadth, depth, aerial colouring, body, morning, sunset, spring, autumn, and Paul Veronese.

"But the arts are not encouraged in England," added the painter, with a sigh. "Here men must paint for posterity; but it is some comfort that posterity will appreciate us; that though our own age starves us, future generations will envy the days to which we belonged.'

Lord Killikelly had too much kindness of heart to dispel an illusion so very pleasant, though he could not but see that there was little danger of after nations contending for the honour of the artist's birth, or fighting for his bones.

"But did not the gentleman wish to see some of your paintings?" said a little, small-toned, peevish voice; and looking up, Lord Killikelly saw a tall, strong-made looking woman, with the most discontented expression of countenance he ever remembered to have seen.

"Yes, my dear, yes," replied the painter, like a frightened child, "he did, my dear—I shall be very happy—but where is Veronese?"

"Veronese has not come home yet. She is half an hour behind her time. I am sure something has happened."

"O no! I hope not. She has forgot the time."

"No, that I am sure she has not. Don't you remember that the Crookses and the Phillicodys are coming?"

"Yes, my dear, yes, I had forgot."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Rowland, stooping down, and speaking in a low bitter whisper in her husband's ear; "yes, and you are forgetting again to show the gentleman your paintings. You forget everything—you'll forget your own name by-and-bye."

"Yes, my dear, yes, I'll do it directly. But Veronese always takes care of my sketches. I wish she would come! And look what a fine effect there is in that sky! Such a magnificent line of black! Pray, sir, will you excuse me? I must try to catch that effect—such a fine long dark line, and such extraordinary clouds! Pray, sir, excuse me."

Lord Killikelly most politely begged him not to hurry himself, and the painter began to make pools of Indian ink on little bits of waste drawing paper, continuing to talk all the time.

"Splendid! fine! magnificent! What an effect! Would not have lost it for the world. Such an imposing depth of shadow, and such a faint dawning mysterious light. I shall be able to introduce that very finely."

"Why, it is as black and disagreeable a sky as ever I saw, and there is nothing in it but rain; and don't you see now that it is raining as hard as ever it can rain?"

"A fine effect! a very fine effect! but I am really sorry, sir, to make you wait."

"Pray be under no concern. My time is yours."

"You are very kind; but if you really have a love for the arts, you will see that it would be quite a pity to lose such an effect as that. Ay, such an effect as that is not caught every day."

And the artist placed the little blotted bits of paper first in one light and then another, and finally laid them on the floor, and contemplated them in a sort of quiet rapture.

"Well, I really wonder that you can take pleasure in seeing it rain so hard when you know that poor Veronese is out in it all."

"O, she won't mind it, she won't mind it; and I dare say she has been struck with that fine effect, and is trying to catch it, and that accounts for her being so late. My daughter, sir; and she has a true artist-like feeling, sir; she paints very prettily—very prettily indeed. I know that she has seen that fine effect, and is trying to catch it."

The poor wife, in a sort of smothered passion, walked out of the large back drawing-room into the large front drawing-room.

"Ah, punctuality is a very good sort of thing—a very good sort of thing, indeed—in its way. Makes an excellent servant, but a very bad master. Why, sir, I'll tell you an instance that I saw myself at the Lakes. I and a friend of mine were out sketching, and we caught such an effect—never saw anything equal to it in my life—excepting this—gorgeous clouds—light—shadow—hill—dale—mountains. Well, we worked hard to catch it before it all evaporated, but in the midst of it my brother brush remembered that he had promised to be back to dinner at a certain hour, and because he had promised he must go, and he went, and lost all the fine effect. Ah, punctuality is a good servant, but a very bad master indeed."

"It was fortunate for the world," said Lord Killikelly, "that you stayed behind him; but I suppose that neither Ude nor Very would have tempted you."

Now it happened that the names of these two artists were quite unknown to the painter.

"I would have lived upon bread and water for a twelvemonth. But stay—I see that you have a love for the arts—I have the very sketch—I am sure that you have a feeling for the arts—I will fetch it."

So off the painter started into the next room, but he had reckoned without his host, or rather without his hostess, if he thought to get back again without a wifely lecture.

The tall discontented lady, alias Mrs. Rowland, seized him by the sleeve. "Matthew, are you mad? Why won't you show some of your pictures? You would tire the patience of a saint!"

"Yes, my dear, yes. I will—I will!"

"Then leave that rubbishly bit of paper, and go and do it."

"Rubbishly! ah, I forget. You have no love for the arts! no feeling for the arts! Yes, my dear, yes; I will—I will."

"But now, Matthew, now."

"Yes, my dear, yes."

"You say *yes*, but you do not mean it. I know you of old. You only want to put me off."

"No, my dear, no—indeed I do not. But, in truth, my dear, it is of very little consequence whether we sell my paintings or not. In a few years they will fetch a much higher price—a much higher price. Posterity will buy them up with avidity. I am painting for posterity."

"And in the mean time?" asked the wife.

"Ah, in the mean time," replied the artist, with rather a puzzled air, "we can practise philosophy."

"Philosophy!" exclaimed Mrs. Rowland, in a tone of sovereign contempt, and with a look to correspond, "how I hate the word!"

"Yes, my dear, yes, I know you do. You have no taste for philosophy any more than for the arts."

"Hark you, Matthew!" said the wife.

"Yes, my dear, yes."

"Do you see how it rains?"

"Yes, my dear, yes."

"Will philosophy find us a roof, or a meal, or clothes?"

"My dear, my dear!" deprecated the artist.

"Will it keep Veronese from catching her death of cold in trying to get them?"

A dead blank came over the painter's face. The wife loosed her hold of his sleeve.

"Now, perhaps, you will show the gentleman your paintings."

Now the sound of an earnest whisper, as all the world knows, travels much faster than a careless speech; so, though this little brief extemporaneous lecture was conducted *sotto voce*, every word of it was perfectly audible to Lord Killikelly, and he began to have some curiosity to see what Veronese was like,

Howbeit, for the next ten minutes the artist was rather subdued, and began to show his paintings to Lord Killikelly in good earnest, and without feeling particularly inclined to give posterity the preference over him as a purchaser.

So they got deep again into the doctrines of lines, and the power of colours, and the different schools of design, and strength of conception, and vigorous imagination, and splendid colouring, and concentrated lights, and diffused shadows, and, of course, of Paul Veronese.

In the midst of all this came a sort of tremulous agitated knock at the door, the pattering of a footstep upstairs, and in another minute Veronese Rowland was in the drawing-room.

"Veronese, is that you?" said the peevish complaining voice of Mrs. Rowland. "I thought you were never coming back. How could you stay so long?"

"I am sorry, mamma," said Veronese, "but I could not, indeed, help it."

"Did you wait for the rain?"

"No, mamma."

"Then, why did you not? You must like to get cold. I suppose you are wet through."

"No, mamma, only a little."

"Only a little—and see what a dripping you are making on the carpet. You must do it on purpose to be ill, that I may have the trouble of nursing you. Pray, why did you not wait till the rain was over?"

"I thought you would want me, mamma."

"Yes, and you are wanted. Since you did choose to come through all the rain, you might have come a little sooner, I think. You know that your papa cannot find a single thing that he wants without you, and he has a gentleman with him, who has come to purchase."

Now, had Veronese been in happier days, the word "gentleman" might have reminded her of the rather weeping appearance of her own apparel—for there is undoubtedly some sort of cabalistic connexion between masculine eyes and feminine attire. Nothing could have shown more strongly how much the girlish temper was subdued, than the fact that she did not care how she looked. So poor Veronese entered the back drawing-room.

Lord Killikelly turned round to look at his poor relation. He could scarcely distinguish a feature, for she wore a slouch poke bonnet, made of what is called charity straw, and a cloak that wholly covered her; a little embroidery of mud round the bottom, and an embrocation of rain all over, proving rather injurious to grace and ease.

" O, Veronese, are you here at last?" said the artist; " I am glad you are come. I want so many things. Can you find me my paintings of the Squally Day, and my Misty Morning, and where are my Golden Hours, and my Moonrising, and my Coast Scene, and my Deluge ?"

Veronese, with a slight sigh, turned towards a cabinet in which most of the artist's finished works were kept under her own care. But Lord Killikelly interposed. " I am afraid," he said, " that you have been already exposed to a deluge yourself, and indeed I could not be happy, nor even conscience clear, to occupy a moment of your time, until you have laid aside your dripping gear. I shall be most happy to wait your leisure."

" Yes, go," said the artist, " and change your wet things."

" Perhaps you *had* better," said the mother; " and perhaps, sir, you would do us the favour to stay and look at these pictures at your leisure."

" Very willingly," said the peer; " but I must not remain a nameless guest."

" So he took out his card-case, and presented her with one of his new cards—" Charles Kelly." And the lady bowed, and the gentleman bowed, and the artist made some sort of an imitation of such a thing, as if he had never tried before, and then sat down again to splash more pools of Indian ink, while Veronese glided out of the room.

CHAPTER V.

We know for a fact that a lady *can* dress in half an hour, because Veronese came back in something less than that time.

And now Lord Killikelly had an opportunity of looking at her, which before had been impracticable; and while he did so, he felt a little yearning of the heart, which made it more willing to allow the claims of his poor relations. Veronese was rather above than below the middle size, with an air that would have been accounted dignity in a duchess, but which only gained for Veronese a reputation for pride. Her eyes were like those in the portrait of the milliner's girl, large, swimming, and beautiful; but they were as sad as those of Lady Killikelly. The face was longer, more approximating to the oval, as if gaiety were less natural; the mouth seemed less addicted to dilate into smiles, and the cheek had little bloom upon it. Her hair, glossy and dark, was braided as simply as might be; but on this day Veronese had bound a small cameo upon her brow, which made her look rather classical, and a long scarf, thrown lightly over her simple black dress, showed so evident a design of being unwontedly fine as to call forth an exclamation from Mrs. Rowland. As to the artist, he would never have known in what costume of the inhabited earth she had been attired.

Lord Killikelly felt a slight shade of mortification at finding that either he himself was so wholly uninteresting, or else that the mind of Veronese was so entirely pre-occupied that he gained but little of her notice. The cause of this, which he soon afterwards discovered, rather lowered Veronese in his estimation. He found that company was expected, and he immediately did Veronese the favour of concluding that she had a frivolous mind; while, perfectly unconscious of the honour his lordship was mentally conferring on her, she busied herself in endeavouring to improve the general aspect of the apartments, in removing many a torn scrap of paper belonging to the artist, and a little sempstress-like litter which laid claim to her lady mother's authorship; and while endeavouring to make those stately rooms assume their best physiognomy, every now and then looking through the window into the muddy grove below, and listening to every sound, and now and then taking one glance at the glass, and asking herself if she were really so very, very much altered for the worse?—if she had grown so very much older in the last few years?—if she had lost every pretension to beauty—every claim to attraction?—and all these unanswered questions were giving a glow to her cheek and a radiance to her eye, though at the price of a palpitating heart and a throbbing head.

At length a very splendid equipage came dashing up to the door. We wish our readers to remember, that since the introduction of cabs hacks have come to preferment—and a knock, long enough to have been divided into half a dozen, reverberated through the house. After an extremely short interval the portal was opened by the servant, who very fortunately was just dressed in time, having nothing but her gown to put on, which she accomplished as she went along, and simultaneously with the door of the house the door of the coach flew open, and out came a lady—not quite so stout as the American lady, whom it took a fortnight to walk round, but yet of sufficient capaciousness—dressed in a green satin gown, a shawl of all colours, and a bonnet with cherry-tinted feathers; and after her a girl of rather a coquetish air, with dark eyes looking to be looked at, and two long curls dangling down to her waist, and drop-earrings not less than six inches from bottom to top: and lastly, a little sandalled slipper protruded, which, in due course of time, was proved to belong to a young blonde lady with fair flaxen curls and a sentimental air; and then sundry little brown-paper parcels were collected and called over, and a large blonde cap, covered all over with red poppies, belonging to the stout lady in the green satin gown, which had been pinned up to the top of the carriage, to prevent damage, was unpinned down; and then, having looked into the pockets and on the seats, and under the seats, to see if anything were lost or mislaid, stolen or strayed; and being satisfied that these sundry brown-paper parcels were in the hands of their proper owners—why then the lady that was not thin, in the green satin gown and cherry-coloured feather, began to acquaint the coachman that he was not a gentleman, though he had not demanded more than the double of his fare—a piece of news which, being wholly unexpected, was very ungratefully received; and the young lady with the black eyes, not entering into the spirit of mamma's dispute with the gentleman that was not a gentleman, and being somewhat shocked at mamma's shabbiness in caring whether she were imposed upon or not, and the sentimental young lady being perfectly horrorized, they, taking each her own individual share of the brown-paper parcels, went up stairs unannounced, leaving an open field for the two disputants.

Veronese met her two cousins on the landing. The sentimental young lady presented her cheek *à la Française;* the coquetish young lady stood smiling behind.

Veronese had not seen the tall arch young lady since she was a little simple young lady, which happened to have been about two years before, and did not on the first moment recognise her identity.

"Introduce me," said the arch young lady; and the sentimental young lady, entering into the jest, announced, in a voice like the whisper of a bird, "Miss Phœbe Phillicody."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Veronese, "impossible that this can be my cousin Phœbe! But forgive me for not knowing you." And Veronese saluted her.

"I take it all for compliment," said Miss Phœbe. "I suppose myself so much altered for the better that nobody can know me; so I should have been quite disappointed, Very dear, if you had recognised me at once: I assure you I have grown six inches, fairly measured, since you used to call me the most untidy little thing you ever saw in your life."

Veronese well remembered the justness of her former compliments, for if ever there existed a little slatternly, slovenly young lady in the world, it was Miss Phœbe Phillicody. A young lady, who finished more dresses, trode more shoes down at the heel, broke more sandals, splashed herself more when she went out, and disordered herself more when she stayed at home, could not be found in the whole range of domestic annals: a girl with a *retroussé* nose, a wide mouth, and most dishevelled hair; and now, lo and behold! the chrysalis was broken, and the butterfly had come forth—she had actually set up for a beauty. Two years spent at a fashionable spa-ing school, had worked the miracle. Lessons by the first masters—Signor Squallini did the singing, Monsieur Pirouette the dancing—the drilling by a grenadier sergeant, six feet four inches without cap or shoes—and the Callisthenic exercises by a German baron. Here, too, Miss Phœbe Phillicody studied the art of dress, an accomplishment entered into with much acumen and great zeal by all the parlour boarders, who happened to have arrived at that maturity of taste universally attained by young ladies on entering their teens, and by Miss Phœbe Phillicody in particular. In the course of a very few months her latent talents were so much elicited, and so powerfully developed, that not a competitor in the seminary gave more satisfaction in a squall to Signior Squallini, or walked on her toes with more grace, in the eyes of Monsieur Pirouette, or held up her head so high to the admiration of the grenadier sergeant, to say nothing of the Callisthenic exercises—and therefore no young lady left the seminary with a higher character for accomplishments acquired in it.

And in addition to all this, the little slovenly girl had commenced beauty on her own account. The dishevelled hair was now a model of style in the very excess of the fashion; the *retroussé* nose suited her vivacity, the wide mouth only showed smiles and good teeth; and as she really had a fine complexion, she passed exceedingly well for a beauty; and thus metamorphosed, it was not particularly wonderful that Veronese should not at the first moment recognise her identity.

"Anybody here, Very dear?" asked Miss Phœbe Phillicody; and Veronese's simple "no," proved that "anybody" meant somebody in particular; but, in a moment more, correcting herself, she added, "a gentleman with papa."

But as the "gentleman with papa" meant nobody, Miss Phœbe Phillicody entered, and seeing at a glance that the "gentleman with papa" was neither transcendently handsome, nor military, nor foreign, nor even moustached, she decided in a moment that his presence was not worth remembering; so, going up to the glass, she began to thrust her fingers through her long ringlets, and see that the inventory of her charms was all correct, talking all the time in a sharp cheerful voice, while the sentimental young lady, with just one stolen look, sank down on the end of the sofa in a very lack-a-daisical style indeed.

"Well I declare," exclaimed Miss Phœbe, "and is not that idle cousin of ours come yet? Has he let us get here before him? I *will* scold him, Very dear, I am *so* offended. Don't you think I ought to be offended?"

Veronese did not know on what particular account Miss Phœbe Phillicody founded her right of being offended, having some slight idea that her own title was better.

"Have you seen this swain of ours yet?" asked Miss Phœbe.

"No," replied Veronese, and she sighed; but whether with disappointment or regret, our history telleth not.

"I give you fair notice, Very dear, that I mean to make this cousin of ours fetch and carry and go of errands for me, if he should turn out to be passable. I remember him a long time ago—when I was young"—Miss Phœbe was almost eighteen—"filling his boots with water, and his hat with sand, and tearing my own clothes unmercifully into the bargain—and mamma used to be *so* cross. Pray do you remember him?"

Why Veronese blushed at this harmless question, we are too innocent to tell; but she said carelessly enough, "Yes, she recollected him a little."

"But you have seen him," said Miss Phœbe, turning to the sentimental young lady. "You have seen him. Pray what is he like? Is he passable?"

"He is not in my style," said that young lady, languidly.

"Not in your style; and pray what is your style?"

"O, I must have a refined mind," replied Miss Sophia Crooks, turning up her eyes, as if she expected to find the gentleman in the ceiling, and laying a fat white hand upon her heart. "He must have a refined mind."

"Well, but his refined mind must have a body to contain it—a casket for the jewel—and what sort of a body must that be?"

"O, I care nothing for his person—nothing in the world, so that he has a refined mind! Let him only have that, and I care for nothing beyond it; only I might like him as well if he had good teeth, and good eyes, and an aquiline nose, and fine hair, and if his hands and feet were not too large, and if he had a good figure, and I should like him to be tall—but it is his mind—his mind!"

"Good teeth, and good eyes, and an aquiline nose, and fine hair, with a postscript for hands, and feet, and figure, and height," said Phœbe, "and a refined mind into the bargain; and this is your style—a very tolerable style indeed—and what would you give in exchange for such an invoice?"

"You know that I am all heart!" replied Miss Crooks, laying her fat white hand on the place where that package of hopes and fears, and joys and sorrows, is generally supposed to be bound up; "you know that I am all heart!"

We are not prepared to say what weight in the scale the lady reckoned for the rest of her body, though to ordinary eyes the latitude and longitude of her corporeal frame might have been confounded with each other.

"But now tell us, since this cousin of ours is not in your style, pray what style is he in? He might be in Very's and mine."

"I did not notice him," replied the sentimental young lady; "my thoughts were far away when he paid his visit."

"You can tell us whether he is short or tall?"

"Rather tall, I think."

"A little above the middle height," said Veronese.

"Fair or dark?"

"The colour of mahogany," said Miss Crooks.

"A clear olive hue," said Veronese.

"And his eyes?"

"I did not see them."

"Black and piercing," said Veronese.

"You remember him better, after six years absence, than Sophy does after six hours."

Veronese felt an extremely disagreeable determination of blood to the head; but, just as the disorder was at its crisis, she was relieved by the sound of the voices of the two matronly ladies as they ascended the stairs.

"How narrow the stairs are!" said Mrs. Phillicody, as she toiled and panted up them, "ours are too narrow—not above double the width of yours, sister Rowland. I've just got new stair-carpets—seven and sixpence a yard. I love a good hall and a wide staircase."

"You must find it very uncomfortable to be so stout," replied Mrs. Rowland; "I am sure I should be afraid of a dropsy. Don't you think you had better see your medical man?"

"A dropsy!" exclaimed Mrs. Phillicody, in half anger half fear—"you don't think I look dropsical?"

"You *are* very stout," replied Mrs. Rowland, hesitatingly; "and you look sadly flushed, but that is more like fever."

"Fever!" ejaculated Mrs. Phillicody.

"Perhaps it is only a little inflammation of the face; but so much sickness is about, that it makes one feel afraid."

"Afraid! why you are enough to frighten anybody. If you had been shaken into half-crowns, and then somebody wanted them all, you might have had an inflammation too. I wish that government would hang all the coachmen, and transport all the cabmen. I shall ask Mark to get up a petition, for it's high time something was done; but it is always the way when ladies go about without gentlemen; they are sure to be imposed upon."

"And shillings are shillings," said Mrs. Rowland, a little spitefully.

"Shillings may be shillings to some people," replied Mrs. Phillicody, with a face more red than ever, "but shillings are not shillings to other people."

"Ah, making soap is better than making pictures," said Mrs. Rowland; and Mrs. Phillicody's face grew redder than ever.

Happily for the family harmony, another loud knock shook the foundations of the house, and accelerated the two ladies in their progress into the drawing-room.*

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* To be continued.

THE COLONY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.*

BY A GENTLEMAN SOME TIME RESIDENT IN THAT ISLAND.

The present heaving and agitated state of the vast colonial possessions of Great Britain, viewed as a whole, gives, at this moment, an interest to every individual part of them, which does not depend so much upon the extent of such part, as upon the principles, feelings, and spirit of parties, which constitute the fermenting materials of the state.

Whether the causes of disturbance are attributable to enmity between Protestants and Catholics; to disputes between planters and slaves; or to dissensions between the legislature at home and the colonial assemblies abroad; it is well to trace them to their origin,—and, after examination of the disease, and probing of the wounds complained of, to minister, either by stringent or by soothing applications, the remedy required.

Important chiefly as a nursery for seamen, Newfoundland, as compared with our other colonial regions in extent, is but as a dot on the map; its population is inconsiderable, and its wealth not great.

But as a small ulcer in the body is often indicative of ramified and virulent, though latent disease, just so may the symptoms of agitation or discontent, exhibited in a niche of our dominions, be a token of much more extensive unsoundness in the body politic.

As the state of things in Newfoundland is less known than it ought to be, considering especially its proximity to the Canadas, I purpose to give you a short and, I trust, a faithful account of what I saw and heard there during a short visit to the island.

Although Montgomery, Macgregor, and Barrow, in their respective works, have given some account of it, there are only two histories of Newfoundland to which much importance can be attached.

By far the most valuable of these, published in the year 1793, was written by John Reeves, Esq., the chief justice of the island. The other is by the Rev. Mr. Anspach, who was for some years a resident missionary. To these I refer for events antecedent to the year 1818, at which period I commence.

Admiral Pickman, being then lately dead, was succeeded in the naval command and civil government by Sir Charles Hamilton. Till the peace of 1815, the governor and commander-in-chief had regularly returned to England in the month of October, and resumed their station in the spring. Fixed settlements were discouraged, and grants of land were rarely made. Power was exercised somewhat despotically, and forms of law were not very strictly observed. Gradual improvements were made in these respects during Sir Charles's administration, which continued till 1825, when a very important change took place in the affairs of the colony. The king, under authority of an act of parliament, granted a charter, by which was established a supreme court, consisting of a chief justice and two assistant judges, having all the powers of the Courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, Exchequer, and Chancery, in England; circuit courts and courts of quarter sessions were also appointed; a system of registration of wills, deeds, and grants of land, was adopted, and a sheriff directed to be nominated from year to year. An appeal is permitted from the inferior courts to the supreme court, and from the supreme court to the sovereign in council, under certain limitations.

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* We gladly insert this article, not only because we can rely upon the authenticity, but upon the impartiality, of its contents. Newfoundland, especially as a nursery for seamen, is too little known; and, from the violence of parties in the island, the accounts we have from it are either distorted, or so highly coloured by the opposite writers, as to demand much circumspection, and more knowledge than we have of the facts, to enable us to come to a sound conclusion.—Ed.

Simultaneously with the granting of this charter, occurred the arrival of Captain Sir Thomas Cochrane, as civil governor only. He was assisted by an executive council, composed of the Judges, the Bishop of Nova Scotia, the Commandant of the Garrison, and the Collector of the Customs. The appointment of a governor under the new system was extremely popular; his salary and allowances, subsequently much reduced, were very liberal; he was young and fond of show,—and his aides-de-camp, dubbed colonels of militia, although no militia existed,—his days of state,—the royal liveries, &c., excited a sensation, and for a while dazzled the multitude. He was also active, intelligent, anxious for the public prosperity; and, as far as the limited means placed by the ministry at his disposal, during the *Hume* fever of economy, permitted, he promoted the survey of the country and the formation of roads. But a desire for a colonial legislature began to manifest itself, and various petitions having been addressed to the throne on this subject, King William IV., in the year 1832, granted a representative constitution, which, however much censured or derided now, was then accepted almost universally as a boon. The elective suffrage may be termed nearly universal, inasmuch as it is obtained by one year's occupation of any description of dwelling. In this country, where there is no poor-rate, direct taxation, nor, except in very few places, any rented house, it was not easy, perhaps, to adopt another mode; but, in fixing the qualification of a member at merely two years' occupation of the same kind, a great error was certainly committed. This, however, did not become practically apparent in the first election, the House of Assembly, which consisted of fifteen members, being composed of gentlemen, against whose station in this society, or attainments in education, no just exception could be taken. The general legislature was completed by a remodelling of the council, which, being composed of the chief justice as president, four other official members, and some private individuals, acted at once in an executive and legislative capacity.

The first session was opened with much formality on New Year's day of 1833, and some useful laws were enacted; but the council, not deeming the legislature to possess the power of taxation, rejected a bill sent up for the purpose of fixing a duty on wine and spirits. The general assembly was adjourned, and the matter was referred to the Secretary of State. The objection of the council was overruled; and on July 9th the session was ended by a prorogation of three days. Mr. Tucker, the chief justice, and president of the council, a man of a high and sensitive mind, resigned his office, and was succeeded by Mr. Boulton. The Revenue Act, and some others, were passed, and the second session was ended on the 1st of August, the parent government having undertaken the expense of the colony for the current year. In January, 1834, commenced the third session, which ended in June. Its only financial measures were the correction of an error in the before-named Revenue Act, and the transmission of an address to the Throne, praying for further pecuniary aid. The legislature was again convened in September of the same year, and informed that the colony must depend upon its own resources. The House of Assembly, however, could not be prevailed on to establish any further impost, and would only authorise an issue of Treasury notes to the amount of five thousand six hundred pounds.

Captain Prescott arrived on the 1st of November, and assumed the government. Sir Thomas Cochrane and his family departed on the sixth. The Treasury was at this period completely exhausted, and one of the first measures of the new governor was, with the advice of the council, to issue notes in accordance with the provision just mentioned.

Early in January, 1835, commenced the sixth session, and with great difficulty and inconvenient delay an act was passed, fixing a general import duty of two and a half per cent., with certain modifications. From the date of this act (April 24) all pecuniary difficulties ceased, and at the beginning of the following year the governor was enabled to announce the extinction of the public debt, and the accumulation of a considerable surplus fund. During the session of 1836, an act was passed, with the previous consent of the home government, limiting the duration of future Houses of Assembly to four years. The prorogation took place on the 6th of May, and the assembly was dissolved on the 12th of September of that same year.

I now come to an important epoch in the history of Newfoundland, and one fruitful of troubles. The chief justice had by this time become the idol of one party, and the abhorred of the other. By the wealthier merchants and gentry he was adored, and looked upon as their only stay; while by the Catholic, or liberal party, he was considered a tyrant and oppressor. He unfortunately promoted these opposite opinions by attending public meetings, and making party speeches; and, instead of contenting himself with firmly and temperately resisting aggression, he seemed to court occasions of contention. He made abrupt alterations wherever he had the power to do so, and while his law was probably correct, his conduct in other respects was by no means worthy of admiration. Between the governor and him there was understood to be no similarity of sentiment, although there was no open quarrel.

Writs for a new election were immediately issued, and the legislature was appointed to meet in January. The Catholic portion of the population was openly excited, and indeed compelled by the priesthood, to vote for candidates of their nomination, and the Conservative party were very generally defeated. Serious riots took place in Harbour Grace, and similar excesses were prevented in St. John's, only by the presence of the military.

Respecting these riots, some magistrates having made representations, the governor laid them before the council. These representations occasioned the production to the board of a returned writ; and the chief justice perceiving it to be unsealed, immediately pronounced it to be invalid. The attorney-general, the only other legal member, coinciding with him in that opinion, the matter was referred to the secretary of state, and the meeting of the legislature was further prorogued. The secretary of state admitted the objection, and directed a new election; a measure greatly to be regretted, as, on the question being subsequently submitted for the opinion of the law officers of the crown, the original elections were declared to be perfectly legal.

So novel a circumstance as that of a double election was allowed to pass neither unnoticed nor uncensured by the liberals. They affected to represent it as a trick for their overthrow, although nothing could be more palpable than the impossiblility of the executive's influencing the returns, had it even been disposed to make the attempt. The Conservatives now abandoned the field altogether. Consequently no disturbance occurred in any district, and the session was opened on the 3rd of July.

The composition of this House of Assembly was much inferior to that of the former; the new members being in general of a low, and some of them of the very lowest grade of society. Previously existing passions had been lately still further inflamed by a variety of prosecutions connected with the original election proceedings, and principally consequent upon presentments by the grand jury. The sentences upon those convicted of riot or assault were by the home government deemed severe, and, upon petition, in a great degree remitted.

The first act of the House was to displace the officers appointed to it by the crown, and their proceedings, generally, throughout the session were of a corresponding character, being violent and personal, having for their object the gratification of the friends, and the injury of the opponents, of the dominant party. There was throughout a contest between the council and the House of Assembly, maintained on both sides with much heat; and at length the prorogation took place, without any appropriation of money for the services of the year, the bill passed by the Assembly having been rejected by the council. A delegation of three members of the House of Assembly proceeded to England for the purpose of making a statement of supposed grievances, and of instituting charges against the chief justice. These last were submitted to a committee of the privy council, which exonerated Mr. Boulton, as regarded his judicial decisions, but recommended his removal from the colony.

On the 20th of June, 1838, commenced the yearly session, and the result of an appeal by the Council and Assembly respectively to her Majesty on the rejection of the Appropriation Bill of the last year having been previously transmitted to the governor, the offer of her royal mediation was communicated to both Houses. The Queen recommended the adoption of that bill by the Council, but suggested to the Assembly certain rules of conduct for its future guidance in similar cases. With infinite difficulty the bill was carried in council by the official members present, and the casting vote of one other; the remaining three members opposing it to the utmost, and ultimately protesting against it. Thus ceased an embarrassment which had been sensibly felt by the public; but a new subject of discord quickly arose. An altercation took place in the streets of St. John's between Mr. Kent, a member of the House of Assembly, and Mr. Kielly, a medical practitioner. Upon complaint made by Mr. Kent, Mr. Kielly was taken into custody by the sergeant-at-arms, and brought to the bar of the House on the following day, the 7th of August. Being called upon for explanation, he used, in the heat of passion, very opprobrious language towards Mr. Kent. Upon this he was remanded till the 9th, when he was required to apologise, and, upon his refusal to do so, was committed to jail by the speaker's warrant to the sheriff. The next day he was, by writ of habeas corpus, brought before a judge of the supreme court, by whose order he was released, and upon this being stated to the House by the sheriff, when directed to produce his prisoner at the bar on the 11th, both the judge and the sheriff were immediately arrested by the speaker's warrant, the former with indecent violence. Upon this being officially made known to the governor, he signified his intention of proroguing the Assembly, and on Monday, the 13th, it was prorogued accordingly for seven days. By this measure the prisoners were at once liberated, and the members were allowed time to cool. When the legislature was reassembled, business proceeded, though not, of course, harmoniously; and on the 25th of October the session was closed, provision having been made for the yearly routine of government. In the previous month, Mr. Browne, Mr. Boulton's successor in the office of chief justice, arrived; but, by a wise provision, he has not, nor will any judge in future have, a seat in the council. A session of the supreme court was held in the following December, when Mr. Kielly brought an action against the speaker, other members, and officers of the House, for false imprisonment; but privilege being pleaded in demurrer, the chief justice and Judge Desbarres decided in favour of the plea, while the remaining judge, Mr. Lilly, retained his former opinion. An appeal to her Majesty in Council was entered, and a colonial barrister proceeded to London to take the necessary steps for its prosecution. Since his departure, an elaborate opinion of her Majesty's attorney and solicitor-general was forwarded officially to the governor, and has since been made known to the public through the medium of the Island Gazette. This opinion denies the power of commitment assumed by the House, and consequently tends to allay the apprehension which could not but be entertained by the most dispassionate and impartial mind, of the evils likely to arise from an arbitrary power of imprisonment being possessed by such a body.

After this little sketch of the history of Newfoundland from the year 1818 to the present day, I proceed to take a short view of its existing institutions, and of their probable future operation; more especially as I have observed in the London and provincial papers, petitions to government on the part of merchants connected with this island, in which not only property, but life itself, is represented to be endangered by their further continuance. These statements are extremely exaggerated, and the prayer of the petitions appears to be very unreasonable. The local legislature was granted to the general request, and should not be rescinded at the desire of a party smarting under a recent defeat. A moderate qualification for representatives would undoubtedly be a great improvement, and with this, perhaps, an extension of members and division of districts, so that Catholic and Protestant influence might be fairly balanced. Such an extension without the qualification would increase present evils, for, as the remuneration to members exceeds the yearly gains of a fisherman, it is probable that a large proportion of candidates from that uneducated class, excited by the examples already before them, would come forward and be returned.

Any undue assumption of authority on the part of the House of Assembly, as at present constituted, must be promptly checked; but it will be time enough to apply for the interposition of parliament when its misconduct shall be of such a nature as to make apparent its utter incapacity and unfitness for its designed purpose, and the impossibility of good government and commercial prosperity existing in conjunction with it.

Notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which the colony has hitherto laboured, the lighthouses, roads, bridges, hospitals, charities, and schools, bear witness to the benefit of local legislation.

The application of spiritual authority by the Roman Catholic priesthood for temporal purposes,—their interdiction of trade with certain individuals,—their denouncement of all readers of particular newspapers,—their unjustifiable interferences, for a time in full operation here, have happily ceased, and the Roman Catholic bishop now seems well disposed to peace. The governor, who, through much more of evil than of good report, has hitherto steered an impartial course, will, we may presume, not be found wanting in his endeavours to establish harmony and tranquillity; and the cause of much former dissension being now removed, a reasonable expectation may be entertained that he will find assistance in the prosecution of so laudable an object.

The population of the colony, by an accurate census taken in 1837, amounts to 75,094. Of these 37,376 are Roman Catholics, 26,748 of the Established Church, and 10,636 Dissenters. The population is spread over a line of coast extending from Cape St. John southward to Cape Ray, a direct distance of about 600 miles, to which may be added 300 or 400 more for bays and sinuosities. There are in the island about forty families of Micmac Indians, amounting to 200, men, women, and children. They subsist principally on venison, which they kill in the neighbourhood of the lakes to the north-east of St. George's Harbour. They employ themselves in hunting the martin, otter, and beaver, and sell the skins, sometimes to the establishment of Messrs. Newman in the Bay of Despair, and sometimes to the traders who occasionally touch at St. George's Bay and Bay of Islands. They are all of the Roman Catholic persuasion, and are a timid and inoffensive people. They generally pass the winter near the south coast, in the vicinity of Bay Despair; and, in their hunting excursions in the summer, traverse the island between the southern and western shores and the Bay of Exploits on the northern coast. They thus continually pass over the tract of country which was formerly inhabited by the Red Indians, and, as they have not for years seen any trace of them, it seems certain that those unhappy aborigines are extinct. There are about 12,000 acres of land in cultivation, principally producing potatoes, turnips, hay, and oats; barley is grown, and occasionally ripens, but is frequently cut down for fodder, in consequence of the early departure of summer.

About 3,000 children are educated by means of "the North American Society," and half that number of Roman Catholic children in schools supported by local subscription. One for girls, under the superintendence of nuns of the order of Presentation, was established, and is mainly supported by the bishop. There are also several well-attended Sunday schools.

The sum of 2,100*l.* has been voted by the legislature in aid of education, but religious jealousies and apprehensions have hitherto very much impeded the benefits expected from such liberality. Of this sum 600*l.* is specifically allotted to the schools above mentioned.

The average of imports and exports united amounts to about 1,500,000*l.* The former consist of all articles requisite for the fisheries, and conducive to the support and enjoyment of life; the latter, principally of the great staple commodities, fish and oil.

The gross annual revenue from imperial and colonial duties, quit rents, &c., varies in amount from 35,000*l.* to 40,000*l.* Of this sum about 5,000*l.* are spent in collection; 6,550*l.* are reserved for salaries to the principal officers of the government, and the quit rents, &c.; and about 900*l.* are appropriated to particular purposes by the crown. All the rest is placed at the disposal of the legislature.

I shall conclude these few statistical notices by remarking, that the ungenial climate, rocky soil, and constant recurrence of extensive distress every winter, must, at all events till some remote and uncertain period, prevent this island from being recommended as a desirable point for emigration.

So much for the general state of the colony of Newfoundland. There, as in Ireland, party feeling and religious rancour are in strong and much-to-be-deprecated operation. I believe that few men could have been found at once more willing and more able to act upon an enlightened policy, and to administer justice with strict impartiality, than the present governor, Captain Prescott; but if he, or an angel from heaven, were to drop down, in order precisely to adjust party feuds, to still the storm of religious rancour, to satisfy to the full the aspirations of one party, to mitigate the virulence of another, and to hope for an impartial judgment upon his conduct in the end, his hope would be vain indeed.

There remains, in such cases, no refuge almost from public obloquy; whereas, if a man will go *all lengths*, (and he must go all,) either with a bigoted party, or a liberal one, he will be sure to be extolled by the party before which he *prostrates* himself. But nothing short of prostration will do; and Captain Prescott is not a man to throw himself into so humbling a position, either to serve those who approve of his general policy, but object to parts of it; or to conciliate those who would have him to overlook constitutional principles, for the sake of promoting their latitudinarian views.

No wonder, then, that it should be the governor's fate to be sometimes condemned by one party, sometimes by another,—occasionally by both.

I shall conclude this communication by the insertion of two documents relative to the latest state of the colony, of which we are publicly informed in this country.

Document No. I. is extracted from the "Royal Gazette" of Newfoundland, 21st May, and contains the speech of his excellency on opening the last legislative session.

Document No. II. is taken, with slight modifications, from the "Public Ledger" of May 24; and shows in what tone and spirit the legislature had opened its proceedings.

DOCUMENT No. I.

"*Newfoundland, May 21, 1839.*

"OPENING OF THE LEGISLATIVE SESSION.

"Friday last, being the day appointed for the meeting of the legislature, his excellency the governor, attended by the usual suite, proceeded at two o'clock from the Government House to the Court House, in front of which a guard of honour from the Royal Veteran Companies was drawn up to receive him—and having arrived in the council chamber, and taken his seat on the throne, his excellency directed the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod to summon the House of Assembly to attend at the bar of the council; and Mr. Speaker and the members being come thereto, his excellency was pleased to open the Session by delivering to both Houses the following most gracious

"SPEECH:

"'*Mr. President and Honourable Gentlemen of the Council;*
"'*Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly;*

"'I am glad to meet you again in session, and I could have wished to assemble you at an earlier period; but the nature of our climate, our commercial pursuits, and the want of an edifice for your special accommodation, have been obstacles to my so doing.

"'I commend to your consideration a report, which I shall forward, from the commissioners for the erection of a Colonial House. They have determined upon the plan of a building which would prove highly useful and ornamental, but their further operations are suspended by difficulties which may probably be obviated by legislative enactment.

"'I am commanded to bring under the observation of the legislature the intention of her Majesty's government to establish a steam communication between the mother country and Nova Scotia, for the conveyance of mails to and from the British North American possessions, with a view to ascertain in what degree Newfoundland can contribute to or be benefited by such an arrangement. Transcripts of the correspondence on this subject shall be sent down.

" 'I shall transmit copies of a despatch from the Secretary of State regarding the disposal of Crown Lands, by which you will perceive that it is advisable to postpone deliberation upon that matter till the receipt of further advices from his lordship, which may, I presume, be shortly expected.

" 'At the commencement of the last session I laid before you a despatch from Lord Glenelg, respecting the Colonial Act for the extension of the criminal law of England to this Island. No step appears to have been taken in accordance with his lordship's recommendation; but as a proper consideration and selection of such English laws as may be suitable to Newfoundland, must be a work of time as well as of great importance, and as her Majesty's decision upon the act is suspended until the result of Lord Glenelg's suggestion shall be known, I feel persuaded that this point will engage your early attention.

" '*Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly;*

" 'The usual financial statements, and the estimates for the ensuing year, shall be immediately laid before you.

" 'The pressure of extreme distress in this populous town has compelled me to exceed the sum allotted for the relief of the poor. The increased aid under my direction has been confined to the indigent sick—to paupers impotent from age or infirmity—to idiots and orphan children.

" 'I hope that a careful inquiry will enable you to ascertain the quantum of relief requisite for the wretched and helpless—the legitimate objects of public care.

" 'Confiding in the benevolence of the legislature, I have not hesitated to assume a responsibility on this occasion, for which I trust that there will not be any future necessity.

" 'I have to remind you that the last Appropriation Act was not passed till the 25th of October, although the financial year commences with July. As under such circumstance the machinery of government must either stand still or be continued in action by the unauthorised command of the executive, you will probably think it right, by an early application to the subject of the public expenditure, to prevent the recurrence of that dilemma.

" 'Your attention will necessarily be directed to the preparation of a new Revenue Bill, as the existing Act only extends to the 18th of next November.

" '*Mr. President and Honourable Gentlemen of the Council;*

" '*Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly;*

" 'I have in former Addresses recommended some measures for your consideration, respecting which I shall at all times be ready to give every information in my power.

" 'Although our financial state would not justify my making, at present, any suggestion entailing considerable or immediate expense, yet, having been long of opinion that great advantage would be derived from the employment of a diving-bell for the removal of all natural and artificial obstructions from the Port of St. John's, I have made some preliminary inquiries connected with that object, the result of which I shall lay before you.

" 'The Act 2 Victoria, cap. 3, does not prescribe reports to be made to me by the commissioners appointed therein; I cannot, therefore, supply you with any precise information as to the progress of our roads; but of the funds lately provided for the prosecution of this important work a large proportion is as yet unapplied.

" 'Such reports as I receive from the respective district boards for education shall be presented to you.

" 'I trust that benefit, although not so great or general as might be desired, is derived from the Colonial Act for the promotion of this essential object, upon which I will not further remark at present, because the remaining two years to which the operation of the act is limited, will afford better means and opportunity of forming a correct judgment respecting it.

" 'It gives me pleasure to inform you that the president of the London Geological Society has, at my request, recommended a gentleman fully competent to undertake the survey for which you made provision last year. This gentleman, a graduate of Cambridge, to whose merit high testimonials have been furnished by the geological professor of that university, is already arrived, and has entered upon his arduous task with zeal and alacrity. I cannot deny myself the gratification of quoting the closing paragraph of the professor's letter on this occasion:—' What the survey will lead to, it is impossible to judge in our present ignorance of the structure of your island, but I cannot help anticipating great good, both economical and scientific. In the name of my brother geologists of England, I offer you our best thanks for the noble example you have set to our other colonies.'

" 'I conclude with the oft-repeated assurance of my inclination to assist your labours for the public good. It is my ardent desire that unanimity and harmony may prevail between the different branches of the legislature, producing, as their natural result, during the session, measures of practical utility."

" His excellency then retired."

DOCUMENT No. II.

(*From the* " Public Ledger " *of May* 24, 1839.)

" THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY AND ITS PRIVILEGES AGAIN!

" Our readers are aware that the present session of the legislature was opened on Friday last; but we have omitted to mention one fact that will doubtless produce some sound and fury,—namely, the appointment of Hugh W. Hoyles, Esq., to be acting clerk to the House of Assembly during the absence, on leave, of Edward M. Archibald, Esq.—an infringement, as they conceive, of their privileges. Accordingly, on Tuesday last, Mr. Nugent moved that a Mr. Walter Dillon be appointed to act as clerk of the house during the absence of Mr. Archibald; and the motion having been carried, Mr. Walter Dillon was duly installed.

" On the following day, however, (the day previous to that on which the address of the house in answer to the governor's speech was to be presented,) his excellency, with great firmness and decision, communicated to the house a message to the following effect:—' That having been informed that the house had refused to receive Mr. Hoyles, who had been appointed by commission under the great seal, to act as clerk of the House of Assembly during the absence of Mr. Archibald, his excellency was under the necessity of acquainting the house that he should be obliged to adjourn the legislature until the decision of the home government could be known; and that until the determination of the house upon this subject was made known to him, the presentation of its address in answer to his speech must be postponed.'

" This message had no sooner been communicated, in the usual way, than the speaker, evidently under some excitement, ordered the galleries to be cleared, and then, after a brief pause, a speech was brought forth by one of the members in rather a sepulchral tone. Upon the re-admission of strangers, Mr. Nugent, after charging his excellency with, in this instance, resisting the authority of his sovereign, proceeded to observe, that the journals of the legislature had been corrupted, and that it was of the utmost importance that the house should have a clerk in whom it could with the most implicit confidence rely. He admitted that, in the first instance, the appointment of the officers by the crown was not improper, since they preceded the convention of the Assembly itself, and therefore the executive was first in the field; but as the question before the house was surrounded with difficulties, (although he was prepared to encounter its risks,) it were better that all the members were brought together to deliberate upon the result. He therefore moved that the further consideration of the message be postponed until Wednesday next, and that in the mean time there be a call of the house; which motion, having been put and carried, the house adjourned accordingly.

" Mr. Nugent forgets that the clerk of the Assembly is the clerk of the crown, and that the records of the Assembly are the records of the legislature."

THE SEASON FOR REMEMBRANCE.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

Not on the boistrous Main,
Do thou plight faithfulness of love to me ;—
The very winds that snap the masts in twain
To-day, and on the morrow wooingly
The stirless sails caress, less changeful are,
Than is the truthless sea,—no book on which to swear !

Not 'mid unpeopled Woods,
For they invest the spirit with a cloud
Of lovefulness. In their dim solitudes
The bosom longs for fellowship ; and, bowed
By wishes fond, pants selfishly for aught
That can respond with human voice to thought !

Not in the hour of Woe,
For then we feel our frailty to contend
With overwhelming evils ; and the flow
Of feeling craves a sympathising friend
To bid it cease ! No, pledge not then to me
Thy heart's affection,—with the grief 'twould flee !

But in the merry Hall,
Where music echoes loud, and round thee dance
Dear ones, who clasp thy hands, and on thee call
For answering mirth and love's responsive glance ;
There think of me, and vow thou lov'st me, though
Around thee pleasure floats, and friendly whispers flow !

In health, in mirth, in crowds,
Where business or delight engross the time,
Then plight thy friendship ; and when sorrow shrouds
Thy moments, thou shalt need no wakening chime
Of Memory to recal me ! Friendship's truth—
Tempted in vain by Joy—hath an eternal youth !

Yet, pause '—Another spot,
Another season, is there, when my heart
Would bid thee keep mine image unforgot :—
When in the House of God hymned prayers impart
To earthly thoughts a purity all holy,
Then think of me with faith, firm, sweet, yet lowly !

DELAVAL O'DORNEY: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.[1]

PARTING company with the squadron, we made the land, and, following up the orders of the admiral, everything seemed to favour our enterprise—we escaped the notice of the enemy—the night settled in unusually dark, and, without meeting any obstruction, we entered the Bay of Scio. Never, to the eye of vengeance, was there presented a more gratifying or promising sight! In a moment, as we rounded a headland, instead of the thick darkness of the night a blaze of light burst upon our startled vision. The Turkish fleet was illuminated from stem to stern; from the truck of the huge line of battle-ship to her lower deck, there was one stream of light; the concentrated rays of a thousand lamps glittered on the surrounding waters, dazzling by their brilliancy the sight of the infidels, and shrouding our approach in deeper gloom. It was some high festival, and the sounds of savage revelry came floating across the waters, waking the silence of those now desolate shores, the scenes of the late terrific drama. To our ears such sounds were like the voices of demons exulting over their work of carnage; but the hour of vengeance was at hand! The commander of our consort had received his own orders, so there was little to delay our attack; we hove too for a moment to lower down the boat, and then standing for a while close in-shore to avoid the light, we at length loosed the top-gallant sails, and, with the sea-breeze freshening up astern, bore rapidly down upon a large three-decker, the flag-ship of the capitan pacha, distinguished by the lanterns on her poop. Onward, onward, we bore—still no alarm:—the Turks, in their fancied security, giving loose to their brutal passions, now only thought of gratifying them at the expense of their miserable captives, and, seeing no need of caution, had that night posted no look-out men or watchers.

"Now, sons of the Greeks!" cried Canaris; "the moment of vengeance is come; bright though their lights be, they themselves shall furnish a bonfire to-night, brighter and redder, to tell of the triumph of vengeance and the cross! Let us only be firm, and make sure work of it. Forward! and project the grapnel! Now, silence, my mates!" said he, steering the fire-ship right for the bow of the infidel. We were not more than three cables' length from the enemy; the deep hum, mingled with rude music, and shouting of her immense crew, were heard as distinctly as if we were on board. "'Tis time we see to ourselves—into the boat, men—into the boat, signor," whispered Canaris, and lashing the helm to windward, and taking the match, he applied it to the port-fire, which communicated with the combustibles in the hold, and followed us into the boat, when we pulled with all our strength in-shore, to get out of the reach of danger; we then calmly lay upon our oars, waiting to witness the event. A bright flame now flickered up from the fore part of the fire-ship, which kept steadily nearing the infidel, and then burst into a red lurid blaze. With breathless anxiety we now watched her progress. A moment more, and she had fastened herself in the bows of the enemy, and we felt that his destruction and our vengeance was certain. The masts of the fire-ship had fallen just as she came in contact with the infidel, and for some time she lay unheeded under their bows, a burning and destructive wreck. The bowsprit of the Turks was now in flames, and in a moment the contagious element had caught the rigging and shrouds, which glittered in the air like fiery serpents. The besotted wretches now seemed awakened from their apathy, but only to fancy that the fire was accidental, and proceeded from their own vessel, and to rouse to make futile efforts to extinguish it. Soon, however, they perceived the real cause, and the imminence of their danger, and their cry of alarm came like music to the ears of the vindictive Greeks.

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[1] Continued from p. 298.

Terror and confusion were at their height—there was no escape. On the eve of sailing, all the Turkish boats were hoisted in. There was no time to get them out; two small quarter-boats were lowered down, but sank alongside from the crowd of eager wretches that sprang into them. Now rose from her crowded decks the wild cry of despair, and calls upon Alla and the prophet, mingled with desperate ravings and blasphemy. See! they cut their cables, and vainly try to extricate themselves from their destructive enemy, but fast are her deadly embraces. The whole of the fore part of their vessel is on fire, and they are driven back in one dense multitude towards the stern—now glows with fervent heat her triple tier of artillery, and the loud roar of the shotted guns peals forth at intervals, carrying destruction into the hulls of the rest of the fleet, which, seized with consternation, are running out to sea.

Every object in that huge burning mass was to us as visible as if it had been noonday. Ha! who is that hoary wretch, rushing wildly from side to side in the poop, tearing his beard, and waving his arms convulsively above his head? 'Tis the savage desolator of Scio! It is the capitan pacha! See! see! how he stands on the break of the poop, and calls in desperation on his barbarous crew to save him! He calls in vain!—he, whose word an hour ago had been as imperious as fate, is now as unheeded as any of the wretched mass that throng around him. The Greeks gloated upon this terrific sight.

"Ay," said Canaris, in a deeply suppressed voice; "ay, countrymen—this indeed is vengeance!" Hark, hark! to that new cry of horror; the fire is approaching the magazine. See! the desperate Mussulmans throw themselves overboard, and perish in the waves—and then one loud explosion shaking earth and sea like an earthquake, and the huge line of battle ship is torn asunder, and hurled, with all it contains, in blazing masses to the lurid skies. Down, down they come—human remains and burning timbers hissing in the agitated waters, and all around is wrapt in darkness: the stillness of death succeeds—there is nothing to tell of the past convulsion, but a slight heaving of the sea.

We gazed at each other in silence, stunned by the awful catastrophe,—we ourselves had prepared and anticipated it. Canaris only spoke. "'Tis well," said he, "that even dying, the infidels had a foretaste of that hell to which their bloody deeds so well entitled them!"

We pulled out of the bay at sunrise, perceived the Greek squadron close in-shore, and got safely on board. I had not long joined, when, as the morning broke, we observed, and made the signal to chase, a large sloop of war, which was running along the land under a heavy press of canvass. We had no doubt she was one of the fleet dispersed in the night, and as we were the best sailer in the squadron, outstripping the rest, we alone seemed to gain upon her. A stern-chase is proverbially a long one, and so it proved, for it was late in the afternoon before we were within gunshot of the enemy. The rest of our little squadron were then hull-down to windward, and we off the island of Mytilene.

"Bravo!" said old Miaulis, rubbing his hands with delight, "we shall have to attack them single-handed—all the glory shall be ours."

He gave the word to clear for action, and two nine-pounders on the forecastle were brought to bear upon the Turk. He did not seem, however, to relish these distant hostilities, or the ignominy of retreating; but seeing that he was fully equal to us, and that there was no prospect of his being overpowered by the other vessels of the Greeks coming up, as the breeze was dying away, and they far astern, he gallantly hauled to the wind, clewed up his courses, and hoisting at the same time his blood-red ensign, calmly awaited our approach.

Miaulis now briefly but emphatically addressed his men; they were mostly islanders, natives of Hydra and Ipsara, good seamen and brave fellows, and they answered him with cheers. It was evident, however, from the equality of force, and the gallant bearing of the Turk, that the action would be obstinate and bloody. We still kept bearing steadily down, the guns were cast loose, the boarding-pikes were arranged, and the men stood silently at their quarters, while old Miaulis, firm and collected, kept pacing slowly the quarter-deck, the captain, an old follower, and a lieutenant, standing by to execute his orders. Topmen were now sent aloft to reeve double lifts, and preventer braces, and thus secure the yards. We were now within range of the ordinary metal of a sloop of war, and Miaulis immediately trimmed sails and altered his course, so as to traverse the enemy's course in a slanting direction. We had no sooner done this, than the Turk, who had evidently only reserved his fire till he thought he could do more execution, fired an ill-directed broadside, which did us little or no mischief. Our courses were now hauled up, and as the smoke rolled away, we had an uninterrupted view of our antagonist. She was a fine-looking corvette, apparently with a flush deck, presenting ten glittering brass cannon at a side; there was also a long brass swivel piece amidships; her decks were densely crowded—indeed her crew must have outnumbered ours by more than half—their sabres and boarding-pikes glittered in the sun, and Miaulis felt certain that, with such a force, the infidels would try to carry us by the board, for which the Turks are nearly as formidable as the English, and therefore had invited us to close action.

Miaulis now determined on his tactics; the larboard guns were instantly loaded with grape and canister; and, with the starboard, the men were told to take steady aim at the masts and rigging. We were now within half cable's length, and Miaulis gave the word, "Fire!" At the same moment we received the broadside of the infidel, which killed a man at the gun I was standing near, and gave severe splinter wounds to several; a few suppressed groans were alone heard. The smoke rolled away, and Miaulis had the satisfaction of seeing that our fire had brought down the enemy's fore-topsail yard, which hung in the slings. In a moment he was up in the wind, and taken aback, and the confusion of the Turks was extreme.

"Ready about!" cried old Miaulis, leaping from the carronade slide, on which he had raised himself, and perceiving in an instant the situation of the enemy; "round with her, and stand ready to give the infidels a taste of our Grecian grape."

We ranged across the bows of the Turk, and ere he could recover himself, raked him with a broadside of these destructive missiles; the yell which rose from his crowded deck told its deadly effect. The Turk now managed to pay off, and gave us a partial broadside; but from the want of head-sail he broached-to again next minute; and, once more, with a terrible discharge of grape and canister, we raked his decks fore and aft. We hove-to, and taking up our position on his bow, poured in broadside after broadside in quick succession. The main topmast of the infidel now fell over the side; but she fell off from the wind at the same time his broadside was brought to bear, and he obstinately renewed the engagement, and kept up a very heavy fire for some time; but our vessel had suffered but little in her rigging, so that we were in a condition to work round our antagonist, and we soon had dismounted several of his guns: the rest were but ill directed and badly served, and we soon had reduced him to a few random shots. He was at last silenced, and lay upon the waters a helpless and disabled wreck. Still he made no signs of striking; the Turkish ensign yet hung, though rent in ribbons from the peak; and as Miaulis did not think himself justified in daring to board, we continued to pour in broadside after broadside, without calling forth any further notice from the Turks. At last we observed a small Greek flag waving over the hammock nettings; and taking this for a signal of surrender, Miaulis steered closer to our antagonist, who was now evidently sinking, and a boat being lowered down, the lieutenant and myself, with about a dozen men, leaped into it, and rowed on board the corvette.

On reaching her deck, a sight the most revolting and terrible I ever beheld was presented to me; the skuppers literally ran with blood; the bulwarks were bespattered with brains and pieces of scalp; severed limbs were strewn about, and the entire decks covered with the dead or dying. The few wretches, not more than a dozen, who survived this carnage, rushed below as we gained the deck, with the exception of a haughty Mussulman, who stood aft, waving with fierce gestures his scimitar, while with the other hand he held the line by which the ensign was suspended; his rich garb and jewelled ataghan bespoke him the commander; and I was rushing forward with the rest, to contend for the honour of taking him, and hauling down the Turkish ensign, when a low moaning caught my ear, and, stumbling over the prostrate bodies of the slain, my leg was clasped by some one lying amongst them. With a blow of my sabre I was about to shake off the encumbrance, when looking downward, who do I behold!—my lost preserver and faithful servant, Nicolo Vasi, blackened and disfigured, lying amongst a group of captive Greeks, chained to a dismounted gun;* the small Greek flag which we had seen was in his grasp. To seize a handspike, prise up the gun-carriage, and loose the fetters of the unhappy boy, was about the work of a moment: he was free, and I was turning to look aft, where the desperate Mussulman, with his back to the taffrail, was engaged in a fierce encounter, keeping at bay all his assailants, when Nicolo seized me by the hand, and pulled me to the gangway. "Save yourself—O save yourself!" cried the boy, as with a violent effort he flung me overboard with himself; the next moment I was struggling in the sea, just as, with a terrific explosion, the Turkish corvette blew up.

It appeared, the Turks who survived the action, in consequence of a previous resolution, had blown themselves up sooner than surrender—a practice which, however desperate, is by no means uncommon in their naval history, and thus, for the second time, was the faithful Nicolo the preserver of my life.

While I continued cruising in the Archipelago, the campaign was vigorously conducted on the continent. Mavrocordato himself, with other chiefs, carried the war into Western Greece; Colocatroni closely besieged Patras, and though Corinth, which the Greeks had neglected properly to garrison or supply with provisions, was again occupied by the Turks, the god of battles willed that they should only enter it to fall into the hands of the patriots. But one of the most important successes which attended the arms of the patriots was the occupation of Napoli de Romania after a long investment, which had reduced the wretched garrison to the last extremity of famine; the palamida, or citadel, was surprised, with little or no resistance.

I but waited to witness the intrepid Canaris destroy another Turkish line of battle-ship, with which the Capitan Pacha endeavoured to relieve Napoli, and then proceeded to join Mavrocordato in Western Greece.

I was in time to share in the gallant and successful defence of Missolonghi, a defence which will ever shed the brightest lustre on the name of Mavrocordato. Here I had the good fortune to become acquainted with the renowned Marco Bozzaris—a hero, indeed, and one who, though rude and illiterate, was worthy of the best days of Greece; and when, too soon after this, he met a glorious death in his daring night attack on the Turkish army at Carparissa, all Hellas mourned the splendid victory which had cost them so precious a life; his last orders to his small but devoted band, "If you lose sight of me during the combat, come and seek me in the pacha's tent," is worthy to be remembered with the heroic sentiments of Leonidas.

Such were some of the most striking events of the year 1823 in Greece; but it was yet to be distinguished by one as worthy of commemoration—the accession to her ranks of one of the most illustrious men of the present age, the noble Byron, who sealed the record of his munificent services in the cause of Greece, by now offering her his fortune and his life. It was announced towards the close of this year, that the heroic bard, whose lyre had been alternately heard waking, after ages of slavish apathy and silence, the strains of liberty in the deserted valleys of Greece, or subduing the soul to love with all the tenderness of the Teian muse, had laid his lyre aside, had hung it, not on the willows, but on her own "sea-green olive," until he could strike its chords to the Pæan of Victory; and, assuming the hero's glaive, came to fight, side by side, with her struggling sons for freedom.

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* Numbers of Greek captives were found in this condition on board of the Turkish ships at Navarino.—Ed.

Yes, generous Byron! thy love of liberty was boundless as sincere; and wast thou all that thy enemies have basely tried to make thee appear, this thy noble devotion in the cause of an oppressed and fallen people would still be a proud and sufficient vindication of thy memory!

All Greece was on tiptoe, waiting with anxiety the arrival of her illustrious friend. After many disappointments, it was at length announced that Lord Byron was on the sea, bound for Missolonghi, and on one of the latter days of December he landed amidst the firing of cannon, and better, the joyful cheers of the people he came to serve. He was conducted by the president and the principal chiefs to the house prepared for him, and all Greece at length felt secure and happy at having one leader on whose disinterested attachment she could rely.

Next day the different military chiefs, together with the foreign Philhellenes, and more particularly the English, were presented to his lordship. We found him frank and affable, with no appearance of that prejudice against his countrymen with which he has been charged. His conversation was manly and unassuming. His appearance has been often and very differently described: to me he seemed in person about the middle height, inclined to be full; his features, though developing much of intellectual power, were too massive for beauty, nor would they have attracted any particular attention; but, on the whole, as he himself says,

> "He who looked, and paused to look again,
> Saw more than marks the common herd of men."

His hair, which, it is said, was once very glossy and black, was now prematurely tinged with gray; his features too were at variance with his person, and betrayed in the sunken cheek and wan complexion, and an expression of despondency and suffering, that the seeds of that fatal illness were already sown, which was so soon to deprive the world of his genius, and his native land of the cherished hope of one day receiving into her service the aid of a mind enlightened by deep study and long travel, and tested in that best though severest school—the school of adversity and trial. He acted with the greatest vigour in his new character of a warlike leader, and was wisely organising his brigade of Suliotes in the spring, when I received a packet from Signor Vostizza, containing letters, and one in particular from my uncle, which obliged me, however reluctantly, to set out from Greece, on my return homeward, immediately. I had some time before made known to him, and asked his forgiveness for not having sooner acquainted him with, my having joined the Greeks. The old man, after deprecating so hazardous an enterprise, continued his letter thus:—

"Why, Eugene, O why did you thus deceive me? Think, my dearest boy, what would have been the consequence had you fallen; but you are alive, and my old longing eyes again shall see you. I do not blame you for having embraced the cause of Greece—it is worthy of our house, and you only have shown that you inherit the adventurous spirit of your fathers. But, O Eugene! *you* are in no condition thus to hazard your life. The continuance of an honourable name and ancient house—my few remaining years, if you value *them*—above all, the hopes and happiness of a youthful and lovely girl, are dependent on it."

I trembled involuntarily, I knew not why, at this allusion to Emily. The letter then went on—

"You have no cause to dread the effects of time or separation upon your faithful Emily; be assured her attachment for you is as warm as ever, and let me hope that your feelings also continue the same; if not, dearest Eugene, though your union is the dearest wish of my heart, I would not, to effect it, wish to put the slightest force on your inclinations; and only ask that, in justice to the dear girl herself, if any such change has taken place, you will be equally candid in declaring it. I wished to see you settled happily in life, and therefore chose Emily Weston as the being of all others who was most likely to assist me in doing this; but whoever, my dear boy, may ultimately be the object of your choice, she will meet with a kind reception from your old uncle, and I am sure poor Emily will continue to offer up her warmest prayers for your happiness. In conclusion, my dearest Eugene, I conjure you, if I have ever deserved your love and obedience, that you will hasten home to us. I am not what I was—the infirmities of age have at last overtaken me, and my thread of life is nearly spun out. Come then, my dear boy, and, as I watched over you in your green youth, do you now, in return, be the solace of the declining years of

"Your always affectionate uncle,
"CORNELIUS DELAVAL."

Tears of gratitude, when I recalled the long train of indulgence and affection that had marked the conduct of my uncle towards me, chased themselves down my cheek, and fell upon his letter. "Yes!" said I, "best of guardians and friends! you shall not want, while I have life, a support for your declining years. I will hasten to you and my gentle Emily—she is worthy of my best devotion, and I feel that time will teach me to love her as she deserves."

In a postscript my uncle informed me that there were papers in his possession which it was highly proper should be in my hands as soon as possible, as I had arrived at the age which my father had enjoined for my perusing them. The kind old man also added a reproach for my not having drawn upon my banker more frequently, saying that he was only too glad to see my name even to a bill, when it assured him of my being still among the living. . . .

I went immediately to Prince Mavrocordato, and having informed him that my private affairs required my presence at home, a vessel of war was placed at my disposal, to convey me to Corfu, and the prince was pleased to pass a very flattering eulogium on my poor services. I took leave of my late companions in arms with my warmest wishes for the success of the great and good cause I had been engaged in, and indeed we had the satisfaction of now thinking that that was placed beyond doubt.

On my arrival at Corfu, intending to take the most direct route to England, I engaged a passage on board a trabaccolo to Ancona; but, on the day previous to that settled for sailing, Count Vostizza, through whom I received my letters, brought me one from Emily, which greatly shocked me, at the same time removing all necessity for expedition—my kind and generous uncle was no more! He died, as he had lived, happily and tranquilly. For some time there had been a gradual decay of nature, and the good old man had declined without pain or suffering; he had never been confined even to his bed. On the evening before his death he had expressed much anxiety for my return; and it was only on the following morning that the affectionate Emily, entering, as usual, her father's chamber, discovered that he had ceased to breathe. By his will he bequeathed a large property in the funds equally between Emily and me. She had gone to reside, she informed me, with a relation of her mother's; and as I thought of the grief and lonely situation of one I felt the deepest regard for, I determined not to alter the arrangements for my departure.

"Surely you will visit Naples on your return homeward?" said Count Vostizza.

I thought of my poor uncle's interdict, and shook my head.

"Well, well," he continued, "you may visit it some other time; and I may as well put this along with these other letters of introduction. In the house of the Marchese de Castelnova you will meet all the best society of Naples."

I warmly thanked the count for this and all his other kind services, and bidding him an affectionate farewell, embarked in the morning on board the trabaccolo. The wind, however, changing round in the night, after a second time encountering a storm in the Adriatic, I was surprised, on going on deck at daylight, to find that we had bore up during the night, and were now running for the Bay of Naples.

It was on a fine sunny morning, that, sweeping past the green promontory of Sorentum and the steep heights of Capræ, we entered the beautiful Bay of Naples, and involuntarily I acknowledged that fame had not been too lavish in its praise. How strange, I thought, was my uncle's exclusion of this beautiful land! and felt assured that his warning against visiting it was only dictated by a wish to preserve me from its well-known dissipation and licentious pleasures; and as I was never the slave of my passions, I landed, confident in my own strength, without apprehension of danger, or one foreboding of evil. After I had settled myself in my hotel, I strolled out, to see about purchasing a carriage for my overland journey, leaving Nicolo Vasi, the only servant I had now with me, to arrange my things. The business of the carriage was soon despatched at one of the principal post-houses, and I settled to start for Rome the week following. After this, I sauntered for an hour or two in the Villa Reale, when I bethought me of Count Vostizza's letter of introduction, justly thinking that I would be able to see all that was deserving of attention at Naples to great advantage under the guidance of such a man as the Marchese de Castelnova. I lost no time in returning to my hotel to procure this letter, and hastened to deliver it. The waiter readily informed me that the house of the marchese was situated a little beyond the top of the Strada Reala, as you go towards the Tomb of Virgil. This allusion, by a waiter, to the Mantuan bard, greatly pleased me; and I set out filled with those delightful and classical associations which Greece and Italy alone call forth. I reached the house of the marchese after a few further inquiries by the way. It was a heavy-looking building, surrounded by a balcony, with a courtyard in front and pleasure-grounds in the rear, sloping down towards the sea. On my stating that I wished to see the Marchese de Castelnova, the porter, a servant dressed in a very showy livery, informed me that "his eccellenza was about to go to the levee, but he would send up my card." Saying which, he showed me into an anteroom. I had not waited long when the groom of the chambers returned to inform me that the marchese desired to see me. I mounted a low flight of marble stairs, and entered a handsome drawing-room, where the marchese, dressed in his court costume, was waiting to receive me, which he did with great cordiality, spoke warmly of his friend Count Vostizza, and hearing that I had been engaged in the war in Greece, for the success of whose cause he said he felt deeply interested, questioned me of its progress, and of the names and characters of its leaders.

We were deeply engaged in discussing these topics when the marchesa entered. There was nothing remarkable about the lady of Castelnova, but the same kindness of manner that distinguished her amiable lord. In a few moments I felt quite at my ease with both, and that the reserve and formality of strangers were no longer observed or required in our intercourse.

"I am sorry, my lord," said the marchesa, "that your friend does not purpose staying longer at Naples; there is much to see that, I am sure, would interest him; and Francesca or myself would only be too glad to be his cicerone."

I had not thought till this moment that they had a daughter. The marchese now retired to go to the royal levee, for which purpose, he said, he had only come into town that day from his villa at Portici; and hoping that I would remain with him the rest of the day, left it to the ladies to entertain me till his return.

Shortly after his departure the door opened. "The Lady St. Maurice, Signor O'Dorney," said the marchesa.

"St. Maurice!" exclaimed I, recollecting the adventure at Genoa; but I started with great surprise and emotion on beholding Francesca. Her form and features seemed to recal some cherished and almost faded vision of former years—the phantom of my memory in her assumed form and substance; and I entertained for her at once a strange feeling of intimacy, for which I could not account. Words are faint to describe the beauty of Francesca.

> "She was a form of life and light,
> That seen became a part of sight—"

one of those bright creations that recal all that we have ever dreamt of female loveliness; and which, though rarely met with even there, we only meet with in Italy. Her figure, tall but not commanding, was formed and voluptuous beyond her years, which could not have been more than seventeen: her features, which might have been a model for Praxiteles, were nearly Grecian in their outline; and what they wanted of its perfect regularity, only added to them a more animated expression; her complexion, free from that saturnine tinge that too generally mars the beauty of the Italian, and more particularly the Neapolitan women, though pale, was clear and transparent as the soft marble of her own Carara; her long black eye-lashes contrasted with her cheek, like the dark petals of some snow-white flower; but O! the darker eyes they fringed!—large, luminous, penetrating, but, in her softer hour, beaming with all the tender and gentle meekness of the dove—depth of feeling and mind shone forth in their every glance—there needed not words to convey their meaning! Communing with her, we forgot her earthly being and our own—we but felt our immortality, and our thoughts seemed indeed the language of our disembodied spirits! Those lovely eyes! O even now I do behold them!—yes, yes!—they gaze upon me with that undying look of love she gave me when I——

* * *

Such was Francesca—such was the being that I loved—and, oh! tell me not of love at first sight being a delusion. As after death our souls shall enter different habitations, prepared for the blest, so when we put on that mortal being, we also were endued with the intelligence that animates it from different fountains, all springing from the one throne of heavenly wisdom: I felt that that of Francesca was derived from the same source as mine;* that nature, or some more potent power, had made us kindred beings. Yes, I no sooner saw than I loved her, and, blessed thought! as I then madly conceived it, she soon returned that love.

"You have heard that name before, signor?" asked the Marchesa, with a look of inquiry, as she noted the surprise I betrayed on hearing it.

"True," I replied, "and even more; at the same time I was fortunate enough to render a slight service to him who bore it—the Count St. Maurice."

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* The reader will have observed that a certain visionary wildness breaks frequently forth in these impassioned descriptions of my unhappy friend, and he seems to have derived a kind of consolation from these cherished phantasies. A very similar notion, however, to the above was, I believe, entertained by the Platonists.—Ed.

"My father!" exclaimed Francesca, while her eyes brightened with pleasure, "then you have met my father?"

In answer to her eager inquiries, and fearful of alarming, treating the matter as lightly as possible, I recounted the adventure at Genoa. While I did so, however, I observed such a look of melancholy cloud the kind and expressive features of the marchesa, that I suddenly paused and tried to change the subject; but I had to receive "a world of thanks" from the lovely and affectionate Francesca—she seemed to take a pleasure in calling me, again and again, "the preserver of her dear father."

He was now absent in the north of Italy, but would soon be back, and have an opportunity of showing his sense of the service I had rendered him. "Till then," continued the marchesa, "you must consider yourself as one of ourselves." Thus this fortuitous circumstance quickly ripened acquaintance into regard and intimacy, and this, between Francesca and myself, as quickly ripened into love.

Count St. Maurice still continued absent. Day after day we now anxiously looked for his return to tell our love, and put our fate in his hands. "But I know he will consent," said Francesca, as she observed a look of doubt and anxiety gather on my brow; "when he knows you, he will love you; for the generous and noble must always love each other—is it not so, my Eugene?" And she turned to me with a look so full of smiling confidence, as banished all apprehension of the future from my mind. Her father was, indeed, the constant theme of her eulogy; she looked up to him with all the warm affection and unbounded admiration so beautiful in a child. To her mother she scarcely ever alluded—she had died when she was an infant; but she had almost known her in the likeness and affection of her dear aunt, the marchesa, her mother's only sister.

Did I not think, all this time, of my engagement with Emily? alas! only for a moment: my heart had never been a party to that engagement; and now, under the influence of the most passionate love, the simple beauty and gentle virtues of Emily Weston appeared loveless and insipid, when compared with the commanding loveliness, the genius, and noble enthusiasm of Francesca St. Maurice.

In the mean time, as the marchesa seemed to be aware of and pleased at our attachment, and the marchese only anxious to prove his hospitality, we had full opportunity to give ourselves up to the enjoyment of the delightful feelings which love, and first love alone, calls forth. Favoured by this delicious clime, each day was the advent of some new scene of pleasure. Together we wandered along the beautiful shores of Baiæ; or setting out in the evening, our guides provided with torches, after visiting Vesuvius, we would enter the desolate streets of "the Cities of the Dead," the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. There sitting down in "the Chamber of Leda," our congenial fancies would people again those deserted halls with their once thoughtless and luxurious occupants; and when recalled to the actual and present by a chilling sense of that destructive oblivion which seems destined to overtake all earthly existence, we would banish its influence in one fond embrace of undying affection.

"And is there, then, nothing real? does man thus perish sooner than his works? And are the feelings that so imperatively sway him—the emotions which agitate the soul, the aspirations which exalt his nature—are they, too, confined to his mortal being? and as vain and fleeting? Does he, as the Psalmist would seem to say, Oh! *does he*, and '*all* his thoughts perish.'"

"Oh, no, dear Eugene!" replied Francesca, pressing my hand to her heart; "do not entertain such a thought; these very walls but lately were adorned with a conception of that passion, which, like our souls, can never die—that passion, which in its most exalted form rules and governs the universe. Yes, Eugene," said the lovely and high-minded girl, looking up to the starry heavens above us, "the decadence of Nature may assert its power over the forms of those we love, till time well-nigh perfect their annihilation, and leave no trace of their ever having had existence; but their love will not thus perish—it will endure to bloom again in its own proper region, where our souls will once more commune and unite with each other."

I heard her with enthusiasm; and when she finished speaking, pressed her to my heart, and felt, indeed, as if our beings never could be long separated. And O! how often has the memory of that night, and those blessed words, brought hope and comfort to my widowed soul when desolation only was my portion?

At other times, seated by the venerated tomb of the Mantuan bard, we would open his own Æneid, and, taking up the story of "Infelix Dido," pursue the touching narrative of her fatal passion with all the ardour and sympathy of lovers. How matchless are the art and pathos with which the whole progress of the love of the hapless Phenissa is told, from the time that the enamoured queen bade the hero relate the misfortunes of his country and himself, and, during the recital, "hung on the speaker's lips," in still increasing admiration, until her last affecting appeal, when she implores him,

"Per connubia nostra, per inceptos Hymeneos,
Si bene quid de te merui fuit, aut tibi quicquam
Dulce meum miserere domus labentis, et istam,
Oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem."

How naturally does she begin her address! She perceives his sudden coldness, for, as the poet parenthetically says, "Quis fallere possit amantem," opens her exordium, and beginning with all the indignant chidings of disappointed love, softens as she proceeds, until at last she condescends to plead.

"Saltem, si quæ mihi de te suscepta fuisset
Ante fugam soboles, si quis mihi parvulus aula
Luderet Eneas, qui te tantum ore referret,
Non equidem omnino capta, aut deserta viderer."

The character of the Phenician queen—her love, so sudden, burning, and resistless—her deep devotion—her tenderness, mingling in her passionate bursts of indignation and resentment, and subduing her soul, as she beholds those "dulces exuviæ,"

"The Trojan vestments and the conscious bed,"

—even in her last hour of desperate despair, all this is so truly Italian, that I had, with the conformity of her own beautiful language, but little trouble in translating or conveying the spirit of the poet to such a mind as Francesca's, deeply imbued with the spirit of poetry, and so true to nature that not a chord swept by the hand of the master, but what woke a responsive thrill in the heart of the lovely and enthusiastic girl, as I read, with trembling voice and beating heart, her last affecting words—

> " Os impressa toro, ' Moriemur inultæ
> Sed moriamur,' ait."

I looked up, and beheld Francesca deeply affected; bright tears filled her lovely eyes, and her bosom heaved with emotion—our eyes met—a hectic colour mounted to her cheek, and she hung down her head in graceful confusion. I gazed on her one moment in rapturous silence; for the first time since I loved I felt the whole burning force of that resistless passion, whose pervading influence sways with one common impulse all animal life. I caught her hand in mine, and pressed her to my heart.

" Oh! when," cried I, passionately, " when, dearest Francesca, may I call thee mine?"

" Dear, dear Eugene!" said she, hiding her face in my bosom, " am I not always thine?"

I felt her heart beating wildly against my own. I raised her drooping head—I imprinted burning kisses on her yielding lips—and rapture, like a torrent, swept over my soul: but soon regaining the mastery of her feelings, and blushing deeply, she gently disengaged herself from my embrace.

" Nay, droop not, Francesca, my more than life!" said I, as, drawing her arm within mine, we moved from the tomb.

That evening I took advantage of being alone with the Marchese de Castelnova to make him acquainted with the state of my feelings with regard to Francesca, and to express a hope that in his friendship I might find an advocate with the count her father. I stated my circumstances, that I was of age, and would leave all the arrangements, as to settlements, at their disposal.

He heard me with kindness and attention, but seemed a good deal embarrassed. " I will be frank with you, my dear sir," said he, " and confess that I have long suspected your attachment, and witnessed it with some apprehension; but do not, I pray you, impute this to any want of respect for your proposal, or of regard for yourself; my friend, Count Vostizza's introduction, and my own personal knowledge of you, make me think highly of both. The truth is, I have reason to doubt that Francesca's father will approve of your suit. My friend Count St. Maurice has his prejudices; and circumstances, to which I need not allude, have induced him to form a resolution that his daughter shall not marry an Englishman."

" There," said I, " the count need not alter his resolution in my favour, for I happen to be an Irishman."

" I fear," said the marchese, gravely, " that your being so will be far from making any difference. I believe the rule of Count St.

Maurice comprehends all English subjects; but," continued the marchese more cheerfully, "as I dearly love my niece, and suspect that you have only too much of her poor fond heart in your keeping, lest despair might be dangerous, I will tell you a secret. I have reason to know, then, that Count St. Maurice, at this present time, thinks that prohibitory clause of his inconvenient; he will, however, soon be here, and till then I should wish you to abstain from visiting us. I assure you the loss will not be more severely felt by yourself than by us. And now, for a short time, farewell; you may reckon on my good offices."

I retired, a good deal surprised and somewhat disappointed, for I had not reckoned on any obstacles to our union, but still without any apprehension for the ultimate issue of our hopes; it was, however, the carnival, and there was to be a masked ball at the villa of the marchese at Baiæ on the following evening. Need I say, that notwithstanding the prohibition, I was there, dressed as a Greek caloyer? for I was then vain enough to know that the garb became me. The Casino was brilliantly illuminated, the dance and revel held uninterrupted sway. I soon made myself known to Francesca, when we withdrew from the glittering throng, for our hearts were full, and we sighed to be alone with each other. Quitting the crowded saloon, we walked forth upon the terrace, and entered the beautiful gardens which surrounded the villa.

At the side of the *bosquetto*, overhanging the sea, was raised a picturesque looking ruin, designed by the marchese from those rustic temples which the ancients were in the habit of erecting to their garden deities. Thither we directed our steps. It was as light as day; the moon had risen in all her beauty in the heavens, which glittered with innumerable stars: we entered the temple and sat down. The classic shores, celebrated by Horace and Virgil, stretched away beneath us, bounded by "the dark blue sea," now gemmed with Dian's silvery beam, and hushed to rest deep and tranquil "as a child's repose." Here and there upon its bosom the graceful *felucca* or *speronaro*, their white lateen sails hanging gracefully from their tapering yards, urged forward by their well-timed sweeps, were seen making for the harbour; and the song of the mariner, or the plash of the fisherman's oar, as beneath the covert of some beetling cliff he tried to scare into his busy nets his scaly prey, would break for a moment the deep silence of the scene. It was one of those beautiful occasions when we feel how much the loveliness of external nature becomes heightened in the eyes of man, by having mingled with it enough of human association to arrest and engage his sympathy. The mountain glacier would fail to awaken the deep interest of the traveller, were it not that the Switzer's cottage peered upward by its base from the vale below. We dwelt but for a few moments on the intense beauty of the scene, but in that glance our souls seemed with its beauty to entertain the very genius that governed it: with our hearts already attuned to love, we were not slow in discerning the same ineffable spirit at work, maintaining this beauteous harmony and loveliness in the visible creation; and when we turned, looking into each other's eyes, it was in obedience to its all-pervading influence that we sank in the arms of one another. For the first time Francesca returned my burning kisses with the soft but thrilling pressure of her own dewy lips, while our whispering voices died away in murmurs, soft and gentle as the rippling beat of the neighbouring sea.

THE DEATH OF THE COURSER.

[Count Afieri had a favourite mare that died in a race at Sienna; which circumstance elicited from him a beautiful Sonnet, here imitated.]

A cry awoke along Sienna's street—
Joy for the victor, anguish for the dead,
But whose the steed whose latest race is sped?
My beautiful Origia! thou—the fleet
Among the fleetest, is it thine to meet
Destruction where thou should'st have triumphed?
Alas! the tearful eye, the drooping head
Too well proclaim thy doom—thy first defeat.
Mourn! O Sienna! mourn! for thou hast lost
The noblest of the herd. No more the call
Of mellow horn shall bid her sweep afar
Along the plain and dare th' embattled host:
Mourn! O Sienna! mourn! this day should mar
All pleasure of the race,—that saw Origia fall.

Queen's, Oxford. W. T.

ADVENTURES OF AN ATTORNEY IN SEARCH OF PRACTICE. 1 Vol. 8vo.

Although we are not at liberty to name the author of this agreeable volume, we believe we may venture to state that he is a gentleman standing deservedly high in his profession. He addresses himself to all attorneys who want a client, and to all clients who want an attorney; and in narrating the circumstances and events of his own professional life, he lays down in an amusing manner many of the usages and practices of law, which are things to be known by all men. As a lawyer, he sees some of these things from a point of view very different from that under which we view them, as laymen and helpless patients; but at the same time he fairly states results, and tells us what we have to expect in anxiety, uncertainty, delay, and *expense*, whenever we embark in a lawsuit. It would be too much to expect any vehement indignation from one of a class that gain by this system, and who, no doubt, in most instances, can reconcile both their consciences and their reason with their interests, and maintain, very logically, that the system cannot be altered but for the worse—that English law is the justest and finest, and most perfect thing in the universe. Our author, of course, does not proclaim that the expensiveness of law, in cases innumerable and constantly occurring, puts justice entirely out of the reach of the honest poor man; and that law is at once a sharp sword of attack, and a broad shield of defence to the rich rogue; but he frequently makes admissions that go to establish what is now the conviction of an immense portion of English society. In criminal law the case is different. We believe that the poorest of Englishmen, if falsely charged with murder, arson, or any other capital crime affecting life, has a fair chance, a better chance than is offered in any other country—the United States of America only, *perhaps*, excepted. Though here again the great blessing of trial by jury is too often imperfect, through the want of education and sagacity in the jurymen. The most innocent and most courageous may well tremble before the ignorance, and blundering, and indolence of certain juries, particularly if the judge should happen to be somnolent or prejudiced, (as the best of judges at times will be,) and the counsel, now allowed the prisoner, inexpert and unpopular in court. When, therefore, we urge the necessity of diffusing knowledge, of establishing a good system of education throughout the kingdom in lieu of the wretched no-system which has so long prevailed to our danger and disgrace, we plead for what may possibly be, some day or other, to each of us, the arbiter of life and death, honour or infamy. Even leaving out of the question the juridical enormities of "the *good* old times," a large book might be filled with the monstrous blunders committed by juries since the beginning of the present century—and a deeply interesting and very sad book it would be! But we are wandering, perhaps impertinently, from our author, whose subject-matter is of a lighter and livelier kind. His account of his first "setting up in business" is very amusing.

There is something vastly agreeable in the first day of a professional life; clerkship, servitude, and drudgery are all at an end; one no longer asks the hour, with sore consciousness of being too late for office, or dire misgivings of having been inquired for; and racking one's wits in vain for some new excuse, not yet exhausted, of "gone to the Temple," "examining an abstract," or "serving a notice!" I was in such a desperate hurry to begin, that though I had not a client nor the dream of one, and was filled with lofty ambition to do the thing well, and start with all the magnificence of a house, I had not patience to wait till I could find one, but engaged a first floor over a shop, bought a desk and half a dozen chairs second-hand, incarcerated the first stray lad I could catch, in a dark cell eight feet by six, tied up old precedents with new tape, and then painted my name gorgeously on the door-posts with all the dignity of "Mr. Sharpe, Solicitor," at full length.

Such was my self-complacency at the independence of my novel position, that I believe I rung my hand-bell for my clerk half a score of times in the course of an hour, merely for the pleasure of having it answered; though there was charity in the act, for, without this stimulus to attention, he would inevitably have gone to sleep for lack of better employment. "Well," I thought to myself, "here I am at last, and there's an end to Blackstone and Tidd, and Barton's Precedents, and all that for the present; and as to leases, and settlements, and wills, they are bad enough to be sure, in any view of the case, but at all events I shall draw them to pay myself, and that is something." And thus comforting myself for the plague of prospective labour, I eyed the grave red-lettered calf-skin, resumed the newspaper, read every advertisement, and finally gazed out at the window in vain speculation of finding a client in some passer by.

How long this interesting state of indolent expectation might have continued, had I waited for clients to come to me, I cannot say, but after a week or two I began to find it as *ennuyant* as it was profitless, and resolved, as nobody seemed willing to find me out, to try my luck in finding out them. It was very clear that my extraordinary merits were still unknown, and an attorney, though he ought certainly to "blush unseen," if he blushes at all, cannot by any means afford to waste his sweetness on the desert air. Hence I changed my plan; left word with my clerk that if any body called I was "gone to the Temple," and sallied forth on a Paul Pry expedition among all my friends and acquaintances: but I verily believe that the demon of ill luck, if there is such a deity in heathen mythology, presided over my first essays. Not a soul had called on me for three weeks, except two or three idle lads to see "how I got on," when, while engaged on one of my marauding expeditions, a certain noble lord of very large property, hitherto unprovided with a solicitor, and to whom I had been favourably mentioned by a common relative, drove up to my door, and called to instruct me to file an information against the trustees of an important charity. "Gone to the Temple" was as unintelligible to his noble ears as if my clerk had reported me "gone to the devil;" perhaps, in his opinion the expressions were synonymous, as in truth, I have often considered them myself: however this may be, I never saw any more of his lordship, or heard another syllable of his instructions, (except that another solicitor had filed the information,) though on three successive mornings I left my card at his mansion in Grosvenor Square; at no cost of time, for I had nothing else to do, but at an immense expense of coach-hire, omnibuses not then being in fashion. It is all for the best: I have since seen and heard much of his lordship; he is a worthy man, but his notions, however becoming his high rank, would never have agreed with my temper at that early time of day; and had we quarrelled, I should have lost clients in his connexion that I have still retained, and value far more highly.

This was a bad beginning, but I made the best of it, as has been my rule through life; a wealthy client of noble rank is a prize to any man, but to a beginner at the age of four-and-twenty, the loss of him is a serious affair; so I complained to my friends of my bad fortune, wondered how anybody, noble or plebeian, could be so unreasonable as to expect to find a man of business always at home without making an appointment, and a few days after was solaced by a call from a gentleman that I had long known, who wished for my advice on a case where he clearly had not a leg to stand on; and so I told him.

"But must I lose the money, Sharpe?"

"I am afraid so."

"Then you think there is nothing in it?"

"I won't go so far as that, but I think you are wrong."

"Umph! a pretty joke to let this villain rob me in this way! I thought you would get me out of it; but you say you are not certain. I should like to ask Mr. Scarlett."

"Lord Abinger at that time ruled the day. I suggested the opinion of a junior counsel, as more easily attainable, and the opinion was taken. It confirmed mine, but my client was still dissatisfied; he went to another attorney, who brought the action, and succeeding by Scarlett's aid, against law and reason, swamped my credit: for though the plaintiff has been my friend, and a kind one too, for more than twenty years, he has never again been my client from that day to this. I met him a few days after the trial, and our conversation was rather amusing.

"Well, Wright, you have gained the day!"

"Yes, to be sure: but little thanks to you."

"I admit it; for I still think you were all wrong."

"Ay; but wiser folks thought me all right."

"Scarlett never thought so, whatever the jury might."

"But Scarlett did think so, and said so."

"O yes! he told the jury so of course, and they were fools enough to believe him; but did he tell *you* so, at your consultation?"

"He said nothing at the consultation! he never once asked me to sit down; but he cocked his eye at the attorney, nodded to the other counsel, poked the fire, and I saw at once it was all right. I paid two guineas or more for that cock of the eye; but it don't matter for that, so long as that rascal can't rob me and laugh at me to boot; and he would have done both, had I followed your advice."

"Well, don't cry till you are out of the wood; he'll move for a new trial, and will get it, take my word for it; and then Scarlett himself will tell you who is right."

My friend made a wry face at this prediction, and had his opponent then chanced to meet with him, and taken him between wind and water, he would gladly have drawn stakes; but as my ill luck would have it, I was again out, for a new trial was *not* moved for, my friend recovered damages and costs, and has ever since voted me a fool, and himself the very cleverest biped in creation: yet the case was as clear as the daylight. I earned, by this matter, 2*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*, and lost my client and my legal repute into the bargain.

Weeks and even months rolled on, and my neat new floorcloth was still scarcely soiled by a trace of rich city-mud, my desk was yet unstained by ink, my red tape retained its virgin bloom, my papers had not gathered an ounce of '*blacks*,' my clerk had acquired an habitual doze, and even my hand-bell seemed to have lost its power of disturbing his siesta! Matters looked desperate, and some extraordinary effort *must* be made to maintain appearances! Things were in this state when I received a call from a venerable old gentleman, for whom I had been actively employed in my clerkship. Though I had almost jumped up in ecstasy at the unwonted sound of voices in the outer room, I felt bitter disappointment when my visiter was ushered in; for I inferred that his object could only be to discuss old business of which I thought I had taken leave for ever, or to bother me with the yet more provoking inquiry after papers or documents long since sent to the tomb of the Capulets. I was mistaken."

The following adventure is laughable.

I was still musing on my misfortunes, for lack of other more interesting topics of professional meditation, when, about ten days after this mortifying discovery, a ticket-porter came bustling up to my office-door, bearing an antiquated box, well protected by iron clamps, corded and locked, and duly directed to Gregory Sharpe, Esq., Attorney at Law, &c. "to be kept dry, this side uppermost," and all the rest of it. The man demanded fifteen shillings for the carriage, and two more for the porterage; but where it came from, except from that Maelstrom of parcels and passengers, the Golden Cross, or what it contained, he knew no more than the dead. I again suspected a hoax of stones and brickbats, by way of apology for demanding seventeen shillings, but there was a sweet promise about the venerable chest, which determined me on venturing, and I paid for, and received the charge. Day after day, and week after week passed over, but no explanatory letter arrived; and though the box was distinctly addressed to me, yet as it was securely locked, and no key had been forwarded, I was deterred by scruples of delicacy, from opening it. I eyed it and examined it daily and curiously, and various and profound were my speculations. It was to be "kept dry;" this argued papers or] deeds within; but then the top was "to be kept uppermost,' and I well knew that all the writings and deeds of the richest land-owners in the kingdom were hourly turned over in an attorney's office, without upsetting a title. My scruples might have restricted my curiosity for a twelvemonth, but for the seasonable visit of a fair damsel, who carried on the mystery of bonnet-making. She called on me one morning in considerable agitation; under such excitement indeed, that my professional dreams, always haunting my sanguine imagination, took a new form, and "breach of promise," with all its interesting details, flitted before my eyes! I had almost instinctively rung my bell to despatch a retainer to Serjeant Wilde, when, having recovered her breath, exhausted by the steepness of my stairs, the damsel exclaimed in a tone which showed she had not by any means recovered her composure, "Pray, Mr. Sharpe, if that be your name, why haven't you sent me Mrs. Rudall's bonnet?"

"Simply because I have not received it, and have not the honour of knowing such a lady."

"Well, now, that *is* strange! and isn't your name Sharpe? and ain't you an attorney of law? and don't you live at No. 10, in this here street?"

"Precisely so, my good lady; but you seem to know ten times more about me than I do of you, or Mrs. Rudall either."

She then drew a letter out of her pocket, and showing me the address, inquired if I knew the writing. I disclaimed all acquaintance with it. She returned it to her pocket, without reading a line of it, and saying there must be some strange mistake, and begging pardon for the intrusion, withdrew. Here was new matter for curiosity; but my thoughts still fondly clinging at intervals to the box, I began to penetrate the mystery, and without more hesitation sent for a smith to open it. The first object that met my eye was the unlucky bonnet, most carefully hedged round with papers and parchments to sustain it in its vertical position.

I removed it with all possible care, and found deposited immediately beneath it, a letter addressed to myself, in an elegant female hand, on beautiful embossed paper, and slightly sealed with wax of celestial blue, impressed with Cupid retaining a dove by a silken cord.

" Mrs. Rudall presents her compliments to Mr. Gregory Sharpe, and begs permission to forward to him all her deeds and papers, being involved in a most cruel dispute with her landlord, and having heard from their mutual friend, the Rev. Mr. Fairfax, an old college acquaintance of Mr. Sharpe's, the highest testimony to his character and abilities. Mrs. Rudall will trouble Mr. Sharpe to allow some of his people to take the bonnet, which she has enclosed for safety in the box, to Madame Livorne. Mr. Sharpe will please to direct all possible care to be taken of the bonnet, and to favour Mrs. Rudall with his opinion on her case, as early as possible, her landlord behaving like a brute, and being very troublesome !

" P. S. Mrs. Rudall will be glad if Madame Livorne can send home the bonnet by this day week."

Here was I in a pretty mess ! the letter had no date or address; mere ornamental appendages in the opinion of most fair correspondents. More than a fortnight had already gone by. I had no certain clue to Madame Livorne, and as to the case, and the brute of her landlord, had I been Theseus himself, my lovely client had shown herself no Ariadne. I turned over the papers with a vengeance, but I could make nothing of them. I had lost sight of Fairfax for above seven years, and never knew more of him, than as a casual companion to take wine with. In short, I resolved to leave the affair to the chance of the tables, after making an honest and ineffectual attempt to trace the bonnet-maker.

Another week elapsed, and to my relief, though somewhat also to my surprise, a lady drove up to my office door, sending up a tiger to beg that I would oblige her by stepping down to her carriage. I immediately obeyed; and a good-looking lady of some thirty years' date, and sweetly smiling a self-introduction, announced herself as Mrs. Rudall.

" *Have* you got my bonnet, Mr. Sharpe?"

" I have, madam, and several deeds and papers that came with it."

" Oh, never mind the deeds and papers, they will keep till to-morrow; but how could you be so inconsiderate as to detain my bonnet?"

" Really, madam, had you told me where to send it, I would—"

" Why, I told you to Madame Livorne !"

" But you never told me where she lived."

" In St. James's street, to be sure; everybody knows where Madame Livorne lives;" laying a stress on the word " everybody," with something between a sneer and a tone of incredulity. I lisped out some nonsense about my professional distance from the world of fashion, and offered the *amende honorable*, by forthwith forwarding the bonnet to its destination; but this she declined, taking the precious charge upon herself; and at the same time promising to make an appointment to see me on " her case," before she left town. I had the wit to ask her address, and I called at her hotel three successive days without once finding her sufficiently at leisure to enter on the subject. I did not call again, though she staid a week in London. The day before she quitted it, I received another note from her, which, though not sealed with doves or blue wax, I opened with alacrity, but found it only contained an order to deliver over the box with its contents to another attorney, the brother-in-law of Madame Livorne, " whom she had luckily found an opportunity of putting in possession of all the circumstances of her unfortunate case ! ! !"

In the sixth chapter our author startles us with a description of the costume and personal appearance of Lord Lyndhurst some years ago, when he was solicitor general, and only a *Sir John*. "Extreme of fashion," "whiskers and *moustaches* of no common dimensions," "gilt spurs of extraordinary length," are among what Castlereagh would have called "the fundamental features" of this dandified lawyer's equipment. But we must confess that here we suspect our author of some slight inaccuracy.

The following chapter about "costs" claims particular attention; but it must be observed that the reasoning in it is very professional; and that lawyers can make out *costs* enough, without any posting fifty miles, or any forgetfulness on the part of any witness. Things which our author details with a pleasant smile will be read by many with a heavy sigh!—the sigh of memory, the bitter regret of departed pounds sterling—nothing being swift in law except the flight of the client's money, which, in the words of Bacon, the greatest of wits and philosophers, and the worst of Lord Chancellors, "is like the motion of a bullet in the air, which flieth so swift as it outruns the eye."

One axiom on the question of costs is so obviously true, that we cannot avoid surprise at our clients so often losing sight of it. If they wish only to pay their attorney like a shoeblack, they will soon have only shoeblacks for their attorneys. No man can limit himself as to the extent of costs, without cramping his exertions to a degree that may prove highly injurious to his client's interests. The casualties and accidents of litigation are so frequent, and sometimes so expensive, that they occasion more expenditure than even the whole of the proceedings that go on in the accustomed course; and if the cause of action is not of sufficient importance to warrant costs out of the ordinary routine, if necessary, it is wiser and more honest to advise the client to submit to his loss. This maxim must be received *cum grano*, certainly; but in cases where character is not involved, or rights ultra the subject-matter of the litigation, it is invariably true. In ordinary actions to recover debts, or damages for pecuniary injury, the expense resolves itself into mere matter of arithmetical calculation; such actions, however, form by no means the staple commodity in the business of an eminent attorney. A curious instance of this accidental expenditure to a small extent, once occurred to myself.

I was engaged in a cause at the assizes about fifty miles from London. It stood first in the paper for the day following my arrival. I had travelled from town in a postchaise with two of my witnesses, one of whom was a surveyor of eminence, who had been subpœnaed to produce his report of certain dilapidations. This gentleman was one of the convivial corps, remarkably corpulent, jolly, and good-humoured. On arriving at the assize town about seven o'clock in the evening, I placed him in the post that he had been anxiously coveting for some three or four hours previously,—at a table ensconced in a snug box in the coffee-room, with his favourite dish before him, a bottle of the best port, and such a fire by his side as one views with pleasure in a raw, cold evening in March. He had been up with me all the preceding night, discussing evidence. I now told him to discuss his steak, make himself comfortable, and go to bed, while I attended the consultation. Mr. Baron Gurney was my counsel; a man that no flaw in evidence could escape.

"Has Mr. Gubble been served with a duces tecum, Mr. Sharpe?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Where is his report?"

"Here, Sir." (*producing it.*)

"This!" said Gurney. "This can never be the original: it is too neat and methodical. Where are the memorandums from which he prepared it?"

It had quite escaped me to ask for them; yet it was obvious that the non-production of them would seem suspicious, and insure the rejection of the copy as evidence. I hastily returned to Gubble, and found him wrapt in full enjoyment: the cloth removed; the bottle but half exhausted; the feet relieved from the incumbrance of tight damp boots, and relaxing their swelled tendons in comfortable slippers; the legs extended on a second chair, and the eyes heedlessly closing over the leading article of a daily paper: while a nightcap was already overshadowing his bald temples.

"Mr. Gubble! Mr. Gubble!" I exclaimed, "rouse yourself, Mr. Gubble, and come to the consultation!"

"Rouse myself! consultation! What do you mean? is the house on fire?"

"You must explain your report. Gurney doesn't understand it."

"Report! consultation! I had just settled into a doze. Confound your ways of business! I don't half like them."

"Come, man, off with your cap, and on with your boots, and come along with me."

He slowly raised one leg from the chair, and then the other, gasping between each operation; pushed the cap back on his forehead; groped along the table for his snuff-box; and with the finger and thumb on the lid, not yet raised, growled out, "Con-sul-ta-tion! what d'ye mean?" I repeated my summons, but he was in no hurry; and deliberately exhausting the pinch with one hand, while he supplied his glass with the other, desired me to ring the bell.

"Waiter, send chamb'maid. Con-sul-ta-tion! what has a weary man like me to do with consultations? Chamb'maid!"

She entered.

"Lit the fire, Betty?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bed uppermost, Betty?"

"Yes, sir."

"Three blankets?"

"All right, sir."

"Pan of coals?"

"Aired it well, sir."

"Live coals at nine, Betty; stir the fire a little before, Betty; draw the curtains; mind a rushlight; send waiter."

The waiter again appeared.

"What can I have for supper, waiter?"

"What you please, sir."

"Something light: devilled gizzard?"

"No, sir."

"Sausages?"

"Can't recommend 'em, sir."

"Oysters?"

"Very fine, sir, and fresh: how would you like 'em?"

"Scalloped—Welsh rabbit to follow—egg-flip."

"When, sir?"

"Immediately—in ten minutes: and now for your con-sul-ta-tion, Mr. Sharpe."

The night-cap was easily superseded by the hat, but all the bootmakers in London could not have replaced the calf-skin on his expanded limbs. He toddled along in his slippers as well as he could, over the slippery, half-frozen stones. I would not suffer him to wait to resume his coat, which he had exchanged for his dressing-gown before he began his dinner. Groaning, yawning, and cursing all law and all lawyers, Gubble entered the chambers, staring round in perplexity, and rubbing his eyes, as if doubtful whether it was not a dream.

"Mr. Gubble—your memorandums."

"Memorandums!"

"Yes: those from which your report is prepared."

"Report!"

"Yes; your report. Are you awake, man?"

"Zounds! I scarcely know. I was just going to bed."

"Go when you like; but we must have the memorandums."

"Memorandums! I've got no memorandums. Sharpe has the report."

"Tut! man; I have the report here, in my hand, but where is your note-book?"

"Note-book!"

"Yes; note-book: have you no papers but this?"

"Why, I don't know what more you want. I have a sort of pocket-book, but it's of no use."

"Where is it?"

"At home."

"Where?"

"At Hackney."

"You must go for it!"

"Go for it!!!"

"Certainly."

"What, to Hackney!!!"

"To Hackney."

"Well, this is a queer business! go back to Hackney, and subpœnaed here!"

"Not at all; you must fetch it."

"I fetch it! that's a good one! Boots must call me early in the morning, I fancy!"

"Morning, man! you must be back by the morning!"

"Back by morning! Hackney, to-night!!! a hundred miles to-night!!! sure you are mad!"

"Very likely," coolly observed Gurney, "but it must be done."

"You'll not catch me doing it, I can tell you, done or undone; I've not half finished my dinner: and ten minutes more would have found me in bed, which I never leave at night, unless burnt out."

But Mr. Gurney had given me my cue. A chaise and four was already at the door; poor Gubble's great coat and boots safely deposited within it, with an extra blanket, and a second bottle to keep him warm. We bundled and heaved him into the chaise, half by persuasion, and half by force, and cautioned the boys not to let him out for the first two stages; trusting to his fears and his good sense to do the rest, when he was sufficiently awake to reflect on it. We reckoned rightly. He was back by ten the next morning; entered the court as we were called on, unshaved, undressed, but elated with the thought of his activity; produced his pocket-book, and saved the cause, though at an accidental cost of some five-and-twenty pounds. The fault, however, was not mine; for I had cautioned him by letter, as I always do on such occasions, to bring with him every scrap of paper that he possessed, and he told me that he had done so.

These accidental "aggravations of expense" (it is the best term I can invent for them) are not uncommon, after bestowing the utmost care that foresight can suggest."

At the end of this chapter the author says boldly that *nineteen* out of *twenty* juries are *wrong headed*, and that he has often known jurymen boast of their justice, when some poor devil has obtained from this same justice just enough to pay his surgeon's bill after having been disabled for life by a drunken coachman, or *a larking dandy!* Our newspapers of late have abounded with materials to support this latter position.

The following passage will be read with interest by the "profession," and all intimately connected with it.

> Before I describe the *non*-respectable of our body, it may be expedient to advert very briefly to our relative position in society, as a professional class; for without a little explanation on that head, it is very difficult to conceive how such a medley of extremes should be found in a common pursuit, where a common system of education is adopted, from an age generally so early that the taste and habits of the pupil cannot be supposed to have been previously formed. It must be confessed that till within the last forty or fifty years, an attorney's title to be ranked even among the middle classes of society was very equivocal. Mr. Latitat was the rogue of every farce—the knave of every novel: his occupation made him adroit and intelligent, but it also made him suspected; it frequently brought him into personal contact with the dishonest and degraded, and he acquired, often undeservedly, a taint of reputation from the very circumstance that enabled him to understand, and by understanding to defeat, the arts and stratagems of villany. Legal business itself was at this period of a very inferior stamp: now and then cases might arise on family settlements—on real titles—on complicated relations of debtor and creditor—or doubtful customs in trade or commerce: but these were comparatively rare, and by no means constituted the bulk of legal practice; that was to be found in petty personal disputes or delinquencies—in small controversy between small people. Law too, like everything else, was comparatively cheap, and even the bar, though always to a certain extent the resource of pauper aristocracy, was scarcely regarded in any other light than a refuge for the destitute, suited to the youngest sons of younger brothers, who had no turn for the army, and no character for the church. In our days, though this inferior business still remains, and is even extended as population has extended, and the lower classes have acquired greater property, yet it by no means forms the principal inducement to enter the profession. So intimately has commerce become interwoven with law, in all its branches, that there is scarcely any important transaction in which the merchant can engage, that does not more or less require the counsel of his solicitor, till long familiarity with the subject has made him half a lawyer himself. The law of insurance, the law of principal and factor, of lien, of partnership, of bankruptcy, of bills of exchange, and many other heads that might be mentioned, enter into the daily affairs of the counting-house. So many, too, of our patrician families have of late years found it convenient to place their sons in mercantile or banking houses, and consequently to raise capital by the mortgage or sale of their patrimonial estates, that questions of pure conveyancing often become entangled with commercial law; and the nobleman, not less than the merchant, is thrown more frequently and more entirely into the hands of his attorney. The immense increase of public companies and parliamentary business, and even the growing importance and independence of our colonies, have largely contributed to swell the stream of professional profit, and at the same time to purify its source, by giving a legitimate and acknowledged value to the solicitor's services. This gradual elevation of our duties has naturally led to the introduction among us of many young men from that rank of life, who,

less than half a century ago, would have spurned the calling as derogatory to their birth; and attorneys in the higher walks of the profession have in many instances established for themselves an acknowledged title to rank with the first circles; though I do not say the most fashionable, for I by no means class these among the most worthy, or the most important; but though by this accession of better born, and therefore generally better educated men, we have improved our social position, and can now enumerate hundreds among us, who are not less gentlemen by birth, by feeling, and by manners, than we are by act of parliament, there still remains too much of that low business which was once the staple of our trade, not to attract many low people into the profession; the rather because if once admitted there, the best prizes are as open to them as to others, if by happy accident they can insinuate themselves into the first or second class of competition: indeed, to be an attorney is itself a great step in life, a sort of gentility of station, in the estimate of the lower ranks of shopkeepers and mechanics: nor does it require any great outlay of money to give a son a title to the name, provided no lavish expenditure has been made in his previous education. Let it not be supposed that I feel contempt for this laudable and even humble ambition; far from it, for I profess principles too liberal, as well in politics as I trust in Christian faith, to deride it; but I still think myself at liberty to protest against the absurdity as well as the silly pretension of placing a boy of sixteen in an attorney's office, without any preparatory education beyond the Latin grammar, and too often less than that, simply to qualify him to be a gentleman, whilst his brothers are tinkers and tailors, and his father a Bow-street runner or sheriff's officer.

* * * * *

There are various ways by which these adventurers contrive to work out a livelihood in a "respectable" manner. The secret of their art is to establish a familiar acquaintance with any humble class where the ceremony of special introduction is of small account, and in the words of the play, to "push it as far as it will go." There are many classes of this description daily to be found in our crowded metropolis; and all of them, either from their helpless ignorance, or dishonest pursuits, stand in daily need of a "professional adviser." Among the helpless, may be enumerated the thoughtless sailor just returned from sea—the inferior tradesman trembling on the verge of bankruptcy—the pigeon who, after plucking, hesitates between reform and desperation—the ruined spendthrift, but expectant heir—and yet more frequently the beggared gentleman that prefers enjoying his last hundred within the prison-walls, to dividing it among fifty creditors at the rate of sixpence in the pound. The dishonest class is, perhaps, less accessible, but far more profitable: it consists of cent per cent money-lenders and annuity-mongers; of brokers who will discount a six months' bill on the security of a watch or a well-secured post-obit; hell proprietors and blacklegs of Regent Street and St. James's; swindlers of the turf; smugglers by profession; "fences" of the lanes and alleys of the town, including of course nine-tenths of the pawnbrokers and dealers in marine stores; and finally all the thieves and pickpockets in the bills of mortality.

" It may excite a little wonder among the uninitiated, how any attorney, however poor or adventurous, can find it worth while to seek for clients in the first of these wretched classes; and it is true enough that if on first acquaintance he finds them in utter destitution, that acquaintance will be but a short one: but even among the poorest, there are often decent pickings to be found. A glass of grog with an open-hearted seaman in a public-house at Wapping, will extract the whole history of his hardships, his hopes, and his disappointments for the last ten years of his life; his tales of sad mishaps will win the heart of his legal auditor, as surely as Desdemona's; sympathy begets confidence; and in less than an hour, the sympathising friend receives instructions for a dozen actions against captain, mate, and owners, for sundry assaults, and false imprisonments, and a long arrear of unpaid wages: witnesses are found on board as surely as if they were entered in the ship's manifest; and as one good turn deserves another, the plaintiff and the witnesses frequently change places, and endless litigation is extracted from a single glass of rum and water. If the affair is compromised by ten or twenty pounds, paid by the defendant to get out of the scrape in the shortest and cheapest way, the attorney and his client go shares, (the first taking the lion's part,) and the poor sailor recommends his kind and disinterested friend to half the merchant service. A dozen of such adventures—and his fortune is made! So in the other cases, the tottering shopkeeper will accept bills for a thousand, to get the temporary aid of fifty pounds, and pledge all his last year's stock as security, at a tenth of the cost price; a fiat of bankruptcy speedily follows; and his friend-in-need is the first to help him out of the difficulty, and ensure his certificate by proving for the thousand pounds: the plucked pigeon will stake his soul for one more chance of the tables, and the legal adventurer would sell it to the devil for sixpence beyond the sum advanced: the ruined spendthrift is equally ready to charge his reversion at five hundred per cent., provided the cash is *immediately* forthcoming, and gratefully recommends his "friend" to every expectant heir in her Majesty's household troops: the beggared gentleman, after two weeks' confinement, speculates on being discharged, and having, perchance, forty pounds still left, gives thirty of it to "his lawyer" to "carry him through" the court.

But the dishonest trade is a better thing by far. It requires some dexterity to gain a *locus standi* in it: a man must not be too nice, and the less he says about character the better; a little hard, but clever swearing now and then, will stand him in good stead; for nothing tells more with clients of this class, than a dexterity in drawing safe affidavits. Let an attorney once "get his name up" for this, and he has bought a free admission for life into the whole fraternity; and then there are indeed glorious opportunities, the least of them not to be despised!—suits in equity to set aside annuity transactions; colourable bills of sale, to defeat the executions of just creditors; assigneeships of bankrupt estates; gaming-house prosecutions; and, "sweeter far," their compromise; exchequer informations and *qui tam* actions,—language fails to enumerate a tenth part of the prolific sources of practice to the happy man who once secures the affections of the charming set. The business of the Old Bailey is a step lower, but even here much "good can be done:" it is no bad thing to have the run of Newgate, and be cock of the walk at Clerkenwell Sessions-house. Independently of the sweets of the police-office, and the profitable éclat of daily figuring in the newspaper reports, as "attending to watch" a score of cases in every part of the metropolis, it is notorious that when a thief is once captured in a "lagging" matter, he begins to set his affairs in order; and many of these fellows are "well off in the world," having abundant occasion for professional assistance in the operation. The special advantage of all business of this description is the certainty of payment; from the nature of the case, there can be no trust, and consequently there are no bills of costs; everything is done for ready money, and for a round sum—two guineas, ten, twenty, according to the emergency and the client's means; and if the client is hanged, there the matter ends, without taxation and without complaint.

There is still another class of legal adventurers who are a scale higher in the estimation of the world, but with very little higher merit; they are men who prowl about for bad debts, and dishonoured bills: they call on tradesmen of the better order at Midsummer or Christmas, as punctually as the tax-gatherers, and inquire the extent of bad and doubtful debts in their ledger—they buy them up, according to circumstances, and obtain a rich harvest, if they can purchase five or six hundred pounds due from a score of customers, at five shillings in the pound—twenty actions are thus secured, and as many writs issued on returning to office—in half they recover nothing but the costs; if in the remaining ten they can manage to average ten shillings in the pound, they are indemnified for the purchase-money, and pocket the costs of twenty actions by the adventure, besides the frequent chance of being incidentally introduced to some half-ruined man, who wants an attorney's aid to get white-washed by bankruptcy, or the insolvent court.

On the subject of breaches of promise of marriage, assault and battery, conjugal differences, and "awkward cases" in general, our author is very full, and very amusing. He assures us that his anecdotes, though in some measure disguised, are all substantially true. Treating of the law of libel, he thus tells us what we have to expect from any contest with "the great offenders."

I must not again, however, lose sight of my subject. If the law of libel is open to complaint, I know of no respect in which it is so more justly than that every remedy which it gives to an injured party is of such a nature, that the adoption of it exposes him to redoubled reproach. Hence every timorous or weak-minded man is reduced to helpless and humiliating prostration before the daily press, should he unfortunately provoke its enmity, or enjoy rank or office of sufficient importance to draw hostile observation upon him. Whether he files a criminal information, or indicts or brings an action for damages, it is all one—take which course he will, he is accused of a sinister motive for not selecting another in preference, and consciousness of guilt is good-naturedly deduced from either. Nor is this new imputation confined to the paper that he has attacked; in cases of libel, all the journals make common cause with their cotemporary, whatever may chance to be their political, or even their personal hostility. They seem to think themselves entitled, as of obvious and undoubted right, to put any man they please on self-defence on oath, and when defeated in this object by the resolute refusal of their victim to submit to such tyranny, they complain of the hardship imposed on themselves in the discharge of their public duty! as if all the world did not know that they undertake such a duty voluntarily, for the best of all possible reasons, that it receives higher pay than any other speculation in the field of literature. To read some of the angry articles that appear on these occasions, one would really be tempted to imagine that the proprietors of newspapers were the most ill-used class in the community, who having, out of pure public spirit, undertaken a gratuitous service to their fellow-subjects, were persecuted for their disinterested patriotism!!! Many of them, indeed, carry their assurance so far, that they go out of their way to insinuate some injurious charge, and then demand payment for the contradiction of it as an advertisement! I remember recently seeing a glaring instance of this in the Times, in a letter of the joint solicitors of the Westminster Improvement Company. Could the manager of that journal have overheard some of the very general comments made on this occasion, out of the profession as well as in it, I doubt if he would have felt much flattered! It is fair to observe, that, if far from immaculate, the Herald is more exempt from these libellous sins than any other journal of the day; and the Times, with all its swaggering importance, seems far more disposed than others to allow fair play in the way of self-exculpation to libelled parties; but the best of them are an ungrateful set to the very public that supports them.

Common as these libel cases are, they are very embarrassing to professional men: it certainly is far from pleasant to the attorney himself to become the object of a splenetic and vindictive attack, which is very likely to follow if he is successful against the newspaper which he is called upon to prosecute; but I will do my brethren the justice to say, that I believe there are very few among them so destitute of moral courage, as to be intimidated in the discharge of their duty by any apprehension of such personal consequences. The real difficulty in cases of this kind, springs from the reluctance which all men have to face the public, where custom, profession, or political pretension has not rendered them indifferent to the encounter. It is a natural bashfulness, akin to that which cows a man on his early appearance as a public speaker. It is difficult to overcome this timidity, even where one is conscious that it is misplaced and unreasonable: and yet it is not less an act of kindness, than of legal duty, to resist the indulgence of it, for it makes the party libelled exquisitely sensitive to the attack. I have been consulted in many cases, in which my client has, from morbid sensibility, been excited almost to madness, by some scurrilous insinuation in the public papers, and at the same time has been ludicrously stuck on the horns of the usual dilemma, whether he should not make bad worse, by challenging scrutiny into the justice of the charge: this apprehension always predominates in proportion to the privacy of the client's routine of life. A country gentleman, who, in some unlucky hour, has so far lost discretion, as to take an active part in a county election, in preference to killing partridges, or more frequently a quiet clergyman, betrayed by ecclesiastical zeal into controversy on some question involving the temporal interests of the church, finds himself unexpectedly "shown up," in a provincial journal; private malice (and who is without a private enemy?) assists the editor to dress up a paragraph in colours in which truth and falsehood are intimately mixed. In the simplicity of his mind, the victim sends an explanation, candidly admitting the truth, and vainly endeavouring to separate it from its base alloy. The admission is published with new and aggravated comments —the exculpation is suppressed, because "the pressure of other matter precludes us from giving more than an extract from the reverend gentleman's letter, which we much regret, as we should have liked to amuse our readers"—thus ridicule is added to abuse; the libel, if pointed, or from circumstance politically important, is quoted by the London press, as illustrative of a public grievance; the poor pastor solicits a contradiction, and is kindly assured that "his explanation is an advertisement," and of course inadmissible, unless paid for at five shillings a line, being the tithe of a year's income. Meanwhile he is condemned to the hypocritical condolences of all his clerical neighbours—a letter of fraternal inquiry by his diocesan—and a curtain lecture nightly by his wife. The spirit of resistance is at length aroused—he collects the testimonials of all his parish—provides for to-morrow's funeral and next Sunday's duty—huddles a clean shirt and a sermon into his carpet bag, ties his silk handkerchief round his neck, and bustles away to town on the top of the coach, full of pious indignation, not the less potent because long suppressed, to consult his attorney, and restore peace to his fireside, and confidence to his flock. Woe betide him if his attorney wants sense or principle! in either case his living is sequestrated—his family are thrown on the parish, and he is a degraded man for life! Our duty is to laugh away the irritation, give him a night's lodging and a good bottle of port, and send him safely back by the next coach to his friends.

But there are cases, and far too many of them, that admit of no conciliatory arrangement by the consoling process of the dinner-table. Where personal honour, or professional or official integrity, is attacked, redress must be sought by legal proceedings; and this more especially when a false colour is ingeniously given to facts of themselves innocent, and when strangers may be justified in withdrawing confidence, if vindication is withheld. It is in such cases that the responsibility of advising is most painfully felt; if it is true that policy requires every man who may accidentally be involved in the affairs of public life to be at all times ready to meet a rigid investigation into every act of his existence, whenever he is challenged by the daily press, (and their doctrines on the liberty of the press amount to this,) it is not less true that a fearful responsibility is thrown upon the solicitor who has to advise a client how to conduct himself under circumstances so perilous to the most virtuous. If an action for damages is recommended, the plaintiff cannot be examined, and he is taunted with consciousness of guilt, because he has not preferred moving for a criminal information, where he must have purged himself by affidavit. If he moves for an information, he is exposed to a similar taunt for not subjecting the value of his character to the estimate of a jury! If he takes neither course and indicts, as truth is no part of the issue, he cannot be examined in open court, unless by the special connivance of the judge, a connivance rightly felt to be extrajudicial, and therefore rarely exhibited—then he is challenged with availing himself of a remedy that covers him from the fire of cross-examination; and this is the unfortunate dilemma to which any anonymous libeller can reduce him at pleasure! It is very true that among professional men, such taunts and insinuations are valued, as they deserve, at nothing; but the world in general is not capable of such discrimination, and never will be. It is through this legal Scylla and Charybdis, that we are required to steer our clients safely, and it is the attorney who in this hazardous navigation must always take the helm. We can receive but little assistance from counsel; the private feelings, the past history, the personal character of the party, are rarely known to them; they are always strangers to our clients except in reference to the particular transaction, and clients are rarely willing to repose such extensive domestic confidence in them. But it is by these circumstances only, that a correct judgment can be formed. A man of strong nerve, and consistent moral conduct, may prudently be advised to set publicity at defiance, while the same course might prove fatal to the domestic peace, and perhaps to the health, of a timid man, or one open to censure for early delinquencies. Even where the plaintiff himself need not be deterred by any personal considerations from submitting to the severest scrutiny, he may be intimately connected, by family ties, with those whom such scrutiny may collaterally expose, and this is a difficulty that counsel cannot appreciate. It rests with us therefore, exclusively, to bear the weight of that moral responsibility which is involved in the exercise of a legal discretion in cases of serious libel, and hence I class them among the most difficult that fall to our lot to manage.

It is our duty in all cases to form a dispassionate judgment on the wrongs sustained by our clients, but there is no case in which this is so necessary as in actions or prosecutions for libel. Even where language is insulting, no three men will be found who exactly agree in their measure of the insult. But if the question is whether it is injurious, speculation is still more at fault. I have very often looked back on life, and when reflecting on the absurdities and follies of my adolescence, perhaps in honesty I should say of a yet later period, I have thought what a blessed thing it is that people have such short memories in everything that does not concern themselves. If others were to treasure up our ridiculous errors with as much fidelity as conscience does, what a set of fools most of us must appear! Such, however, is to every man his vast importance in his own eyes, that in the first ebullitions of wrath provoked by newspaper libel, he concludes all the world has nothing else to think about, and will think of nothing else while the present generation lasts, but the ludicrous figure which he is made to cut in the columns of the Times, the

Herald, or the Chronicle! He is in no temper to take a just estimate of the injury, and all his family are sure to sympathise with him, feeling a sort of reflected disgrace in the ridicule thrown upon their relative. Our province is to provide the scales for nicely weighing the injury committed. If it is clear that character is blemished, so long as the charge remains uncontradicted, that official influence will be diminished, commercial credit tarnished, or professional income damaged, we are warranted in advising a recourse to law; but in deciding these points, it is our business to consider well, as in a former case to which I have just alluded, whether the imputation is not only serious, but unequivocally expressed, and *primâ facie* entitled to credit when proceeding from such a quarter; whether the general reputation of our client may not stand too high to be affected by it; whether he may not have himself provoked the slander by intemperate controversial language; a charge to which you may be sure that he will not readily plead guilty; and above all, whether there exists no colour or foundation for the libel. When satisfied on these important preliminaries, our further advice must be governed by special circumstances, such as the station and pursuits of the client; his moral qualities and character, his relative duty to near connexions, or to superiors in office: the position and circumstances of the defendant should also be taken into the account; the general respectability and influence of his journal, and the probability of a successful issue proving efficient to restrain him from further offence; for many are too wealthy to care either for fine or damages, and many so poor that it is a matter of indifference whether they lose a verdict for twenty pounds or a thousand. We must be guided by such considerations in electing between civil and criminal proceedings, and set at defiance all taunts of having made our election wrong. It is impossible to prescribe general rules for the exercise of discretion on these occasions; all I can say is, that political libels are, for the most part, better let alone; but if that is impossible, then a criminal information is usually the safest course. An action is the most eligible proceeding in most cases of private libel, but the attorney is a fool positive who brings his action in any case, where the chances are even that he only recovers nominal damages; his rapacity and roguery will be a most amusing theme to the judge, the jury, and every body but himself; and his bill will be taxed to wind up the farce!

Here we must take our leave of these adventures, fully agreeing with their author, who says, "I would rather fight the devil under the gallows for a gibbeted thief, than get involved in a personal controversy with an unprincipled attorney!"

THE RUINED CHURCH.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Beneath thy roof, no eager throng
  List to Salvation's word,
It only echoes to the song
  Of the wild forest bird;
Around thy doors a mournful wreath
  Of shrouded ivy falls,
And flowers a fleeting fragrance breathe,
  Amid thy crumbling walls.

I never grieve at the decline
  Of palaces and towers,
Where dames and knights were wont to shine
  In gay and festal hours;
The waving plumes, the gems of pride,
  The dance, the banquet rare—
These o'er my fancy lightly glide,
  But do not linger there.

Yet when thy ruined walls I view,
  How easy it appears
Each peaceful image to renew
  Of long departed years!
Thy silvery bells are heard around,
  As once they used to be,
Filling the soft air with the sound
  Of Sabbath melody.

The villagers pursue their way
  Along the primrose glade,
The lisping child, the patriarch gray,
  The matron and the maid—
They enter at the open door,
  They meekly take their place,
And God's assistance they implore
  To bless the words of grace.

Long years have passed—that rustic train
  Now lie in Death's cold thrall,
And few, or none, perchance, remain
  To sorrow for thy fall;
Yet are the truths of little worth,
  They heard and treasured here?
No, no—they raised their souls from earth,
  To reach a holier sphere.

And I am wrong to gaze in gloom
  Upon thy dull decay,
Knowing thou art no common dome
  To fade with time away;
And though to thee it be not given
  Through future years to last,
The spirits of the just in heaven
  Bear witness of thy past.

THE PILLAR OF SIVA.

It was evening, in the most holy city of Benares. Beneath the shade of the sacred peepul, from whose branches hung a small silver bell, which tinkled softly as the light breeze stirred the boughs on which it rested, sat an aged Brahmin. The holy volume of the Vedas was open before him, on which he gazed with silent reverence, save when his eyes were raised with an expression of adoration and awe to the broad expanse of the firmament above. At a little distance a young maiden was busied in preparing his temperate repast. She was tall, delicately-featured, and beautiful; yet her skin was scarce lighter than the dark girls of her race, and her limbs were nearly abandoned to nature's sweet simplicity. Ever and anon she would turn from her employment to dart a stealthy glance towards the Brahmin, in which appeared to be mingled anxiety and affection, while a suppressed sigh testified that her thoughts partook of the melancholy or holy. The sun was setting in the mighty stream of Ganges, releasing the plains from his noontide fervour, and shedding his rich unclouded flood of light upon the groves of cocoa-palms and plantains, and over the broad fields of rice and millet, which undulated gently in their exuberance of height and verdure.

"Panama!" said the Brahmin, suddenly closing the book, "Panama!"

"Father, I am here," answered the maiden, crossing her hands meekly over her bosom, and bowing to the earth before him.

"'Tis a glorious sunset, child," he said, directing his daughter's attention to the face of the majestic river, into which the orb of day was fast descending; "a glorious sunset—a delightful heaven—such a one as should call back thy wandering wayward thoughts to pious meditation and fervent prayer."

"My thoughts wandered not, father," replied Panama, with an apprehensive glance, as if fearful that her sire had penetrated and read the secret of her soul.

"Nay, nay, I reproached thee not. 'Twas but the admonition of a doting parent. Behold yon hallowed stream—how it trembles and glitters under the radiance of the skies. Such an eve as this should smile upon the restored supremacy of our ancient faith, as it now smiles upon the coming festival; daughter, to-morrow is the feast of Jumna Osmee."

"I know it, father."

"Doubtless thou dost; art thou prepared?"

"Prepared! father—yes. I hope I am prepared. What mean you, father?"

"Prepared in purity of intention, in holiness of heart, my child, to join in the service of the mighty God—that is my meaning. Has Panama searched her heart, and cleansed it from every idle fancy, after the unclean fashion of the unbelievers?"

"My father, my dear father!" ejaculated Panama, falteringly, while her cheek blenched under the workings of some secret emotion.

The old man drew her gently towards him, and put back with his hand the clustering tresses which overshadowed her brow.

"Look not so pale, my daughter—be not distressed; think not I meant to insinuate a suspicion on a thing so innocent and so dear. But, O Panama, thou art simple, untaught, thou knowest no guile; shouldst thou be betrayed, my child—deceit dwells in the bosoms of the unbelievers—and shouldst thou become their prey—forfeit the honours of thy caste—disgrace thy faith—take up thy lot among the accursed—O! my child, these locks of thine are dark and beautiful; how softly do they fall upon thine old father's head, whose hoary whiteness rivals the summits of the snow-crowned Himalaya; if it should so be, that my duty to Brahma should force me to shun their sight, avoid their touch; that every grace which adorns the beauty of my lovely Panama should be fraught with abomination to these gray and aged hairs. Oh! Panama, my child! my child!" and he pressed her warmly to his heart.

"Dear father, talk not thus," exclaimed the trembling virgin, stooping and pressing her quivering lips to the forehead of her sire, while her knees bent beneath the effects of strong inward agitation.

"There, there, my child; I'll say no more—I'll say no more—the gods of Abdullah know that he seeks not to wound thy gentle spirit; but I dreamed—I dreamed thou hadst become a victim to the fallen ones. Ha! even now they blot the light of heaven—behold—nay tremble not, stand up erect—behold, and curse with me—with the old Abdullah—curse, curse, the polluters of the sanctuary."

Slowly did Panama withdraw herself from the support of her father. Timidly she raised her eyes, and shuddered, as if about to encounter some object which might blast their sight. A group of men were issuing from a jungle at some distance. They were laden with bamboo, and were at once recognised by Panama as Mussulmans, the enemies of her race and creed. There was something harrowing in the gaze with which she strove to scrutinise the countenance of each afar off; Abdullah, too, surveyed them intently, and both were silent. They watched the strangers as they proceeded along the path, until, entering another coppice, they vanished successively from view. The merry jest and wild laugh of the strangers were yet borne to the ears of Abdullah and his daughter, and imagination might picture to the devotee, that he heard but the revilings of the infidel against his country's idols.

The Brahmin stooped towards his child. "The feast of Mohurrun," he said, in low and hissing accents. Panama started. "Ay," continued he, raising his voice, and exhibiting, in his violence of gesticulation, all the uncontrolled fanaticism of his race; "ay—the feast of Mohurrun—cursed be the gods of our Mussulman oppressors—yet, thanks to the omnipotent Vishnu, our oppressors no longer. O Aurungzebe! Aurungzebe! though thou didst gloat upon the devastation of our palaces and cities—though thou didst pull down our temples, and rear upon their ruins the haughty mosque—though thy muezzin's voice still dares to mingle its abominable accents with the sound of the sacred gong—our column still proudly towers in thy most holy place—flouts thy worshippers, and defies thy sacrilege and power."

"What column, father?" Panama ventured to inquire, when the ebullition of her sire's religious rancour appeared to have subsided.

"Of Siva, child," answered Abdullah sternly.

"Siva!" repeated Panama, with a sudden gesture of dread or astonishment.

"Yes—thou knowest the prediction. When that column shall be levelled with the earth, all the nations shall be of one caste, and the faith of Brahma shall perish. Knowest thou not this?"

"I knew it, father."

"Then why this fear—this amazement—dost thou, too, begin to doubt?"

"Oh! no, father, do not doubt me. I am faithful—I will be faithful; but thy words, thy terrible words; that I should be an abomination to thy gray hairs—a pollution to thy sight. I fancied that I heard thee cursing me; yet I know thou wouldst not curse thy poor Panama." And, with an imploring look of mingled awe and affection, she flung herself once more into the arms of the Brahmin. The old man was deeply affected. He endeavoured to unwind her arms from around him. "I will not—I will never leave thee," she exclaimed, twining yet more firmly round her father's person; "I am innocent—I will not pollute thee now. Now let me cling to thee while I am worthy of thy embrace!"

"Daughter," said the Brahmin, mildly, "thy childish fancies lead thee to conjure up unsubstantial terrors. If I unwind thy arms, 'tis but to take thee more closely in my own. Rouse thyself. Remember to-morrow is the festival of Jumna Osmee. Thy gods—thy country—thy creed, demand thy exertion—sacrifice to these the feelings of the woman—the infirmities of the flesh. Thou needst not prepare my meal: this night I devote to fasting and to prayer. To-morrow, after thou hast performed thy ablutions in the holy Ganges, come to me—thou shalt be blessed, Panama—thou shalt be blessed." He paused, and remained for a moment with outstretched hands, and eyes upturned to heaven, while his daughter bowed her head meekly to the benediction. "To-morrow, too," he added, after a pause, "to-morrow, too, is the festival of Mohurrun. Great Vishnu make thee fatherless, ere Abdullah is worse than childless. Panama, beware of the unbelievers!"

With these words he turned, raised the holy Vedas from the ground, and walked solemnly within the porch of the neighbouring pagoda. Panama ventured not to raise her eyes. Her bosom heaved—she fell prostrate to the earth, and continued for some time in the attitude of devotion. At length she sprang to her feet. Every nerve seemed braced—every weakness vanquished. She marked her forehead with a piece of fresh red earth, and trode backwards and forwards within a small space, as if to give herself assurance of her recovered strength. Her eyes flashed, and her form dilated. She stopped and looked wistfully towards the pagoda, then towards the river. Her head again beat, and her hands were crossed upon her breast. She appeared to be confirming a yet wavering resolution.

"'Tis done!" she exclaimed, giving her hands their natural freedom, and tossing back the tresses which enveloped her face, as if indignant at their intrusion; "love is conquered. Brahma hath the victory—my gods—my country—my creed, demand the sacrifice. Shades of my fathers—faith of my people—ye shall be obeyed." Spurning the ground on which she rested, she darted with the speed of the hunted panther towards the river, and disappeared within the jungle.

Scarcely had Panama departed, when two persons, whose dress and complexion declared them to be sepoys, issued from a grove at the opposite side of the pagoda.

"Ha!" said one, advancing with a bold and swaggering air, under the boughs of the peepul, where the Brahmin had so recently been seated, "this is the place of their abode; 'tis strange her father is not here to enjoy his Vedas and this fair and tranquil prospect, with the beautiful Panama to attend upon and cheer his devotions—gone in to worship, I suppose—well, let them pray—they will need what little assistance religion can bestow, to enable them to endure what awaits them. Eh!—what thinkest thou, comrade?"

"Thou sayest truly," answered the other, whose manner, as he looked round upon the solemn scenery of the spot, betrayed a diffidence approaching to awe, which contrasted powerfully with the cool and reckless audacity of his companion.

"Ay—and yon tinkler," continued the former speaker, pointing with a satirical shrug to a silver bell, which marked the piety of the possessor. "I wonder how much it would fetch at the bazaar; comrade, art thou quick at calculation? The place is very quiet. I've a mind," and stretching out one hand above his head, he sprang upwards to determine how far the dangling treasure might be from his reach. Just then the heavy gong resounded from the pagoda, and the mournful cry of a jackall came startlingly from the enclosures of an adjacent ruin. The sudden interruption to the stillness produced a visible effect on both.

"I'll tell thee what, Ballo," said the more timid of the two, "I don't much like the service we are at present upon."

"Thou dost not," returned Ballo gruffly; "why not?"

"I confess the terrible sacrilege makes me hesitate."

"Sacrilege!" echoed Ballo, dropping his own eyes, however, to the earth; "I thought I should be troubled with thy scruples."

"I'll tell thee a story, comrade."

"Well done!—a story—thou hast them in plenty—I would thy valour kept pace with thy memory; but so it be not above two minutes long, I'll listen;" but the uneasy way in which he folded his arms, and a suspicious glance thrown towards the darkening porch of the pagoda, betrayed a mind not entirely so much at ease as his assumed carelessness would fain have manifested.

"I heard it some time since: the gloom of this place, and that melancholy music, brought it back to my recollection."

"Well," interrupted Ballo, sulkily, "we want no flourishes by way of introduction."

"The story is this," continued his companion, "A saheeb stood upon the grave of a Brahmin—the place was still, and it was evening; his sword hung by his side, just as thy bayonet."

"Faugh—to thy tale—to thy tale," growled Ballo, dragging abruptly from the hand which his comrade laid upon the handle of his weapon.

"A serpent glided from among the grass, which waved around the tomb, and crossed the saheeb's path: he drew his sword to slay it. 'Slay it not, saheeb,' besought his servant, who attended him; 'it is the spirit of the Brahmin.' But the saheeb heeded not; he raised his arm, and smote the sacred animal in twain." The speaker paused.

"Go on, and have done," cried Ballo, endeavouring to dissemble the interest which he took.

"Three days after," said the other in a suppressed and awe-struck voice, "three days after the saheeb died."

Ballo made no comment, but moved silently to a few paces distant. A slight shudder passed along his frame, as the imagined consequence of the saheeb's impiety met his ear, but in no other way did he evince the nature of his secret thoughts.

"Come, Lalljee," he said, at length, apparently striving to recover the semblance of reckless self-possession; "night begins to close in—by this time Amrut awaits our arrival. Come, Lalljee, come!"

"Then thy resolution is fixed," returned Lalljee.

"Fixed—what meanest thou—wouldst have me alter it at thy petty call of superstitious jugglery?"

"If we proceed, we lose our caste," persevered Lalljee.

"I value it not; and for thee, thou knowest that a leap from the precipice of Juanagur will regain it thee."

"And break my precious neck," said Lalljee, wincing at the idea of self-immolation.

"A mere trifle," sneered Ballo; "but should thy valour prefer a safer method, play the divine ape in the next festival of Secta; perhaps thy monkey tricks will bring thee back to favour."

"Ballo," retorted Lalljee, giving some indications of wrath, "if thou doubtest my valour, thou mayest have proof as soon as may be."

"Nonsense, man—no quarrelling here," replied Ballo, who saw the stinging effect of his taunt, and determined to turn it to account. "Six hundred rupees from the wealthy Amrut—'tis not a sum to sneer at—besides, the Fakir, who is to be our banker, has more than that within his coffers. The girl's an easy prey—no blood need be shed—she meets her lover an hour hence in yonder jungle. Curse that infernal gong, it sounds like the reveille of the spirits of evil. An hour hence in yonder jungle, I say, Lalljee, the prize is ours—half an hour sees her delivered into the arms of Amrut—and we, Lalljee and Ballo, will reap but bright honours from his powerful patronage."

"The enterprise is too horrible," groaned Lalljee; "I cannot undertake it."

"Very well," answered Ballo, coolly; "farewell—choose thy scruples and thy poverty; I take the road to wealth and wisdom!" He strided rapidly apart.

"Stay, stay," called in a loud whisper his irresolute and half-ruffian companion; "stay—I—I will accompany thee."

"Then come," said Ballo, returning and taking him forcibly by the arm; "there is no time to be lost; please dismiss thy folly; come! remember Panama, Amrut, and wealth!"

During the latter part of the previous dialogue, a figure might be seen to move stealthily amidst the thick and towering herbage of the adjoining jungle, occasionally peering forth with cautious inquisitiveness upon the speakers, and rapidly withdrawing whenever their position could raise apprehension that their eyes rested on the spot. The path led their receding footsteps through the bosom of this coppice, and suddenly and silently did the form crouch among the tangled grass, until the rustling sound caused by their brushing through the impediments of the jungle no longer reached the place of concealment, and their voices had ceased to mingle with the peal of the sonorous gong. Then as suddenly did it burst from its hiding-place, and rush into the open space which fronted the pagoda. The long and matted hair, which twined in filthy masses round the face and shoulders, the various marks of chalk and ordure which besmeared the person of the stranger, with the commanding height, and firm step, and manly stride, announced at once his sex and the nature of his religious profession.

"They spake of the Fakir," he muttered, as he moved restlessly up and down before the pagoda. "Six hundred rupees lodged with me—the Fakir—humph—to be paid them for securing to him the peerless Panama—six hundred more to me for my skill in the selection of these trusty agents. Well, I am above a bribe, but it is necessary to blindfold Amrut; and I have other store of gold within my coffers: yes, but these knaves may find me better prepared for its protection than they calculate from this saintly garb—and for Panama," he added, grinding his teeth with fiendish bitterness, "she is not for the wealthy Amrut. O Abdullah! my deadly enemy, thou shalt not see thy child endure so mild, so propitious a fate—the pollution of the Brahmin would be something—the sight of his gray hairs childless would be more—to behold him forced to shrink from the touch of his beloved offspring, more still—but this falls short, very short, of the full satisfaction of my vengeance; but I have not seen her; yet I have heard much of her beauty—they are in at prayer—this dress admits me as a brother—I will in and feast my eyes upon the loveliness and happiness which I will so soon turn to deformity and misery." So saying, he strode towards the porch, and pausing to take a wide survey of the localities around, his tall, gaunt, and squalid figure, vanished within the gloomy portico.

Amrut was one of those baboos, or native merchants, whose enormous wealth enabled him to indulge in all the refined lasciviousness of eastern luxury, and whose disposition urged him to its most ample and unrestricted enjoyment. He suffered no religious scruples to interfere with his pursuit of pleasure. He selected his seraglio indifferently from among the Pariahs or the Brahmins; so the object was but to his taste, it was all one to Amrut; and his gold, in most instances, procured him the gratification for which he panted. However clandestinely his measures were taken, he could not prevent all knowledge of his harem's motley materials from being buzzed through the city, and his outward sanctity and boundless bribes were frequently insufficient to overcome the suspicious scruples of the high-caste Brahmins. In such cases, he was obliged to have recourse to indirect methods to attain his ends. In one of his evening walks he saw the beauteous Panama, and was instantly fired with the desire of possessing her charms. Overtures had been made, without the knowledge of the maiden, to the Brahmin. These proved unsuccessful; and the lust of Amrut, like that of the decemvir Appius, was left no other path to conquest save that of violence and intrigue.

Amidst the multitude of devotees, pilgrims, and mendicants, which thronged Benares, the Fakir, already introduced to the reader, had for some time enjoyed the confidence of Amrut. Where villany and ingenuity combine to form an acquaintance, it were bootless to tell how their connexion at first commenced. Suffice it to say, that it was purely accidental, and in the course of those religious exercises which Amrut took especial care to practise before the eyes of the public of Benares.

On the night of the commencement of our tale, Amrut, the better to conceal his design, the execution of which he had entrusted to the management of the Fakir, subject to his own subsequent inspection, held a durbar or levee of his principal friends, pensioners, and dependants, for he was as remarkable for his charity as notorious for his licentiousness. The apartment in which Amrut entertained his guests was of a square form, over the gateway of his house, and was beautifully carved, surrounded with a Gothic arcade of exquisite and elaborate workmanship. From the centre of the room rose an elevation of about fifteen feet square, which was covered with a costly carpet, and was occupied by Amrut, and his most distinguished and honoured associates. Four streams of water, one in the centre of each side, descended from the roof in a permanent shower-bath, and fell into stone basins sunk beneath the floor, and covered with a beautiful open network of polished marble. These lent a delightful coolness to the atmosphere of the apartment, which was rendered almost intoxicating by the rich fragrance arising from the perfumes that burned in sumptuous vases at intervals round them. A band of native music sent forth its rude strains, and a group of dancing-girls, fantastically attired, with their usual accompaniment of rings, bells, and anklets, endeavoured, by wanton and violent gesticulation, to contribute to the amusement of the company. The gaiety and munificence of Amrut was even more conspicuous than ordinary; but his frequent change of posture, his half-finished sentences, and abrupt lapses into silence, betrayed that present scenes were far from holding exclusive possession of his mind. These symptoms increased as the evening advanced; and scarcely had the last of his visiters arrived, when, starting up, he complained of sudden illness, apologised to the company for being forced to dispense with so much good society, distributed the presents which he had prepared, and presenting, according to custom, a piece of betel-nut, wrapped up in pawn, poured some attar of roses over the hands of each. With smiling countenance, but with anxious heart, did the love-sick Amrut watch each retiring group, as one by one they filed from his presence, until the last had departed, and he was left without a witness to the workings of intense, unbridled passion. Then did the storm of suppressed emotion burst from its confinement.

"Brahma be praised, they are gone!" he exclaimed, flinging himself upon the embroidered carpet, while his dark complexion grew yet more flushed and sanguine from the rushing blood, and his keen bright eye gleamed unwonted lightnings. "How wearily the moments passed! How fiercely the fires of impatience came through these swelling veins! What calm will tranquillize these aching pulses, which vibrate through my fevered frame. Thou, heart, throb not so wildly!—ye limbs, with calmness do your office!—soon—soon, will come the hour of tumultuous joy, and ye shall, ye shall be satisfied; but the time is scarcely come when they should be here—these ministers of love—the Fakir hath not forgotten his promise—he hath not failed in finding agents for the deed. Could this be?" he said, starting to his feet, and pacing rapidly up the room; "no, no—why torment myself with vain fears? Her father—a Brahmin of much influence—of great popularity;—no matter—gold will do it all—it never failed me—that will do it all—bribe my ministers—soothe the Brahmin—buy off investigation—good—Panama—then, demon or angel, whose spirit now seems to hold malicious and sensual revel within this trembling bosom—thou shalt not escape—thou shalt be mine, mine—ere the dawning of another morrow—then, indeed, bright and hallowed will be to me the festival of Jumna Osmee;" and wallowing in the voluptuousness of excited anticipation, he again flung himself on the carpet, and rested his burning temples silently upon his hand, whose fingers smote quiveringly against the head which it supported.*

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* To be continued.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

MAY, 1839.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Notes of a Wanderer, in Search of Health, through Italy, Egypt, Greece, Turkey, up the Danube, and down the Rhine. By W. F. Cumming. M.D., Late Bengal Medical Establishment; Member of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh; Associate Member of the Egyptian Society of Cairo; and Corresponding Member of the Medical Society of Athens,

This tour was undertaken chiefly with a view to health. Dr. Cumming having suffered severely from inflammatory attacks of the chest during the winter of 1835-6, in Paris, was induced, at the recommendation of his friend, Sir R. Chermside, (the most distinguished English physician in Paris,) to consult M. Andral, whose reputation for a superior knowledge of thoracic diseases is well known throughout Europe. After a minute inquiry into the history and symptoms of his case, and a careful examination of his chest with the stethoscope, M. Andral gave him a written opinion, and advised him to use the waters of the Pyrenees. In accordance with that advice, Dr. Cumming quitted Paris toward the end of May, 1836; but instead of resorting to the Pyrenees, as recommended, he accepted the pressing invitation of his old friend Mr. Callander, of Craigforth, to join him on a summer tour through Italy —believing that easy travelling and the society of an agreeable companion would do more to recruit his health than the mineral waters of Bonnes. In this hope he was not disappointed. Various circumstances, detailed in the text, determined his course to Egypt for the succeeding winter. His own experience, and the observation of others, convinced him that Italy, in point of climate, was not the El Dorado which in England it is generally considered. Added to this conviction, was a secret longing that had for years possessed him to visit the land of the Pharaohs. To Egypt, then, he bent his steps; and, with what happy results, the reader who follows his wanderings will discover. His subsequent travels through Greece and Turkey, and voyage up the Danube, were undertaken less with a view to health than to gratify a certain wandering propensity which led him into many regions not mentioned in the title-page of this work. Dr. Cumming seems to think that his pages may induce some pulmonary invalids to make trial of Egypt, and he feels confident that such will not be disappointed, provided only *they go in time*, and never forget that *in no climate they can safely dispense with prudence.*

To travelling invalids, particularly such as labour under the disorder which Dr. Cumming happily overcame in his well-managed tour, these volumes will be serviceable; and indeed, without any reference to disease or health, they may be recommended as agreeable and useful companions and guides. As the doctor goes over so much ground, he does not dwell at any great length upon any particular spot. He says modestly that his notes are of a discursive and familiar character, touching but slightly on the surface of things; and he eschews all elaborate disquisitions on politics, poetry, or pyramids. And yet these notes in many cases will be found to contain good thoughts and excellent materials for thinking; and many of the doctor's descriptions, carelessly hit off on the spot, convey better notions of scenes and objects than the more elaborate descriptions of other travellers. Egypt, which he considers one of the best countries in the world as a resort for invalids, is evidently his favourite subject. The following are taken from his Egyptian notes.

CAIRO.

" Cairo is, without exception, the most complicated town I have ever visited. Even London appears plain sailing, when compared with its endless turnings, cul-de-sacs, and windings. Generally the streets are mere alleys, only a few feet in breadth. There is scarcely a cart to be seen. Camels and donkeys are the sole carriers. Indeed, except in a few of the principal streets and bazaars, there is no room for a cart; it is often difficult enough to pass on horseback. In no town have I seen such crowds of persons in the streets. From morning till night, there is one continued stream of human beings, Turks, Arabs, Copts, Negroes, Abyssinians, Greeks, and Franks. I am daily more and more struck with the multitudes of blind. Surely it is a disgrace to the Pacha that he takes no steps to remedy so appalling an evil. An ophthalmic hospital, under English superintendence, would throw floods of light and joy over the now bedarkened and unhappy citizens of Cairo; but from all I hear of his Highness, he cares little for his subjects, beyond making them the tools of his own aggrandisement and insatiable ambition.

" After visiting three or four of the handsomest mosques, we rode to the tombs of the Caliphs, distant about a mile from the Citadel. They form a sort of city apart, and consist of mausoleums, each having its mosque and minaret. We entered only one. The effect of these tombs is much more striking when seen from a distance, than close at hand. We rode afterwards to the Citadel, to feast our eyes on the beautiful view from its summit. The vast city stretched on the plain beneath, with its countless mosques and minarets shooting into the blue sky—the gigantic pyramids of Saccara and Ghizeh, shrouded in a halo of mystic antiquity—the fruitful Nile, with its banks of bright verdure—the grim desert pushing his sterile sands to the very verge of the inundation—the glittering palaces of the Pacha, and the picturesque tombs of the Caliphs—all combine to form a panorama of surpassing beauty and interest. They say Constantinople is finer. It may be so; but I have seen no city like Cairo—no river like the Nile—and no sky like the sky of Egypt."

MAHOMMED ALI AND HIS BLIND SUBJECTS.

" Our next visit was to the citadel, where a number of workmen are busy with the erection of a mausoleum destined to receive the body of his Highness. The sole beauty of the building consists in the slabs of alabaster with which its interior is lined. An extensive quarry of this beautiful stone has been discovered on the eastern shore of the Nile; and the Pacha is robbing it of its treasures to ornament the intended receptacle of his vile carcass. It would do him more honour as a man, and credit as a ruler, were he to expend the money thus uselessly lavished, on the erection of an hospital for the treatment of his poor blind subjects. It is a fashion with persons in England and other parts of Europe, to laud Mahomed Ali to the skies as an enlightened ruler and successful conqueror. To the latter appellation I do not dispute his claim; but as to his paternal anxieties for the good of his people, let the thousands of blind in the streets of Cairo bear mournful witness. For myself I feel nothing but abhorrence towards the man who squanders the lives and properties of his subjects in the conquest of remote countries, which he will probably soon be forced to relinquish; while he neglects the easy and attainable means of conducing to their domestic happiness, by an endeavour to remedy an evil as sweeping in its extent, as afflicting in its effects. He has, indeed, formed a large and expensive military college; but this is in keeping with his schemes of aggrandisement and conquest. But is there even *one* general hospital in Cairo open to all? I have heard of none such; and yet the population of the city is said to amount to 400,000 souls: so much for his paternal care of his subjects."

In the following passage, Dr. Cumming confirms the horrible facts which have been already stated by Dr. Hogg, Mr. St. John, and other travellers in Egypt.

EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS.

"Nothing is more common than for young men to disqualify themselves from being soldiers, by chopping off a fore-finger,—knocking out their cartridge-teeth, and even putting out one of their eyes. All military service is compulsory. I have frequently seen wretched recruits, just kidnapped, marched in chains, or with their hands stuck through wooden stocks, to the various barracks. Little fidelity can be expected from such an army. Nevertheless, it serves the purpose of the Pacha, and no more is cared for, or required."

Dr. Cumming gives us the inscription which the French engraved on the island of Philoe, near the second cataracts of the Nile. We have often seen it alluded to before, but never saw the precise wording, which is much more modest than might have been expected. It is as follows:—

"L'an 6 de la Republique
le 13 Messidor,
Une armée Française commandée
Par Bonaparte est descendue
à Alexandrie.
L'armée ayant mis vingt jours
Après les Mamelookes enfuite
Aux Pyramides,
Dessaix, commandant la
Première Division, les a
Pursuivies au delà des
Cataractes, où il est arrivé
Le 13 Ventose de l'an 7."

When our traveller reaches Constantinople, he gives some good notes about the Sultan, the state of the Turkish fleet and army, &c. He sees Mahmoud going to mosque—a sight much less imposing now than it used to be a few years since.

"A movement among the troops announced the approach of the Sultan, Some of his staff preceded him on foot;—he followed on horseback, surrounded by ministers and dignitaries, all walking by his side. His dress was, the common red cap, (here called '*fezz*',) and a dark-green military cloak. The attendants were all dressed in European fashion, except the red cap. A Turk should never adopt the European costume. The same man, who in the turban, and voluminous habiliments of the East, looks to be somebody, has the air, in a Frank suit, of anything but a gentleman. I had ample evidence of this to-day. The Pachas of the Sultan appeared like butchers. But in this so-called reform, some see the symptoms of *regeneration!* To me it is proof of the reverse,—a sign of decadence, nothing but decadence,—a confession of inferiority; but it is too late: the confession comes at the eleventh hour, and the 'owl has already begun to sing her night-watch from the towers' of the seraglio. The Sultan is a good-looking man, fifty or thereabout,—beard black as jet—dyed, no doubt; his expression was anxious and care-worn, and he looked hurriedly from side to side, as if apprehending some sudden danger. The rumours of conspiracies increase daily. Surely there must be 'something rotten in the state.' I have heard to-day from a person likely to know, that above a hundred heads were thrown into the Bosphorus by the son-in-law of the Sultan, during his absence; but these things are managed with wonderful composure and silence in Turkey. Having remained above half an hour at his devotions, he entered the barge of state—a carpet was spread for the sublime feet, and he was led by dignitaries to a gilded couch. The bargemen—twenty to twenty-four in number, and all dressed in fine wrought muslin shirts, now took their places, and in five minutes the shadow of a great man had vanished from the view! On the whole, it was a sorry sight, and had none of the richness of a European, or the picturesque effect of an oriental pageant; but was a mongrel jumble of both. As for the troops, they were miserable fellows,—small in stature, and much darker than the European Turk—recruited probably in the Eastern Pashaliks. They would not be a breakfast for the hardy Russian; but like Falstaff's soldiers, they 'will fill a pit, as well as better.'"

From Constantinople, Doctor Cumming proceeded by a steam-boat up the Black Sea (touching at Varna) to the mouth of the Danube; and from Galatz, at the mouth of that mighty river, he ascended in a smaller steam-boat to Gladova in Servia, where, on account of the shallowness of the water, and the obstruction of rocks, called the Iron Gates, he was obliged to transfer himself into a sort of barge, which was towed up the Danube as far as Orsova. From the last-named point he travelled over land to Semlin, where he embarked in another steam-boat, which carried him to the city of Pesth, in Hungary. Then another steam-boat conveyed him from Pesth to Presburg, only a few miles from Vienna. This is a journey which as yet has seldom been made by English travellers, and the Doctor's notes are here very interesting. It should appear that a great deal remains to be done ere the voyage up the Danube can be made a pleasant affair! But it is a grand undertaking this steaming and excavating, and as a good beginning has been made, we may hope to live to see the work accomplished, and a voyage up and down the Danube rendered almost as pleasant as one up and down the Rhine.

Odious Comparisons; or the Cosmopolite in England. By J. Richard Best, Esq., Author of "Transalpine Memoirs," "Satires," "Rondeaulx," &c.

"Before I was twelve years old," says our author, "and with only that knowledge of this country which could be possessed by a child of that age who had mostly lived in a secluded place in Lincolnshire, I was conducted to France. The years which intervened between the night on which I landed at Havre and the time at which the following narrative commences, were passed in the South of France, and in the different capitals of Italy; where my family mingled with the natives of each country, in which it for the time resided, and whose society it chiefly sought. On returning to France, I was again *en pays de connoissance*—as much *at home* as I had ever been in Italy; but, when I revisited England, a new field was open to my observation, and I approached, with eager curiosity, a land whose appearance, manners, and customs were, even so far as I had ever known them, completely obliterated from my remembrance. From this short sketch of my life, which I am unwillingly obliged to intrude upon the reader, it will be seen that I could not visit England with the feelings of an Englishman: that to me it was a new country, which I was to judge of by comparing it with those in which I had been educated—with those which I had first known."

Accordingly, in the volumes before us, the author, in a pleasant and gossiping manner, notes down his first real impressions of England, and his comparisons between English scenery, English society, manners, and habits, and the scenery, society, and manners he had been accustomed to on the Continent, more particularly in France and Italy. In doing this, no Englishman will accuse him of partiality to his native country; but though at times he may offend our feelings of nationality, it is better perhaps to hear his plain truths than that eternal laudation which English writers generally give to their own country and to everything English. It is by comparisons with others that we improve ourselves, and learn to know ourselves. "If it be a high point of wisdom," says Milton, "in every private man, much more is it so in a nation, to know itself, rather than be puffed up with vulgar flatteries and encomiums, for want of self-knowledge."

Since the peace the nations of the Continent have learned much from us, particularly in what relates to the comforts and quiet decencies of domestic life. We are old enough to remember, and we have travelled enough to know, what was the state of France and Italy in these particulars in 1815; and it cannot be denied or disputed for a moment that the imitative improvements made since then are immense, or that England has been the country to furnish them with their model. We, on the other hand, in other matters have derived notable improvements from the French, Italians, and Germans. Let every nation be grateful for what it gets in this peaceful interchange, where all are gainers.

We cannot, however, in all instances, admit the justice or correctness of Mr. Best's comparisons. He, for example, is very apt to compare first-rate things in France or Italy with third-rate things in England; whereas, he should put *our best* against *their best*. We can easily understand how he and others have fallen into this error. To explain all the causes would occupy too much time, but we will just state one *small cause*, which in itself will go far to explain the matter. An English gentleman of moderate fortune can command the best hotels, the best dinners, the best accommodations of all sorts, on the Continent; whereas, in England, that fortune will only allow him to indulge in third-rate hotels, third-rate dinners, &c.; and comparing what he has been used to there with what he finds here, he draws comparisons which are not only odious but unfair. If he were a native Frenchman, with means derived from a French estate, or from any calling or profession practised in France, he would find first-rate things quite as unapproachable there as here—he would then live in a grade corresponding to that which he is accustomed to in England; and it is between these parallel grades that the comparison should be drawn.

Moreover, Mr. Best, from want of proper guidance, seems occasionally to have fallen into public-houses, instead of inns. A mistake of this kind committed at Dover is almost as ludicrous as the error of a foreigner who took lodgings in Holborn, and fancied himself in the central, fashionable, and court part of London. Some years have passed since then, and they have been years of rapid improvement; but we much doubt, even now, whether Mr. Best would find napkins and silver forks at the Pig and Tinder-box; or at any other regular "*public.*" Again, in some other instances Mr. Best must have associated with people of very peculiar habits, and of dinner customs quite abominable. We have ourselves dined in London with a tolerable variety of grades and conditions of men, from low to high, (not forgetting Duke Humphrey,) and yet we do solemnly aver that we never saw boiled cauliflower served up with fried fish—a monstrous solecism, which almost makes us sick in the mere reading about it. Nor, in our opinion, does Mr. Best hit one of the characteristic defects of English cooking in saying that our poultry is insipid, having all the flavour boiled away. It is indeed bold for any man to be critical about chickens and boiled fowls after eating *poulets* all through France, and digesting the insipidities served up in that shape at every inn he stops at—for French cookery is brilliant only at Paris—but our author, as he tells us himself, was thinking, "with a sigh, of the cookery of Very's and the Café de Paris." An English boiled fowl, even when cooked in a pot-house, is a thing not to be spoken of slightingly. Next to the capon of Styria there is no bird from the *Basse Cour* equal to an English fowl—and critics are divided in opinion whether Dorking capons be not equal to Styrian ones. Far be it from us, however, to defend the numerous improprieties and unsavourinesses of the common English kitchen, which, in many things, we hold to be one of the *dearest and worst* in the civilised world. The man or woman that shall reform our *cuisine bourgeoise* will merit a column taller than the Duke of York's; and, in the way of drinking, the statesman that will put wine within our reach, instead of the liquid fire we are now too generally obliged to drink under the name of port and sherry, will deserve to have his "immortal memory" toasted through many succeeding generations. We fully partake in our author's horror at the spectacle of English asparagus plain boiled, served out with a large instrument like a pair of fire-tongs, and then deluged in plain butter; and our mouths water, with his, at the thoughts of the French *asperges aux petits pois*—a dish for the gods, and which we might have at as cheap a rate as our standard abomination.

Mr. Best thus concludes his account of his first English dinner with a private family in London, and there is much truth in what he says—much to irritate us and our wine palate, and to make us blush at the same time.

> "The wines were declared to be excellent and unadulterated: and I am well assured that Mr. ——— would set none but such as are considered the best on his table. Yet my palate—accustomed to taste the produce of the vine in its native countries—now sought in vain for the flavour of the grape; that of brandy or some such drug, for brandy itself is too dear an article with which to adulterate another—alone predominated. When the duties on wines is so great as to make the slightest adulteration a source of gain to all those through whose hands they pass, this must be expected to be the case. The tax indeed has been diminished, and probably the quality of the wine is better for the change. At all events, an effort has been made towards abolishing those deceptive, unjust, interested systems which lead nations to deprive themselves of the enjoyment of the produce of the whole globe, merely because that globe happens to be divided by a strip of water or a fictitious demarcation. The wines of the greater part of France could be more easily conveyed to London than to Paris. When I was leaving Clermont, a friend, the proprietor of extensive vineyards, offered, at the rate of two-pence a bottle, to ship a cargo of his wines and send them by the small stream of the Allier to the mouth of the Loire, where they might have been embarked for England. Would the English custom-house be content with an *ad valorem* duty, even of cent. per cent., I might now be drinking my friend's wine from the very centre of France, and should have that wine as cheap as I can here purchase the 'barley broth' of the country.
>
> "After sitting an hour over the 'brandy wine,' which has occasioned this digression, we were informed that tea was ready in the drawing-room. We rose to obey the summons, and the master of the house informed me that there was a *pot de chambre* in a mahogany chest in the room? And is this the boasted English delicacy of which I have ever heard so much? In truth, the butler had better have placed one under each chair as a *pendant* to the finger glasses, or have handed the article round to each of the guests, to compensate the absence of the little glass of *liqueur* and the *caffé* which would have been offered at the end of a French dinner. A *pot de chambre!* .... my friend seemed rather ashamed when he mentioned it, and....well he might be. But as you may remark, the proposal was 'veiled in the obscurity of a learned language.' Others, however, profited by the information without any veil or any obscurity. You may, perhaps, think it indelicate in me to write in this manner. It is so: but recollect that your own customs have given rise to it."

We cannot, however, pass, without cavil, our author's disrespect to English beer. Surely our good London porter is an excellent beverage—a far better thing, in moderate potations, than the *vin ordinaire* of Paris, which, as a learned friend once remarked, contains more belly-ache than any beverage in the world, except Seine water. What Mr. Best says about English coffee is perfectly true. The English indeed cannot make coffee. Of all the houses we know in London, public or private, there are only two where one is sure of getting a decent cup of coffee. Yet our author is far from explaining the real causes of this great national deficiency. He says that the English fancy there is some mystery in the art, and that, in fact, the only mystery is—"*sufficient coffee, sufficiently boiled.*" Now this does not reach the reasons of our having bad coffee, which are, that we do not sufficiently attend to the roasting of the berry, upon which nearly everything depends, and that we admit too long an interval of time between the roasting, and the grinding and boiling. To insure good coffee, the berry ought not to be roasted more than two or three hours before it is ground and used, and the nicest attention ought to be paid to the roasting, which process ought always to be performed over a charcoal fire. Again, we have always fancied that in England we grind our coffee a great deal too fine; nor are we quite sure that pounding the roasted berry with a pestle and mortar is not a better practice than grinding in any way. Sure we are that the best coffee in common use we ever drank is that of the Turks, who always pound it and never grind it, and who use the same West Indian berry which we use, and which our merchants sell to them, the famed Mocha being produced in very small quantities, and rarely, very rarely to be met with except in the house of some luxurious pasha or foreign ambassador. The next best coffee we remember, is that of the Venetians, and the Venetians are pounders and not grinders. The Sicilians, the Neapolitans, who make very good coffee, far better than the French, whose main object seems to be to clarify it and make it bright with foreign substances, (a capital mistake!) also prefer pretty generally the pestle and mortar to the mill; and this, if our memory is not treacherous, is the case in most parts of Italy. Of course all good coffee-makers, be they Mahometan Turks or Catholic Italians, never roast their coffee until they are going to use it, and always roast it over a well-ignited charcoal fire. We are not philosophers enough to tell why pounding should leave a finer flavour in the berry than grinding, but perhaps Mr. Brande or Mr. Faraday could easily assign some chemical reason. But leaving this abstruse point to shift for itself, we entreat you, dear reader, never to roast your coffee a day before you are going to boil it! If, between us, Mr. Best and our worshipful selves, shall induce a better system of coffee-making, we shall have claims to no small amount of national gratitude.

The following extracts will convey a notion of the manner and matter of these "Odious Comparisons."

"When I undertook to describe to you the effect which England produces upon the mind of a foreigner, I imposed upon myself a more difficult task than I had imagined. It is comparatively easy to write on a foreign country, where everything is new to the person you address, and where you are free to enter into minute descriptions of all that you behold. Then, the whole scene being novel, it is proportionably interesting to your correspondent. Here, however, my correspondent is a native of the country to be sketched; and however new and interesting any object may be to *me*, I am forbidden to mention it, unless it possesses some exclusively national feature which habit may have caused *him* to overlook.

"'Now I could much more easily sketch a harem,
A battle, wreck, or history of the heart,
Than these things."

"Bear with me then while, in as few lines as possible, I recount my visits to the Lions of London.

"After sending you my journal two days since, I went with a friend to see what, in Italy, we should call the Corso—to survey the carriages driving up and down Hyde Park. English horses are universally admired and the make of English carriages is traced in those of all the first builders in Paris. To the great annoyance of some patriotic minds, this *Anglomanie* is now general in France. Thus a French lady once exclaimed to me, '*C'est honteux qu'une nation noble comme nous se mette à singer ainsi une nation boutiquière*—It is a disgrace for a noble nation like us, thus to ape a nation of shopkeepers.'

"Notwithstanding this momentary fashion, which not even the hatred they bear to England can check, (and whatever philanthropic and philosophic souls may fancy to the contrary, the French do hate the English, and the English do hate the French, and each people displays this latent feeling in every little question which may involve national jealousies); notwithstanding this fashionable Anglomania, a Frenchman always considers that he is paying an Englishman the greatest possible compliment when he tells him '*mais vraiment, Monsieur, on ne vous prendrait pas pour Anglais: vous avez tout-à-fait la tournure Française*—but really, sir, no one would take you to be an Englishman; you have quite the air of a Frenchman.'

"Thus, though some may affect the dress and peculiarities of the English, yet they are ever mindful of the pre-eminence of their own nation. This imitation of the English dress is, however, confined to the men: the ladies keep to their own fashions, which generally originate with popular plays at the theatres. In this manner, when the *Freischutz* was first performed, the actors were decked in red and black dresses: red and black became the fashionable colours of the day. When I left France, the *Dame Blanche*—taken from the Scotch story of 'The Monastery'—had, for some time, been acted with unabated applause: and, in imitation of the costume in that play, the streets and first circles of Paris were soon thronged with elegant wearers of the Highland plaid.

"The fashion of the day in France had, therefore, in some degree, prepared me for the equipages in Hyde Park. But though I could not but admire the horses, my mind maliciously recurred to the light and graceful make of the Milan and Naples carriages.

"In one corner of the park is a heavy colossal bronze statue, in the same attitude as one of those which reins in the marble horses on the Roman Quirinal. On the left arm of this awkward colossus, a shield has been placed, and the whole structure has been denominated an Achilles. This, the inscription informs us, is 'cast from the cannon taken in various battles, and inscribed to the Duke of Wellington by his countrymen.' It must be regretted that the inscription does not tell us what analogy exists between the times, countries, and persons of the hero of the day and Achilles. A great outcry has, however, been raised against the public exhibition of this naked statue in a public walk: and the 'green man,' as he is called—for the damp of the climate had soon reduced him 'to that complexion'—the 'green man' has long been a subject of scandal. This scandal seems to have originated in the canting prudery which, according to my foreign notions, and judging from my present slight acquaintance with the country, appears to pervade English society. But, though they would have imagined nothing wrong in the exposition of the statue itself, yet these foreign notions would certainly have prevented a set of French *women* from inscribing a naked colossal Achilles to any hero—however well deserving of their approbation.

"You will, I am well aware, accuse me of partiality and prejudice against England. I know not how to defend myself from the charge; but that it is not merited I am well assured. The differences in the customs of all European nations must be extremely slight: but, from its insular postion, these slight differences are more marked in England than elsewhere. To draw comparisons is as much my purpose as to observe variations: I cannot mark the latter without describing the former. Besides, it must not be imagined that I blame all the peculiarities I observe; far from it; they only strike me because they differ from that to which I have been accustomed."

* * * *

"The day being Sunday, nothing more was to be done; and I returned with my friend to pass the evening in sober sadness, unprofaned by the presence of cards or music. I have heard that a poor Italian organist—lately landed in England, and who was still ignorant of the piety of the people—issued from his lodging, a few Sundays ago, after he had carefully pitched his humble instrument to its notes of greatest glee; but he had not advanced long amongst the ranks of returning congregations, stunning their sober ears with the light and popular tune '*C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,*' when the tumult he had unwittingly created arrested his further progress, and caused the undesigning and astonished minstrel to be lodged in a watch-house, where he in vain endeavoured to divine the cause of his arrest.

"At Naples, on one Sunday evening, I remember having paid a visit to the king's confessor, and having found his lordship—he was a Capuchin bishop—playing at cards with two other bishops and a Capuchin monk. '*Sono giuchi innocenti*—they are innocent amusements,' exclaimed the old man as I entered, smiling through his long grew beard, and motioning to me to take part in the game. 'It is well for your lordships,' thought I, 'that I am no English tourist; or you would be brought before my countrymen as the heroes of a good story." But their lordships knew that, though the primitive Christians had ever held their religious meetings on the first day of the week, yet to abstain even from labour on that day was not commanded until the reign of Constantine—and then only in the towns: and that as the christian revelation had supplanted the Jewish law, the manner of the observance of the sabbath was to be determined by the precepts of the new church. None would wish to keep the Sunday more holy than they or I; but we could not pray all the morning, all the day, and all the evening; and we thought '*giochi innocenti*' better than talking of our neighbours.

"On the following morning, I breakfasted with a friend in the Temple. In the gardens belonging to this establishment is a meagre squirt, remarkable, I am told, as the largest *jet d'eau* in town. But, indeed, the climate makes it desirable that the quantity of *artificially-flying* water should be as small as possible: to that climate we may trust for a plentiful supply of natural humidity.

"We took a boat on the Thames; and, from Vauxhall bridge, glided down the river under all the others. Waterloo bridge is a most magnificent monument, whose equal does not exist; though, perhaps, the pillars between the arches give it a heavy appearance from an affectation of unnecessary lightness. In its bridges, England has undoubted superiority over other countries. In a large coal barge, we shot down the fall occasioned by the daring alterations making in London bridge, and passed before the Custom-house and the Tower. There was not much shipping in *the pool*, and we landed at the Tunnel.

"Though the hour for visiting the works was passed, a polite order from the engineer procured us admittance. We descended *the well* that leads to the level of the two passages, which, running near to one another in parallel lines, have as yet reached only to the point directly under high-water mark. 'Why, what a matter-of-fact set of people you English are,' I observed to my friend; 'here are two exact grottos of Posilipo—under a river instead of traversing the bowels of a mountain. And yet you call them *the Tunnel!* Do, in the name of poetry, call them the grottos of the Thames: grotto is an appellation to which they are as well entitled as any burrow under the earth, and which would have been granted them were they constructed in a more classical country.' This is, however, a stupendous undertaking; and, for the sake of the projectors who prompted it, we must hope it will succeed and answer all their intentions.

"At the grottos of the Thames, we again crossed the river, and landed in the docks. Here, big with national pride, my friend led me round the large basins and many and extensive warehouses, and, with increasing exultation, pointed to the innumerable casks of wine that lay scattered, and apparently, unheeded, on the pavement of the different courts. '*Nation boutiquière!*' muttered my foreign aristocratic pride. 'A most wonderful and praiseworthy desire of gain,' answered my astonished reason: 'but,' it continued, 'I must nevertheless prefer the land that grows the wine to that which imports and drinks it.'"

The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Mrs. Shelley. 4 vols. 8vo. Vol. III.

This volume contains Shelley's earliest poems, poems written in 1816, and other pieces, chiefly short ones, produced between the years 1816 and 1821; the longest being "Julian and Maddalo," "Rosalind and Helen," and the "Masque of Anarchy;" which last, by the way, though full of power, is to us about the least pleasing thing the poet ever wrote, —albeit we have small sympathy with that inept minister Castlereagh.

The editor's biographical notes are copious and interesting, giving us glimpses into the character, and habits, and studies of one of the most extraordinary of men. Of the year 1816 she says—

"Shelley wrote little during this year. The poem entitled 'The Sunset' was written in the spring of the year, while still residing at Bishopsgate. He spent the

> summer on the shores of the Lake of Geneva. 'The Hymn to Intellectual Beauty' was conceived during his voyage round the lake with Lord Byron. He occupied himself, during this voyage, by reading the 'Nouvelle Héloise' for the first time. The reading it on the very spot where the scenes are laid, added to the interest; and he was at once surprised and charmed by the passionate eloquence and earnest enthralling interest that pervade this work. There was something in the character of Saint-Preux, in his abrogation of self, and in the worship he paid to Love, that coincided with Shelley's own disposition; and though differing in many of the views, and shocked by others, yet the effect of the whole was fascinating and delightful.
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> "'Mont Blanc' was inspired by a view of that mountain and its surrounding peaks and valleys, as he lingered on the bridge of Arve, on his way through the valley of Chamouni. This was an eventful year, and less time was given to study than usual. In the list of his reading I find, in Greek—Theocritus, the Prometheus of Æschylus, several of Plutarch's Lives, and the works of Lucian. In Latin—Lucretius, Pliny's Letters, the Annals and Germany of Tacitus. In French—The History of the French Revolution, by Lacretelle. He read for the first time, this year, Montaigne's Essays, and regarded them ever after as one of the most delightful and instructive books in the world. The list is scanty in English works—Locke's Essay, Political Justice, and Coleridge's Lay Sermon, form nearly the whole. It was his frequent habit to read aloud to me in the evening; in this way we read, this year, the New Testament, Paradise Lost, Spenser's Fairy Queen, and Don Quixote."

In 1817, though oppressed with illness, and threatened with the near approach of death, Shelley studied more than ever, wrote more, planned more. He never wandered out without a book, or without implements of writing; and

> " *His* spirit, like a charmed bark, *did* swim
>   Upon the liquid wave of his sweet singing,
> Far away into the regions dim
>   Of rapture—as a boat, with swift sails winging
>   Its way adown some many-winding river."

In this same year, 1817—

> " He projected also translating the 'Hymns of Homer;' his version of several of the shorter ones remain, as well as that to Mercury, already published in the 'Posthumous Poems.' His readings this year were chiefly Greek. Besides the 'Hymns of Homer' and the 'Iliad,' he read 'Dramas of Æschylus and Sophocles,' the 'Symposium of Plato, and Arrian's 'Historia Indica.' In Latin, Apuleius alone is named. In English, the Bible was his constant study; he read a great portion of it aloud in the evening. Among these evening readings, I find also mentioned the 'Fairy Queen,' and other modern works, the production of his contemporaries, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Moore, and Byron.
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> "His life was now spent more in thought than action—he had lost the eager spirit which believed it could achieve what it projected for the benefit of mankind. And yet Shelley was not a melancholy man. He was eloquent when philosophy, or politics, or taste, were the subjects of conversation. He was playful—and indulged in the wild spirit that mocked itself and others—not in bitterness, but in sport. The author of 'Nightmare Abbey' seized on some points of his character, and some habits of his life, when he painted Scythrasa. He was not addicted to 'port or madeira,' but in youth he had read of 'Illuminati and Eleutherachs,' and believed that he possessed the power of operating an immediate change in the minds of men and the state of society. These wild dreams had faded; sorrow and adversity had struck home; but he struggled with despondency as he did with physical pain. There are few who remember him sailing paper boats, and watching the navigation of his tiny craft with eagerness—or repeating with wild energy the 'Ancient Mariner,' and Southey's 'Old Woman of Berkeley;'—but those who do, will recollect that it was in such, and in the creatures of his own fancy, when that was most daring and ideal, that he sheltered himself from the storms and disappointments, the pain and sorrow, that beset his life."

At this time many of the fashionable tourists that were thronging Italy made it their pride and boast to shun the expatriated poet, to flee him as a leper; and though he was little dependent for his pleasures on what is generally called society, we believe Shelley felt pain at this treatment. But among the Euganean hills, which he sang this year in immortal verse, he could forget these petty griefs and annoyances, and feel "the earth grow young again." Towards the close of the year 1818, he went southward.

"Our winter was spent at Naples. Here he wrote the fragments of Mezenghi and the Woodman, and the Nightingale, which he afterwards threw aside. At this time Shelley suffered greatly in health. He put himself under the care of a medical man, who promised great things, and made him endure severe bodily pain, without any good results. Constant and poignant physical suffering exhausted him; and though he preserved the appearance of cheerfulness, and often greatly enjoyed our wanderings in the environs of Naples, and our excursions on its sunny sea, yet many hours were passed, when his thoughts, shadowed by illness, became gloomy, and then he escaped to solitude, and in verses, which he hid from fear of wounding me, poured forth morbid but too natural bursts of discontent and sadness. One looks back with unspeakable regret and gnawing remorse to such periods; fancying that had one been more alive to the nature of his feelings, and more attentive to soothe them, such would not have existed—and yet enjoying, as he appeared to do, every sight or influence of earth or sky, it was difficult to imagine that any melancholy he showed was aught but the effect of the constant pain to which he was a martyr.

"We lived in utter solitude, and such is often not the nurse of cheerfulness; for then, at least with those who have been exposed to adversity, the mind broods over its sorrows too intently; while the society of the enlightened, the witty, and the wise, enables us to forget ourselves by making us the sharers of the thoughts of others, which is a portion of the philosophy of happiness. Shelley never liked society in numbers, it harassed and wearied him; but neither did he like loneliness, and usually when alone he sheltered himself against memory and reflection in a book. But with one or two whom he loved, he gave way to wild and joyous spirits, or in more serious conversation expounded his opinions with vivacity and eloquence. If an argument arose, no man ever argued better—he was clear, logical, and earnest, in supporting his own views; attentive, patient, and impartial, while listening to those on the adverse side. Had not a wall of prejudice been raised at this time between him and his countrymen, how many would have sought the acquaintance of one, whom to know was to love and to revere! how many of the more enlightened of his contemporaries have since regretted that they did not seek him! how very few knew his worth while he lived, and of those few, several were withheld by timidity or envy from declaring their sense of it."

In the year 1819, the poet suffered severely from the death of one of his children; and at the same time he was writhing under the decree of the Lord Chancellor Eldon, which deprived him of the society of his eldest son.

"This spot (the Protestant burying-ground at Rome,) this spot," wrote Shelley, "is the repository of a sacred loss, of which the yearnings of a parent's heart are now prophetic; he is rendered immortal by love, as his memory is by death. My beloved child is buried here. I envy death the body, far less than the oppressors the minds, of those whom they have torn from me. The one can only kill the body, the other crushes the affections."

One more volume will complete this graceful edition of the works of a truly great poet. Next month we shall probably find occasion to say a few words about the less known of Shelley's productions; but for the present we will conclude with his well-felt and well-merited tribute to his friend, Leigh Hunt.

"You will see Hunt; one of those happy souls
Which are the salt of the earth, and without whom
This world would smell like what it is—a tomb;
Who is, what others seem;—his room no doubt
Is still adorned with many a cast from Shout,
With graceful flowers, tastefully placed about;

And coronals of bay from ribbons hung,
And brighter wreaths in neat disorder flung,
The gifts of the most learned among some dozens
Of female friends, sisters-in-law and cousins.
And there is he with his eternal puns,
Which beat the dullest brain for similes, like duns
Thundering for money at a poet's door;
Alas! it is no use to say, 'I'm poor!'
Or oft in graven mood, when he will look
Things wiser than were ever said in book,
Except in Shakspeare's wisest tenderness."

The Philosophy of Artificial and Compulsory Drinking Usages in Great Britain and Ireland; containing the characteristic and exclusively national Convivial Laws of British Society; with the peculiar compulsory Festal Customs of Ninety-eight Trades and Occupations in the Three Kingdoms; comprehending about Three Hundred different Drinking Usages. With copious Anecdotes and Illustrations. By John Dunlop, Esq., President of the General Temperance Union of Scotland.

This is a curious book, and one likely to attract attention by its singularity, and to do good by its lessons and examples. We do not usually notice even second editions—and this is a *sixth* edition—but on account of the importance of the volume we have thought fit once more to call attention to it. Mr. Dunlop's object is to induce people to adopt the stimulus of reading instead of the stimulus of drinking; and it is said that his efforts have been attended with considerable success. The number of drinking usages he has collected is startling, and would be amusing but for the reflection of the infinite evils they produce on society. Drink, drink, drink—in Scotland, in England, and in Ireland—everything seems to begin and end in drink. The author does indeed, as Joanna Baillie expresses it in her excellent letter to him, give a sad and curious picture of the customs and propensities of his native land. "I am very glad," says that excellent woman and admirable poet, "that you have taken up the subject of the usages, etiquettes, and courtesies that lead to drinking; for to put a stop to these rests very much, as you have shown, with the employers of working people and the upper classes of society, and may therefore be the more easily dealt with."

But the only true way of dealing with this great question is to promote the education of the people, and *extend the limits of their amusements and pastimes*—for, let us be honest, the people cannot be expected to pass all their leisure time in reading—there ought to be a little piping and dancing for them as well.

Anderson's Tourist's Guide through Scotland, upon a New and Improved Plan; with Maps and Charts illustrative of the Principal Pleasure Tours. "Land of the Mountain and Flood."

The author's object has been to supply a guide to the finest and most picturesque scenery in Scotland, on as concise and simple a plan as is consistent with accuracy and distinctness. We think that he has effected his object, and that his small convenient book, which may be carried in the breast-pocket of one's frock-coat, will be found exceedingly useful to those who visit Scotland for the first time. Delineations of the principal routes are constructed and engraved on a new plan, every place of interest forms the leading word of a new paragraph, thus catching immediately the eye of the reader; and the description, instead of being (as is too usually the case) overcharged with fine words and extraneous matter, contains simply the facts and directions most necessary to the Tourist. There is a very neat and very clear coloured map, whereon the principal pleasure tours are traced with coloured lines. There are also tables containing all necessary information about mail-coaches and stage-coaches, railroads and steam-boats—and though we would by no means discommend the larger and more elaborate works of the same kind, we can honestly recommend this Guide Book as something very short, very cheap, and, as far as our knowledge goes, very correct. The author agrees in opinion with those who recommend autumn as the best season for visiting the Highlands, though he can hardly deny the exquisite beauty of those scenes in the long summer days when there is scarcely any night at all—but when unluckily there is apt to be a great deal of rain and mizzle. "From the second week of August to the end of October is generally the best season for a Highland tour. Earlier, the scenery has not assumed its full beauty: although in June and July, if the weather be dry, nothing can be more delightful than a full and long summer's day of such ramblings."

Deerbrook, a Novel. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. 3 vols.

The expectation raised by the extraordinary powers displayed by Miss Martineau in her tales illustrative of political economy, was so high as to prove almost dangerous to any attempt on her part to write a regular novel; and admirable as are the volumes before us—volumes which, in many respects no living novel writer could equal—there are many readers who confess to a feeling of disappointment. And, perhaps, with all our admiration for what Miss Martineau has done, and with all our respect for her high-minded motives, we must range ourself with these readers; stating, however, at the same time, that we find large portions of her work fully equal to our most extravagant expectations. Miss Martineau would despise any critical insincerity. We will therefore frankly state the points in which her work falls short of our expectations. And in the first place we complain of her dialogues, which are managed neither dramatically nor naturally—a serious drawback, considering that the story is conducted almost entirely in dialogue, there being infinitely more talk than action in it. In her short tales it was otherwise, far otherwise. There, in many cases we recognised a wonderful dramatic power—an exquisite and almost perfect manner of conducting dialogue. But in Deerbrook, we must say, the peasants and gentlefolks, men and women, (with one or two exceptions,) young and old, grandchildren and grandmothers talk exactly alike, and, for the most part, in rather a stiff and artificial manner, their sentences being nicely poised and rounded, and sounding in our ears very like the periods that drop from the lips of approved speakers in literary coteries. We also must complain of some of the incidents of the story. For example, she deals too much in upsets and other accidents, and makes too much of each and all of them. A chaise breaks down, and not only kills old Mr. Young, but lames his daughter—the most interesting character in the novel—for life. In one chapter, Hope, the hero, is thrown from his horse and gets a sad concussion of the brain, the horse afterwards swimming across a mill-dam; and a chapter or two farther on, Hope on a dark night is riding into the same mill-dam, horse and all. There are other accidents, thick enough to delight a penny-a-line reporter—but the worst accident of all is the breaking out of a malignant fever in the village of Deerbrook, which visitation seems expressly brought in "to justify the ways of God to"—*Doctor Hope;* and upon which visitation, in fact, the whole denouement turns, and half the moral as well. Another objection which we take, is to the cause of all the harrowing misfortunes of the hero and his young wife, which seems to be, his giving his vote at an election according to his conscience for the liberal candidate; for, thereupon, Hope, who had been "the nice man," the favourite medical attendant, the darling of everybody, is cut by everybody far and near, deprived of his practice, reduced almost to absolute want; and, in effect, only recovers the means of getting his bread when the malignant disorder aforesaid breaks out in Deerbrook, and renders his skill indispensable—he being the only medical man in those parts possessing the secret of the cure. We cannot help suspecting that in these, her most touching scenes, Miss Martineau has an eye to that political panacea, "Vote by Ballot," which, in our humble apprehension, would no more remove the cause of misfortune in the case of a man like Hope, or in the case of nine-tenths of Englishmen, than a game at hide and seek would cure the cholera morbus. But, in truth, we quarrel with the whole of this great incident, as being utterly improbable, and almost impossible. No doubt a medical man may lose part of his practice by voting in opposition to his rich neighbours; but we cannot believe *à l'heure qu'il est,* that a successful, well-established practitioner, and one, besides, endeared by his manly virtues and social qualities, could be thus deprived, in a moment, of all his practice, and reduced to extremities. At this moment we know full well how nicely political parties are balanced—how much the sting has been taken out of political animosity, even in rural districts and bye-places. To make out Miss Martineau's incident, we must fancy a large district all of one way of thinking —all Tories; and this we confess we cannot do. At Deerbrook, and the country thereabouts, there must be Whigs, and Radicals as well, and so Hope could not have lost *all* his patients, and the poverty-staring-in-the-face catastrophe could hardly have happened at all. We also think that the scenes of distress are in themselves over-wrought, and have an unreal air about them, the parties seeming not only to welcome all their miseries, but to wish for more, on account of the great moral lessons they are calculated to convey—a frame of mind which people may be in, in books and stage plays, but never, we believe, in real life; always making an exception in favour of Job.

But we turn with pleasure from these spots to the bright part of the book, which, notwithstanding our cavils, we earnestly recommend to the attention of all our readers who prefer practical good sense to bombast, and pictures of domestic life to coarse daubings of what is called fashionable life. Miss Martineau, as might have been expected, has fixed her story among the middle class: her hero, as we have shown, is a medical man in a rural district, her heroine is the orphan daughter of a Birmingham tradesman, and hardly any of her characters are of a higher rank. This variety in novel reading is very pleasant—we have been overdone with dukes and duchesses, Lord Adolphuses and Lady Wilhelminas: an honest timber merchant—"broad cloth without, and a warm heart within,"—is a novelty and a positive treat!

There is, moreover, throughout the book a high moral purpose, a noble aim at making us more just, more wise, more tolerant, and more charitable to one another; nor have we detected a single extreme opinion likely to offend any preconceived notion, either in morals or religion. We should fancy that no young wife, or young husband either, will read Deerbrook without deriving from it many a useful lesson. It would be easy for us to extend our praise, to make it ten times longer than our censure, but we must conclude with one short extract from the livelier parts of the novel.

"'These are strange times, Miss Nares.'

"'Very alarming, my lady. I am sure I don't know when we shall recover from the fright. And no further back than six weeks, I had that person in, my lady, to attend Miss Flint in a sore throat. So little were we aware.'

"'I am thankful enough it was not for a broken arm,' observed Miss Flint, in accents of devout gratitude.

"'Yes, indeed, my dear,' observed Miss Nares, 'it would have ruined all your prospects in life if he had done by you as he did by the Russell Taylors' nursemaid. Have you never heard that, my lady? Well, I am astonished! I find the story is in everybody's mouth. Mrs. Russell Taylor's nursemaid was crossing the court, with the baby in her arms, when she tripped over the string of Master Hampden Taylor's kite. Well, my lady, she fell; and her first thought, you know, was to save the baby; so she let all her weight go on the other arm—the right—and, as you may suppose, broke it. It snapped below the elbow. The gentleman in the corner-house was sent for immediately, to set it. Now they say, (you, my lady, know all about it, of course,) that there are two bones in that part of one's arm, below the elbow.'

"'There are so. Quite correct. There are two bones.'

"'Well, my lady, all the story depends upon that. The gentleman in question did set the bones; but he set them across, you see,—as it might be so.' And Miss Nares arranged four pieces of whalebone on the table in the shape of a long, narrow letter X; there could not have been a better exemplification. 'The consequence was, my lady, that the poor girl's hand was found, when she had got well, to be turned completely round; and, in fact, it is all but useless.'

"'When her hands are in her lap,' observed Miss Flint, 'the palm of the right lies uppermost. Ugh!'

"'When she beckons the children with that hand,' observed Miss Nares, 'they think she means them to go further off. A girl who has to earn her bread, my lady! It is in everybody's mouth, I assure you.'

"'What has become of the girl?' asked Lady Hunter.

"'O, she was was got rid of,—sent away,—to save the credit of the gentleman in the corner-house. But these things *will* come out, my lady. You are aware that the Russell Taylors have for some time been employing Mr. Foster from Blickley?'

"'Ah, true! I heard of that.'

"With unrelaxed gravity, Lady Hunter returned to her equipage, carrying with her Miss Nares's newest cap and story.

"As the carriage drew near the corner-house, the driver, as if sympathising with his lady's thoughts, made his horses go their very slowest. Lady Hunter raised herself, and leaned forward, that she might see what she could see in this dangerous abode. The spring evening sunshine was streaming in at the garden window at the back of the house; so that the party in the room was perfectly visible in the thorough light, to any one who could surmount the obstacle of the blind. Lady Hunter saw four people sitting at dinner, and somebody was waiting on them. She could scarcely have told what it was that surprised her; but she exclaimed to Sir William—

"'Good heavens! they are at dinner!'

"Sir William called out angrily to the coachman to drive faster, and asked whether he meant to keep everybody out till midnight.

"The Hopes were far less moved by seeing the baronet and his lady driving by, than the baronet and his lady were by seeing the Hopes dining. They had not the slightest objection to the great folks from the Hall deriving all the excitement and amusement they could from an airing through the village; and they were happily ignorant of the most atrocious stories about Hope which were now circulating from mouth to mouth all round Deerbrook.

"It was not long, however, before they found that they had been indebted to the great folks from the Hall for a certain degree of protection, partly from the equipage having drawn off the attention of some of the idlers, and partly from the people having been unwilling to indulge all their anger and impertinence in the presence of a magistrate. Scarcely half an hour had elapsed after the sound of the carriage wheels had died away, before a face was seen surmounting the blind of the windows towards the street. Presently another appeared, and another. Men below were hoisting up boys, to make grimaces at the family, and see what was going on. The shutters were closed rather earlier than usual. Philip went out to make a survey. He and Mr. Grey soon returned, to advise that the ladies should quit the house, and that a guard should enter it. The first proposition was refused; the second accepted. Mr. Grey carried off all the money and small valuables. Hester and Margaret bestirred themselves to provide refreshments for Messrs. Grey's and Rowland's men, who were to be ready to act in their defence. They scarcely knew what to expect; but they resolved to remain where Edward was, and to fear nothing from which he did not shrink.

"There was much noise round the house—a multitude of feet and of voices. Messengers were sent off to the Hall and to Dr. Levitt, who must now be disturbed, whatever might become of his sermon. Philip brought in Mr. Rowland's men, and declared he should not leave the premises again if the ladies would not be persuaded to go. He took up his station in the hall, whence he thought he could learn most of what it was that the people intended to do, and be most ready to act as occasion might require. No one could imagine what was designed, or whether there was any design at all on foot. The only fact at present apparent was, that the crowd was every moment increasing.

"Hester was stooping over the cellaret in the room where they had dined, when a tremendous crash startled her, and a stone struck down the light which stood beside her, leaving her in total darkness. Philip came to her in a moment. No one had thought of closing the shutters of the back windows; and now the garden was full of people. The house was besieged back and front; and, in ten minutes from the entrance of this first stone, not a pane of glass was left unbroken in any of the lower windows. Hope ran out, his spirit thoroughly roused by these insults; and he was the first to seize and detain one of the offenders; but the feat was rather too dangerous to bear repetition. He was recognised, surrounded, and had some heavy blows inflicted upon him. He succeeded in bringing off his man; but it was by the help of a sally of his friends from the house; and, having locked up his prisoner in his dressing-room, he found it best to await the arrival of a magistrate before he went forth again.

"The surgery was the most open to attack; and this being the place where the people expected to find the greatest number of dead bodies, their energies were directed towards the professional part of the premises. The pupil took flight, and left the intruders to work their pleasure. They found no bodies, and were angry accordingly. When the crashing of all the glass was over, the shelves and cases were torn down, and, with the table and chairs, carried out into the street, and cast into a heap. Other wood was brought; and it was owing to the pertinacity of the mob in front of the house, in attacking the shutters, that the rioters met with no opposition in the surgery. Hope, Enderby, and their assistants, had more on their hands than they could well manage, in beating off the assailants in front. If the shutters were destroyed, the whole furniture of the house would go, and no protection would remain to anybody in it. The surgery must be left to take its chance, rather than this barrier between the women and the mob be thrown down. Whatever offensive warfare was offered from the house was from the servants, from the upper window. The women poured down a quick succession of pails of water; and Charles returned, with good aim, such stones as had found their way in. The gentlemen were little aware, for some time, that the cries of vexation or ridicule, which were uttered now and then, were caused by the feats of their own coadjutors overhead: and it was in consequence of seeing Hester and Margaret laughing in the midst of their panic that the fact became known to them.

"Soon after, a bright light was visible between the crevices of the shutters, and a prodigious shout arose outside. The bonfire was kindled. Hester and Margaret went to the upper windows to see it; and when the attacks upon the shutters seemed to have ceased, Enderby joined them. There were very few faces among the crowd that were known even to Charles, whose business it was, in his own opinion, to know everybody. Mr. Tucker was evidently only looking on from a distance. Mrs. Plumstead had been on the spot, but was gone—terrified into quietness by the fire, into which the rioters had threatened to throw her, if she disturbed their proceedings. She had professed to despise the idea of a ducking in the brook; but a scorching in the fire was not to be braved: so no more was heard of her this night. Three or four of the frequenters of the public-house were on the spot; but, though they lent a hand to throw fresh loads of fuel on the fire, they did not take their pipes from their mouths, nor seem to be prime movers in the riot. The yellow blaze lighted up a hundred faces, scowling with anger or grinning with mirth, but they were all strange—strange as the incidents of the day. A little retired from the glare of the fire was a figure, revealed only when the flame shot up from being freshly fed—Sir William Hunter on horseback, with his immovable groom behind him. How long he had been there nobody, in the house could tell; nor whether he had attempted to do anything in behalf or peace and quiet. There he sat, as if looking on for his amusement, and forgetting that he had any business with the scene.

"It was no wonder that Dr. Levitt was not yet visible. If he should arrive by dawn, that was all that could be expected. But where were Mr. Grey and Sidney? Where was Mr. Rowland? Like some of Mr. Hope's other neighbours, who ought to have come to his aid on such an occasion, these gentlemen were detained at home by the emotions of their families. Sydney Grey was locked up by his tender mother as securely as Mr. Hope's prisoner; all the boy's efforts to break the door availed only to bruise him full as seriously as the mob would have done. His father was detained by the tremors of his wife, the palpitations of Sophia, and the tears and sobs of the twins, all of which began with the certainty of the first stone having been thrown, and were by no means abated by the sight of the reflection of the flames on the sky. Mr. Grey found it really impossible to leave his family, as he afterwards said. He consoled himself with the thought that he had done the best he could, by sending his men. These things were exactly what his partner said. He, too, had done the best he could, in sending his men. He, too, found it impossible to leave his family. In the dusk of the evening, when the first stones had begun to fly, the carriage which was heard, in the intervals of the crashes, to roll by, contained Mrs. Rowland and her children, and some one else. It may easily be imagined that it was made impossible to Mr. Rowland to leave his family, to go to the assistance of the people in the corner house.

"A fresh shout soon announced some new device. A kind of procession appeared to be advancing up the street, and some notes of rude music were heard. A party was bringing an effigy of Mr. Hope to burn on the pile. There was the odious thing,—plain enough in the light of the fire,—with the halter round its neck, a knife in the right hand, and a phial,—a real phial out of Hope's own surgery, in the left!

"'This is too bad to be borne,' cried Enderby; while Hope, who had come up to see what others were seeing, laughed heartily at the representative of himself. 'This is not to be endured. Morris, quick! Fetch me half a dozen candles.'

"'Candles, sir?'

"'Yes, candles. I will put this rabble to flight. I wish I had thought of it before.'

"'O Philip!' said Margaret, apprehensively.

"'Fear nothing, Margaret. I am going to do something most eminently safe, as you will see.'

"He would not let any one go with him but Charles and Morris. It was some minutes before any effect from his absence was perceived: but, at length, just when the effigy had been sufficiently insulted, and was about to be cast into the flames, and Hester had begged her husband not to laugh at it any more, a roar of anguish and terror was heard from the crowd, which began to disperse in all directions. The ladies ventured to lean out of the window, to see what was the cause of the uproar. They understood in a moment. Mr. Enderby had possessed himself of the skeleton which hung in the mahogany case in the waiting-room, had lighed it up behind the eyes and the ribs, and was carrying it aloft before him, approaching round the corner and thus confronting the effigy. The spectre moved steadily on, while the people fled. It made straight for Sir William Hunter, who now seemed for the first time disposed to shift his place. He did so with as much slowness and dignity as were compatible with the urgency of the circumstances, edging his horse further and further into the shade. When he found, however, that the spectre continued to light its own path towards him, there was something rather piteous in the tone of his appeal.—'I am Sir William Hunter! I am— I am Sir William Hunter!' The spectre disregarded even this information; there was nothing for the baronet to do but to gallop off—his groom for once in advance of him. When they were out of sight, the spectre turned sharp round, and encountered Dr. Levitt, who was now arriving just as every one else was departing. He started, as might have been expected, spoke angrily to the 'idle boy' whom he supposed to be behind the case of bones, and laughed heartily when he learned who was the perpetrator, and what the purpose of the joke. He entered Hope's house, to learn the particulars of the outrage, and order off the prisoner into confinement elsewhere, his ideas being too extensively discomposed to admit of any more sermon-writing this night. Charles had already captured the effigy, and set it up in the hall: a few more pailfuls of water extinguished the fire in the street; and in a quarter of an hour the neighbourhood seemed to be as quiet as usual."

The Nautical Steam Engine Explained, and its Powers and Capabilities described, for the Use of Officers of the Navy, and others interested in the important results of Steam Navigation. By Commander R. S. Robinson, R.N.

This is a very important work, and one that was much wanted by young officers in the navy, who, since the extensive introduction of steam vessels into the royal navy, are bound to make themselves well acquainted with the Nautical Steam Engine and all its capabilities. It is true that government has very properly instituted a body of engineers for the service, but the captain of a man-of-war and his officers ought no more to be entirely dependent on the skill and conduct of an engineer, than they now are dependent on the sailing master. Every superior officer in command should study to be conversant with the engine, as he now is with rigging and the management of sails, so as to be able to conduct equally well a steam ship or a sailing ship. Whenever a war breaks out, the immense importance of this sort of training will be made apparent—and that, in a manner fatal to the power which shall have neglected this essential branch of the service. We cannot do a better service to Commander Robinson, than to quote his modest and sensible preface.

"The desire of being useful, and of communicating to others the knowledge I have myself acquired, at the expense of much time and labour, have been my motives for undertaking this little work. I have dedicated it to the officers of the navy. It has no pretension to originality, it is a selection and compilation from what others have written before me; but my object has been to compress, in a small space, such a description of the properties of steam, and the nature of the Marine Engine, as shall enable any officer, after having read this book, to understand the principles, names, and natures of the parts of any engine he may see, and to put him in the way of asking such questions as shall ensure his getting an answer intelligible and true.

"It is hardly necessary to say a word on the importance of the subject to us all. Every officer must feel that a knowledge of the nature and properties of the steam-engine has become as essential as a knowledge of seamanship or gunnery.

"It is evident, that whatever of dash, whatever of enterprise, whatever of combined prudence and skill, is to be performed in a future war, will be performed through the agency of steam. The high road to distinction and fame will be found on the paddle-box of a steamer; but to gain this fame, to achieve this distinction, it is indispensable that officers should add, to a thorough knowledge of seamanship and gunnery, to nerve, to enterprise, to prudent daring, a knowledge of the steam-engine, an acquaintance with the power which is to be their right arm, and their strong staff.

"Formerly there was a vague idea in people's minds that a good seaman, placed behind a thirty-two pounder, without any knowledge of the weapon he was to wield, would prove an efficient and accomplished marksman; we received some practical lessons, at the close of the war, on this head; the work of Sir Howard Douglas, the establishment of the Excellent, and the orders of the Admiralty, have brought it practically home to all men's minds, that a thorough knowledge of a weapon is essential to the perfect use thereof.

"I think this position, which I conceive everybody will be willing to allow, as regards naval gunnery, holds equally true with regard to steam.

"It is a most powerful weapon; to use it in perfection, its nature must be thoroughly known.

"I have experienced, and I have heard others complain of, the difficulty there is in procuring information on this head; we go into engine-rooms, we look at the outside of an engine; various rods of highly polished iron are moving about, a beam is observed vibrating up and down, all is clean, bright, and well arranged; but the working parts of the engine, the moving power, is entirely shut up from our sight, and after staying a few minutes, and perhaps asking a question or two, which, from the very depth of ignorance it betrays, it is scarce possible the engineer either can or will answer, we walk up again, with no addition to our knowledge, and rather convinced that the whole subject is incomprehensible.

"If we turn to books, we find descriptions of land engines, and of old methods of working steam in abundance; we are told of what Hero of Alexandria did, A.D. 420; what the Marquis of Worcester thought about; of Newcomen, and other great men of their day, to whom science is much indebted, but little that can enable us to understand what we see on board a steam-vessel, or to call the different parts of the engine by their right names. To those who have leisure, all these works are highly interesting, and they should be read by all who can afford to purchase them; my object is to smooth the way to those who have neither leisure to read, nor money to purchase, the various expensive and voluminous publications which treat on the matter of steam.

"In the introductory chapter I have borrowed largely from a little work by Hugo Reed, full of valuable information, and which only wants a practical description of the different parts of the marine engine to be a perfect manual to the beginner.

"I have also made great use of Tredgold's work, the price and size of which render it a sealed book to the majority of naval officers.

"If any one, after reading this work, shall desire to know more, and shall feel that he can now shape his inquiries judiciously, and consequently acquire knowledge from the reply; if any one is tempted to take up Tredgold, or to visit an engine, with a feeling that a first step has been assisted by this book, I shall feel much gratified, and shall have attained the object for which I wrote it.

"Before I conclude, I desire to return my best and most cordial thanks to Mr. R. Napier, of Glasgow, for the kind and liberal treatment extended to me while I was in that city, and for the means he placed at my disposal of seeing thoroughly all his works, and of acquiring knowledge on this interesting subject."

The volume contains several valuable tables, and all the plates, sections, and diagrams, that are indispensably necessary to the proper understanding of the text. The book is small and cheap; the style as clear and simple as possible. We have said enough to recommend it to the attention of all naval officers, and indeed of all who are practically concerned in steam navigation.

Henry Acton, or the Gold Smugglers; and other Tales. By the Hon. Louisa Sayers. 3 Vols.

These are very agreeable tales, written with greater propriety of language, and with far more power, than are usual with the general run of our lady-novelists. The stories are short, and founded, we believe in every instance, upon remarkable facts. The adventures of "The Gold Smugglers"—those speculators, who, contrary to a very silly law, exported guineas to the Continent at the early part of the last war—are exceedingly interesting, and are told with great spirit and brevity. The "Curse, or Annee Owen," is an awful tale, indicating, as do most of the other narratives, no inconsiderable acquaintance with popular customs and superstitions. But perhaps the best story in the collection is "Wild Will of the Hills, or a Tale of the Sea," wherein the fair author, "fancy free," wanders among the lovely islands of the Pacific Ocean, with Christian and the Mutineers of the Bounty, whose adventures were, all over, a piece of romance. Here the author displays high poetic feeling, and throws a warm sunny glow over every scene. The whole, indeed, is like that "beaker full of the warm south," which poor Keats sighed for. The following extract describes Christian's arrival at the island of Taheite.

"On the departure of our victims, though the cry had been huzza for Taheite, yet, after consulting on the subject, we found the project no way advisable;—how answer the questions of our old friends? and how account for our commander's absence? We therefore made direct for Tobouai: but now came the suffering and consciousness of crime; hence we were driven back again on our own resources, with no resting place for the soles of our feet amidst a deluge of waters. What was to be done? To Taheite was the cry—say the commander has landed for a short time, and that when we obtain some stores for him, we are to return. Once more, then, we determine to seek the smiling land of sweet repose, the Island of Taheite.

"The voice of song and gladness welcomed us, the blooming wreaths were twined for us, and the merry dance closed the first evening of our sojourn; and what a soul of speaking allurement was in that dance!—the form of symmetry,—the step of harmony, now bounding in animating movement, now retreating in softening grace, a grace whose language of love reveals a tale of winning witchery, and woos the captive senses of ecstasy, as they follow these bright and sunny children of a southern sky through the winding mazes of their native dance, gaily garlanded with the choicest flowers; and many a summer flower buds and blossoms there.

"The day of our arrival at Taheite was one of a festivity called 'the Hura,' a sort of court drawing-room, when the chieftains' daughters are presented. Their dress is well suited to set off the loveliness of their persons, and everything contributes to add splendour and enjoyment to this meeting. The numerous attendants, the assembled company, the gaily decked canoes, filled with bands of music, which, native though it be, sounds sweetly as it floats over their glassy waters, and beneath their genial skies. Aimatta was the name of the chieftain's daughter who was to be presented. Her far-famed beauty had drawn crowds to the festival. Never shall I forget the gush of awakened admiration, the first moment I beheld her. It was unlike all other loveliness I had ever looked upon, either in this, her own southern clime, or in climes of colder and fairer dames;—it was matchless! She stood like some houri of a Mahometan paradise, and we her worshippers—finished in all her youthful charms. On her head she wore the Ta-maie; her own luxuriance of hair forming a turban of jetty brightness, triple wreaths of the most glowing scarlet and white flowers were twined around it, composed of Cape jessamine, mixed with valeria laurifolia; a loose vest of golden-spotted cloth partially concealed her lovely bust. The araitihi, or petticoat, fastened round the waist with a splendidly embroidered girdle, fell to the feet, and was of white cloth, as was also the tihi, or scarf, which was finished at the edges with a border of scarlet work, and confined under the left arm, and drawn over the opposite shoulder, descended in full folds; round the bosom was thrown a necklace of dazzling polish, bright as rainbow hues, formed of the shell of mother-o'-pearl. Thus she stood the warm impassioned dream of the fondest lover's story; I could have gazed existence away in looking on such a vision, as now she waited trembling beneath the intensity of admiration that spoke in every eye, while her own was veiled by its dark deep fringe as if in mercy to her beholders. Many tents lay scattered on the green sward on which we were assembled; but above all, on an elevated platform, was raised a dome composed of the finest matting. The interior was decorated as if the winged inhabitants of the most glorious regions had lent their plumage, every sea cave its treasures, to adorn its canopy, which was supported on pillars encircled with wreaths of fresh and blooming flowers, perfuming the scented air with their balmy fragrance. She advances—a breathless moment; she has not yet commenced the dance: did ever chiselled form or opera grace reveal anything equal to this *beau ideal* of perfection? The intense silence is no more; the sound of flute and drum has broken forth; the prompter's voice gives the signal, and Aimatta moves! It was a movement which spoke a language too much felt to be embodied in words.

"The 'Hura' finished, other pleasures quickly followed. The gay scene of the naval review awaited us; the line of canoes are arranged along the beach nearly half a mile in extent, all decorated most fancifully; their rude and gaudy sterns carved in fantastic forms; their rich and varied colours floating gaily in the ocean's breeze. The fighting-men standing on their platforms, dressed in their native costume of white cloth, their crimson turbans contrasting well with their rich sunny-bronzed complexion; then the strong athletic arm and full open chest,—the elastic limb and easy movement as they are seen weapon in hand, all revealing a strong and fine picture of interest and nationality, while this light, gaudy show comes out in stronger contrast from the sacred canoes, bearing their dark flags with the images and emblems of their gods. In the van is to be seen the royal bark pompously caparisoned, drawn by attendants in fantastic attire. The king addresses the assembled multitude, and it is with an eloquence, though in the native tongue, which might have won attention and admiration from the senate of the most lettered nation. The war song now bursts on the gale, in a moment is to be seen the whole file launching into the ocean,—the stir, the sound, the bound of the little vessels as they go riding on—their prows breaking and splashing in the sparkling waters. Then calmly they float, fall into line, and the joyful burst of exhilarated spirits commences; now advance lance and spear; now they board—fight hand to hand; now the anxious voices hail the favourite and vanquisher; home she rides triumphant, and shouts and music greet the proud conqueror. Evening steals on; in fond forgetfulness of all the past, the present lit up a lamp of glowing light around us; dazzled—lost—in the mad tide of sweet enjoyment, hours passed on; and evening, with all the lulling softness of a tropical clime, had wrapped exhausted nature in her misty mantle. The voluptuous gale stole over the moon-lit flowers, and scented the air of heaven; the wild song of untaught melody mingled with the sighing waves' soothing murmur; but not more voluptuous that scented gale, nor more bright, nor wild that light or melody, than the dreamy visions of my soul that night. The master passion had touched a string and broke a music which death will not still; illumined within me a spirit which will live through time, nor know an expiration in eternity. I loved the gentle savage of the distant isle; yes, from that dewy eve I loved my Aimatta, with all the best and fondest faithfulness!"

To this very striking tale of "Wild Will of the Hills" there is a very interesting Appendix, with a series of delightful notes. The following is as romantic as anything in the story.

> "One circumstance connected with the fate of Christian is worthy of remark. It is generally supposed that he was killed by one of the natives; but about the years 1808 and 1809, a very general opinion was prevalent in the neighbourhood of the lakes of Cumberland, that Christian was in that part of the country, and made frequent private visits to an aunt who was living there. And in Fore Street, Plymouth Dock, about this period, Captain Heywood found himself one day walking behind a man whose shape had so much the appearance of the mutineer that he involuntarily quickened his pace: both were walking very fast, and the rapid steps behind him having roused the stranger's attention, he suddenly turned his face, looked at Heywood, and immediately ran off. The face resembled Christian's as much as the back. Heywood pursued him, but the stranger escaped."

The Life of Edward Gibbon, Esq., with Selections from his Correspondence, and Illustrations. By Rev. H. H. Milman, Prebendary of St. Peter's, and Minister of St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Mr. Milman has done good service to the public in his recent edition of Gibbon's Roman History, a work which must ever be considered as one of the greatest and most successful efforts of human industry and genius. Every reader, young or old, experiences an unsatisfactory, irritating feeling at taking up a book which he knows to be imperfect, and different from what the author left it, and therefore we think it wise in Mr. Milman to have given the great historian's text entire, reserving to himself the right of offering his remarks on the offensive or disputed passages in a series of running notes. The editor's learning, research, and highly cultivated powers of criticism, peculiarly fitted him for the task; and, hereafter, few persons will place in their family library any other edition of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," than that of Mr. Milman. The volume now before us is supplemental to that cheap and beautiful edition. It contains Gibbon's admirable sketch of his own life, of which the late Dr. Whitaker, the historian of Craven, and no incompetent judge, said—"It is, perhaps, the best specimen of autobiography in the English language. Descending from the lofty level of his history, and relaxing the stately march which he retains throughout that work into a more natural and easy pace, this enchanting writer, with an ease, spirit, and vigour peculiar to himself, conducts his readers through a sickly childhood, a neglected and desultory education, and a youth wasted in the unpromising and unscholar-like occupation of a militia officer, to the period when he resolutely applied the energies of his genius to a severe course of voluntary study, which in the space of a few years rendered him a consummate master of Roman antiquity, and lastly produced the history of the decline and fall of that mighty empire." Mr. Milman has re-published this life in an infinitely more convenient form than it has ever yet appeared in, dividing it into chapters, in order that the longer notes, the extracts, and journals, may not distract the reading of the text, and break its agreeable flow. He has also inserted such parts of Gibbon's correspondence as appeared most likely to interest the reader, and to throw light on the character of Gibbon; and he has added to the whole a few delightful anecdotes about the historian, gleaned from other quarters. Altogether this is a rare volume!

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

The Book of the Grand Junction Railway; being a Description of the Line from Birmingham to Liverpool and Manchester. With sixteen engravings and four Maps. By Thomas Roscoe, Esq., assisted by the resident Engineers of the line.—A very pretty book in all respects, and one that may be recommended as a pleasant travelling companion. Some of the plates are very beautiful, and all of them are like the places they are intended to represent. Mr. Thomas Roscoe, however, does not shine in the facetious.

The Modern School Grammar of the French Language; or Lexicology and Syntax made easy from classical demonstration. In two Parts, with a complete Course of Exercises adapted to each. By Lucien de Rudelle, M.A.—Simple and good for beginners.

Scripture Biography for Youth. By a Friend of the Young.—The plates, which we have seen before, are the better part of this book. The author's style is far too fine for children, and all the stories will be far better read in the Bible.

The Unity of Disease analytically and synthetically proved; with Facts and Cases subversive of the received Practice of Physic. By Samuel Dickson, M.D.—This is a bold book, dedicated, in a monstrously silly dedication, to Lord Viscount Melbourne, who, as the author seems to fancy, "will not only enable him to neutralise the enmity of his adversaries, but also to extend the beneficial *Art*, which it has been the delight of his maturer years to cultivate." We are no doctor, as Samuel Dickson is, but we have studied logic in our youth, and have dipped into the analytic philosophy; and these little circumstances embolden us to say, that Samuel Dickson, though a doctor, is not *doctus*, nor gifted with convincing powers of reasoning. His definition of death has amused us. "Death," saith Dickson, "is a permanent palsy of every organic perception."

Little Derwent's Breakfast. By a Lady. *Illustrated by Engravings.*—These simple poems were written for the amusement of a child of seven years old—a child of no ordinary race or name, being the grandson of the great and good Coleridge. The verses are excellent for very young readers. The engravings are abominable, and such as should never be placed in the hands of children. We recommend all buyers to tear them out and throw them behind the fire; then the book will be perfect.

Horne's History of Napoleon. Part II.—This work improves as it goes on. The illustrations in the present Part are more numerous, more varied, and we think more spirited, than in the Part which we noticed last month. The author never flags.

The History of Chesterfield, with Engravings, and descriptive Accounts of Chatsworth, Bolsover Castle, &c.—We noticed with merited praise the earlier Parts of this provincial work. It is now completed, and forms a compact and pretty volume, which will be interesting, not only to the good people of Chesterfield and its neighbourhood, but to all who take an interest in the rise and progress of our inland towns, or who love to visit the glorious remains of the baronial times. The general reader can, of course, skip the elaborate list of rectors, churchwardens, &c., and sundry other things which have merely a local interest.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Keith's Measurer. New Edition. 12mo. 5*s.*
Morgan's Ophthalmic Surgery. 8vo. 18*s.*
Evans's Spirit of Holiness. Fourth Edition. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Girdlestone's Comments on the Old Testament. Part IV. 8vo. 9*s.*
Mountain's Writings of Lactantius. 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*
Shelley's Works. Vol. III. 5*s.*
No Work, or Economy and Extravagance. 18mo. 2*s.*
Steggall's Manual for the College of Surgeons. 12mo. 12*s.* 6*d.*
Miller on the Unsettled State of the Law. 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
Roscoe's London and Birmingham Railway. 8vo. 16*s.*
Literary Character, by I. D'Israeli. New Edition. Fcap. 9*s.*
Milman's Life of Gibbon. 8vo. 9*s.*
Impey's General Stamp Acts. New Edition. 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Transactions of the Meteorological Society. Vol. I. Royal 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.*
Mosse's Parliamentary Guide for 1839. 18mo. 4*s.*
Wilberforce's Eucharistica. Royal 32mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Bridge's Scripture Studies. First and Second Series. New Edition. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* each.
Noad's Eight Lectures on Electricity, Magnetism, and Electro-Magnetism. Fcap. 8*s.*
Trials of Strength. By Mrs. Burwell. Fcap. 6*s.*
Watch unto Prayer, Lecture by Rev. J. M. Hiffernan. 12mo. 5*s.*
Drummond's Social Duties on Christian Principles. Fourth Edition. 12mo. 4*s.*
Francis's Survey of Physical and Fossil Geology. 8vo. 5*s.*
Guide to Jersey and Guernsey. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
The Animal Creation, its Claims on our Humanity. By John Styles. Royal 12mo. 9*s.*
Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis. 2 vols. 8vo. 28*s.*
Mahan's Civil Engineering. Edited by Barlow. 4to. 14*s.*
The Barber of Paris, from the French of Paul de Kock. 3 vols. post 8vo. 24*s.*
Bishop Hopkins (of Vermont) on the Church of Rome, with Introduction. By Melville. 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*
Rev. J. Woodhouse's Practical Sermons. 8vo. 6*s.*
Pictorial French Dictionary. Imp. 8vo. 12*s.*
Corfe on the Kidney. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Cheveley, or the Man of Honour. Second Edition. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Holland's Medical Notes and Reflections. 8vo. 18*s.*
Bull's Hints to Mothers. Second Edition. 12mo. 7*s.*
Marcet's Conversations on Vegetable Physiology. Third Edition. 12mo. 9*s.*
Quain's Anatomical Plates of the Nerves. Folio, plain, 2*l.* 4*s.*; coloured, 4*l.* 2*s.*
More's Practical Piety. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Lodge's Peerage for 1839, revised and corrected. 1 vol. royal 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*
Insurrection in Poland, 1830-1. By S. B. Gnorowski. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Scoresby's Magnetical Investigations. 8vo. 5*s.*
Glendinning on the Pine Apple. 12mo. 5*s.*
The Simplicity and Intelligible Character of Christianity. 8vo. 4*s.*
Divine Emblems, after the Fashion of Quacks, with Etchings. 12mo. 4*s.*
Jamison on the Reformation in Navarre. Royal 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*

Glimpses of the Past. By C. Elizabeth. 12mo. 6s.
Cramp's Text-Book of Popery. 8vo. 10s. 6*d.*
Popery in the Ascendant, Sufferings of English Protestant Martyrs. By Thomas Smith. 12mo. 3s. 6*d.*
Finney's Lectures to Professing Christians. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6s.
Howe on Christian Union, edited by Noel. Fcap. 4s.
Winslow's Enquirer, directed to an Experimental and Practical View of the Atonement. 18mo. 2s. 6*d.*
The Hand-Book of Morals. 18mo. 1s.
We are Seven, or the Little Mourner Comforted. By Lloyd. 18mo. 1s.
Bishop Jewel's Apology of the Church of England. Royal 8vo. 32mo. 2s.
The Fruits of Faith, or Power of Religion Exemplified, &c. 18mo. 1s.
A Parting Token By the Author of Affection's Keepsake. 32mo. 1s. 6*d.*
A Treatise on the Club-foot and other Distortions of the Limbs, &c. By W. J. Little, M.D. 8vo. 12s. 6*d.*

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. Robertson, the senior author of Letters on Paraguay, has nearly ready a new Work in three volumes, entitled "Solomon Seesaw, or Ups and Downs." It is to be accompanied by graphic illustrations, and, from some portions we have seen, promises to add much to the already extensive popularity of the highly esteemed author. The publication is to take place about the 15th instant.

A new Work is about to appear, which is calculated to excite very considerable attention in the political circles both of France and England. It is to contain the secret History of the Revolution of July 1830. Political explosions have generally been the result of previous contrivance, but it is said that the world would little expect the details which this work will bring to light. It is nearly ready, and will be comprised in an octavo volume.

A series of Tales illustrating the Scenery and Peculiarities of Wales is nearly ready for publication, entitled the "Vale of Glamorgan." We understand it is a production of considerable talent.

Mr. Nugent Taylor has nearly ready, a Poem entitled "Ianthe."

M. De Tocqueville, has nearly ready the continuation of his able work, "Democracy in America." These third and fourth volumes, which are to complete the work, will be translated by Henry Reeve, Esq., the translator of the former volumes, which have already taken their place among our standard literature.

The new Novel lately announced, entitled "Max Wentworth," the first production, we believe, of a highly talented Lady, is, we understand, advancing near to completion.

A New Work is speedily to appear from the pen of a Lady, entitled, "Six Years Residence in Algiers." The authoress appears to have enjoyed peculiar opportunities for information.

An interesting volume, entertainingly narrating the successive stages of professional experience, is about to appear, entitled "Adventures of an Attorney in search of Practice." It is not permitted to mention the name of the author of this work, or a very large demand would be the natural consequence.

The New Edition of Mr. Lodge's Peerage, for 1839, has just appeared, almost the whole of which was immediately subscribed for by the booksellers.

Mr. James has just ready "A Brief History of the United States Boundary Question," drawn up from official papers collected by him as Historiographer to Her Majesty.

The author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," &c., has just ready a new work, entitled, "The Metropolitan Pulpit," in two vols.

Mons. Lepage, author of "L'Echo de Paris," (of which a fourth edition is now in the press,) is preparing for immediate publication "Gift of Fluency in French Conversation," a set of exercises for the learner of the French language, calculated to enable him, by means of practice, to express himself fluently on the ordinary topics of life. With Notes. Also, "The Last Step to French, or the Principles of French

Grammar," displayed in a series of short lessons, each of which is followed by Questions and Exercises, with Versification.

Preparing for publication, " British History, chronologically arranged, from the Invasion of the Romans to the Accession of Queen Victoria." By the author of " The Cabinet Lawyer."

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

We are sorry to observe that the emigration of mechanics from the manufacturing districts continues. We hope it is but partial, but still, to whatever extent it prevails, it must be injurious.

The accounts from the various markets are encouraging. Our agricultural prospects appear, for the present at least, to be held rather in abeyance by the unusual backwardness of the season.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Friday, 27th of April.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 197 one-fourth to 6 three-fourths. —Three per Cent. reduced, 92 three-eighths.—Consols, for Account, 93 one-eighth. — New Three and a Half per Cent., 107 seven-eighths to one-eighth.—Exchequer Bills, 44*s.* prem.—India Bonds, 44*s.* to 46*s.*

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Five per Cent. Account, 85 one-half to five-eighths.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent. 56 one-half to 56.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 102 seven-eighths to 3.—Spanish Five per Cents., 20 one-fourth.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—City, Thursday Evening, April 25th. — The foreign funds have commanded very little attention to-day. The Bank directors held their weekly court this morning, the result of which, owing to the reports circulated during the last four days, as to a meditated change in the rate of interest and discount, was looked for with much anxiety. The directors, however, broke up their meeting without in any way disturbing the present arrangements.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM MARCH 26, TO APRIL 19, 1839, INCLUSIVE.

March 26.—S. Youngman, Curtain-road, Shoreditch, timber merchant.—G. Topham, Richmond, Surrey, hotel keeper and coal merchant.—J. Ralfs, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, printed furniture dealer.—H. Perkins, Lisson-grove, North, ironmonger.—J. B. Carruthers, Bristol, bookseller and stationer.—R. Thornton, jun., Beccles, Suffolk, beer brewer. —W. Fisher and G. Fisher, Lincoln and Newark-upon-Trent, wharfingers.—J. Flower and J. Flower, Sheffield, iron founders.

March 29.—G. G. Weston, Windsor, Berkshire, linen draper.—G. Topham, Richmond, hotel keeper.—C. Schleiermacher, Coleman-street, City, and Pearson-street, Kingsland-road, wool dealer.—J. Mivart, Richmond, Surrey, cabinet maker.—C. A. Gordon, Stepney-green, merchant.—E. Tapp, Great White Lion-street, Seven-dials, licensed victualler.—M. A. Fles, Manchester, merchant and toy dealer.

April 2.—T. Lait, Hadleigh, Suffolk, draper. —J. R. Stringer, Houndsditch, wholesale clothier.—F. Cocks, Falcon-square, button maker. J. Turner, Penrith, Cumberland, linen draper. J. A. Lee, E. Holt, T. Bell, and W. Bookless, Liverpool, iron founders.—M. Jepson, Sheffield, grocer. — R. Claxton, Swaffham, Norfolk, coach maker.

April 5.—R. Hoggart, Fenchurch-street, wholesale saddler.—J. Lees, Newton-moor, Cheshire, cotton spinner.—J. Hunter, Preston, Lancashire, innkeeper.—C. Browne, Norwich, hatter.—W. Davis, Bradford, Yorkshire, ale seller.—G. Scholes, Sheepridge, Huddersfield, fancy stuff manufacturer.

April 9.—W. Tapp, Nelson-square, Blackfriars-road, victualler.—R. Field, Plummer's row, Whitechapel, varnish manufacturer.—J. Jackson, Upper Ranelagh-street, Pimlico, scrivener. —S. Clark, Oxford-street, licensed victualler. —J. Tow, Harcourt-street, New-road, bath manufacturer.—R. Kennan and S. Jones, Liverpool, wholesale clothiers.—T. Pearson. jun., Liverpool, smith.—W. Guest, Barnsley, Yorkshire, linen manufacturers. — C. Willmott, Shaftesbury, Dorsetshire, innkeeper. — T.

Coates, New Malton, Yorkshire, coal merhant.—T. Owston, York, merchant.—J. Varley, Tatham, Lancashire, meal dealer.—J. Bird, Maryport, Cumberland, druggist.

April 12.—W. Lenny and G. T. Alderson, Horsleydown, Southwark, ale merchants.—G. Thorburn, St. Mary Axe, corn factor.—J. Shynn, Liverpool, hotel keeper.—E. Hayward, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, draper.—T. L. Parker, Edgbaston, Warwickshire, coal merchant.—M. Jackson, Liverpool, victualler.—G. Peach, Northampton, woolstapler.

April 16.—W. Johnson, Harlow-place, Mile-end-road, cabinet maker.—J. Edmundson, Manchester, merchant.—W. Bunting, Stockport, cotton spinner.—M. Lazarus, Cutler-street, Houndsditch, glass merchant.—E. Gomm, Birmingham, corn factor.—T. Smithson, Flaxton, Yorkshire, cattle dealer.—G. Oxley, Rotherham, Yorkshire, money scrivener.

April 19.—J. W. Ball and W. Millar, Mount-pleasant, Gray's Inn-road, letter-press printers.—F. Leete, Chipping Ongar, Essex, victualler.—W. Hickman, Rutland-place Upper Thames-street, rag merchant.—J. H. Butterworth, Rose and Crown public house, Leadenhall-market, victualler.—R. Phillips, Brick-lane, Spitalfields, victualler.—T. Harris, St. Albans, Herefordshire, grocer.—T. Paten, Worthing, Sussex, lodging-house-keeper.—J. Smith, Torpoint, Cornwall, baker.—R. Bynon, Devonport, clothes dealer.—J. Chapman, Wisbech, St. Peter's, Cambridgeshire, victualler.—W Davies, Bath, linen draper.—S. Pinkard, Southsea, Southampton, brewer.—P. Bray, Bromyard, Herefordshire, dealer in potatoes.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1830.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
March					
23	51-36	29 61-29,60	S.W.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
24	54-35	29,61-29,58	W.		Generally clear, a little rain fell during the night.
25	51-37	29,62-29,56	S.W.		Generally clear, rain fell in the afternoon.
26	49 35	29,82-29 60	N.E.	,15	Generally clear.
27	56-38	29,44-29,62	S.W.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
28	45-37	29,37-29,30	W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the aft.
20	45 35	29,55-29,40	N.E.	,35	General overcast. [with distant thunder.
30	42-29	29,68-29,66	E.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
31	46-34	29,63-29,50	E.		General overcast.
April					
1	47-30	29,57-29,51	N.E.	,0375	General overcast, rain at times during the day.
2	38-33	29,81 29,60	N.E.		General overcast, raining frequently.
3	36 31	29,84 29,83	N.E.	,1375	General overcast, a little snow fell in the morning.
4	37-30	29,91-29,87	N.E.		General overcast, a little snow fell during the day.
5	38-32	29,83 29 73	N.E.		General overcast, snowing very fast during the
6	41-30	30,32-30,03	N.E.	,4	Generally clear. [morn., and rain in the after.
7	17·21	30,29·30,26	N.E.		Generally clear.
8	39-28	30.24-30,22	N.E.		Generally cloudy, a little snow fell in the after.
9	43-28	30,29 30,23	N.E.		General overcast, snow and hail during the morn.
10	49·35	30,35-30,32	N.E		Generally clear.
11	49-29	30,45 30,42	N.E.		Generally clear.
12	47-30	30,20-30,17	N.E.		Cloudy, a little rain fell during the morning.
13	51-40	30,17-Stat.	N.E.		Generally cloudy.
14	54 41	30.15-30.13	S.W.	,025	General overcast.
15	53-24	30,07-29,93	S.W.		General overcast.
16	57-40	29,78 29,67	S.		Generally clear, except the evening.
17	49-42,5	29,44-29,34	S.W.		Cloudy, rain and hail at times.
18	53-36	29,52 29,44	S.	,3375	Cloudy, rain at times.
19	55-44	29,84 29,55	W.	,25	Generally clear.
20	51-36	30,08-29,94	W.		Generally clear, a little rain in the afternoon.
21	55-37	30,16-30,13	N.W.	,0125	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the
22	61-29,5	30,15 30,12	W.		Generally cloudy, sun shining at times. [aftern.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

G. A. Kollman, of the Friary, St. James's Palace, Professor of Music, for certain improvements in the mechanism and general construction of pianofortes, being an extension of former letters patent for the term of seven years. February 23d, 6 months.

C. L. S. Baron Heurteloupe, of Queen Ann Street, Cavendish Square, for certain improvements in fire-arms, and in the balls to be used therewith. February 21st, 6 months.

T. Pratt, of South Hylton, Durham, Mechanic, for an improved capstan and winch for purchasing or raising ships' anchors, without the application of a messenger, in which there is no fleeting or surging, or for drawing or working of coals or other articles and things out of coal and other mines, and also for the drawing and working on railroads, by drawing pulleys with flat or round ropes. February 23d, 6 months.

J. Russell, of Handsworth, Staffordshire, for certain improvements in manufacturing tubes for gas and other purposes, being an extension for the term of six years granted to Cornelius Whitehouse. February 26th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for improvements in constructing and applying boxes to wheels. February 28th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's-Inn, Gentleman, for certain improvements in tanning. February 28th, 6 months.

J. Leigh, of Manchester, Surgeon, for an improved mode of obtaining carbonate of lead, commonly called white lead. February 28th, 6 months.

R. Whytock of Edinburgh, Manufacturer, and G. Chink, of the same place, Colour Maker, for further improvements in the process and apparatus for the production of regular figures or patterns in carpets and other fabrics, in relation to which a patent was granted to the said Richard Whytock on the 8th September, 1832, and generally in the mode of producing party colours on yarns or threads of worsted, cotton, silk, and other fibrous substances. March 1st, 6 months.

M. Platow, of Poland Street, Oxford Street, Engineer, for improvements in pumps or engines for raising or forcing liquids. March 6th, 6 months.

J. Dickson, of Brook Street, Holborn, Engineer, for certain improvements in rotatory steam-engines. March 6th, 6 months.

A. V. J. Baron D'Asda, of Millman Street, Bedford Row, for improvements in producing or affording light, which he denominates a solar light. March 6th, 6 months.

W. Hancock, of Stratford, Essex, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-boilers and condensers. March 6th, 6 months.

G. R. D'Harcourt, of Howland Street, Fitzroy Square, for certain improved artificial granite, stone, marble, or concrete, in which said invention neither asphaltic nor bituminous substances are used. March 6th, 6 months.

W. Vickers, of Firshill, Sheffield, Merchant, for a mode of obtaining tractive power from carriage-wheels under certain circumstances. March 6th, 6 months.

J. Clark, of Upper Thames Street, London, Engineer, for a new or improved form or construction of a leg and foot for propelling carriages on rail or common roads, and a new combination or arrangement of machinery for locomotive carriages, by means whereof the weight of the load to be carried is rendered applicable as a part of the power for moving or propelling the carriage on which it is supported or rests. March 6th, 6 months.

C. Schafhauti, of Cornhill, London, Gentleman, for an improved method of smelting copper ore. March 6th, 6 months.

O. Jones, of Rutherfield Street, Islington, Accountant, for improvements in the manufacture of starch, and the converting of the refuse arising in or from such manufacture to divers useful purposes. March 6th, 6 months.

G. H. Palmer, of Surrey Square, Old Kent Road, Civil Engineer, and G. B. Paterson, of Hoxton, Engineer, for certain improvements in gas meters. March 6th, 6 months.

T. Horton, of Princes End, Staffordshire, Boiler Maker, and T. Smith, of Horseley Heath, in the same county, Mine Agent, for certain improvements in the making or constructing of chains for pits, shafts, mines, or other purposes. March 6th, 6 months.

E. Ford, of Liverpool, Builder, for certain improvements in conducting the manufacture of salt cake, or sulphate of soda or hydrochloric, or other acids and alkalies, or other chemical processes, wherein deleterious vapours are given off, and in the erection of furnaces and works connected therewith. March 8th, 6 months.

J. C. Gamble, of St. Helen's, Lancashire, Manufacturing Chemist, for improvements in apparatus for the manufacture of sulphate of soda, muriatic acid, chlorine and chlorides. March 14th, 4 months.

E. H. Collier, late of Boston, in America, but now of Globe Dock Factory, Rotherhithe, Civil Engineer, for improved machinery for manufacturing nails. March 14th, 6 months.

C. Nickels, of York Road, Lambeth, Manufacturer, for improvement in the modes of manufacturing of fabrics from linen, woollen, silk, and other fibrous materials. March 15th, 6 months.

R. Lamb, of David Street, Southwark, Gentleman, for improvements in apparatus for supplying atmospheric air in the production of light and heat. March 15th, 6 months.

A. F. Campbell, of Great Plumstead, Norfolk, Esquire, and C. White, of Norwich, Mechanic, for certain improvements in ploughs. March 18th, 6 months.

T. H. Ryland, of Birmingham, Screw Manufacturer, for an improved manufacture of screws for wood, in iron, brass, copper, or any mixed metals, commonly known as wood screws. March 18th, 6 months.

J. Ruthven, and M. W. Ruthven, of Edinburgh, Civil Engineers, for improvements in boilers for generating steam, economising fuel, and propelling vessels by steam or other power, and ventilating vessels, and which may be applied to mines and buildings. March 20th, 6 months.

E. Law, of Downham Road, Kingsland, Gentleman, for certain improvements in evaporating sea-water, and other fluids, and in the manufacture of salt. March 20th, 6 months.

J. Amesbury, of Burton Crescent, Surgeon, for certain apparatus for the support of the human body. March 20th, 6 months.

A. Smith, of Prince's Street, Leicester Square, Engineer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of ropes for cables, and other purposes to which ropes are applicable. March 20th, 6 months.

G. Nelson, of Milverton, Warwickshire, Chemist, for a new or improved method, or new or improved methods, of preparing gelatine, which has the properties of, or resembles glue. March 23rd, 6 months.

F. Salter, of Hallingsbury, Sussex, Farmer, for an improved machine for winnowing and dressing corn and other grain. March 23rd, 6 months.

E. B. Rowley, of Manchester, Surgeon, for an improved steam-engine, applicable to locomotive, marine, and stationary purposes. March 26th, 6 months.

R. Roberts, of Manchester, Engineer, for an improvement or certain improvements of, in, or applicable to the mule billy jenny stretching-frame, or any machine or machines, however designated or named, used in spinning cotton, wool, or other fibrous substances, and in which either the spindles recede from and approach the rollers, or other deliverers of the said fibrous substances, or in which such rollers or deliverers recede from and approach the spindles, being an extension of former letters patent for the term of seven years. March 26th.

J. Leese, junior, of Manchester, Calico Printer, for certain improvements in the art of printing calicoes, muslins, and other woven fabrics, and in certain processes connected therewith. March 26th, 6 months.

H. M. Grover, of Boveney, Buckinghamshire, Clerk, for improvements in brewing, by the use of a material not hitherto so used. March 26th, 6 months.

E. Hale, of the United States of America, now of Leadenhall Street, in the City of London, for improvements in umbrellas and parasols. March 27th, 6 months.

W. Newton, of 66, Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for certain improved machinery for cutting and removing earth, which machinery is applicable to the digging of canals, and the levelling of ground for railroads, or ordinary roads, and similar earth works. March 27th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

House of Lords.—March 19.—Nothing of importance.

March 21.—On the order of the day having been read for considering a motion relative to the state of Ireland, the Earl of Roden moved for a select committee to inquire into the state of Ireland since the year 1835 with respect to the commission of crime. The Marquess of Normanby defended his conduct in the government of Ireland, and resisted the motion as calculated to have an injurious effect on the tranquillity of that country.—After further debate, in which the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Charleville, Lord Rossmore, Lord Donoughmore, Lord Lismore, the Marquess of Westmeath, Earl of Fingall, Viscount Melbourne, Lord Brougham, Lord Plunkett, and the Earl of Winchilsea, took a share, the House divided, when the motion was carried by 63 to 58.

March 22.—The Tithe Composition (Ireland) Arrears Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Monday.—The Duke of Wellington's Estate Bill was read a first time.—The second reading of the Beer Bill was deferred until after the Easter recess.

March 25.—Lord Duncannon moved the third reading of the Duke of Wellington's Estate Bill. After a few words from Lord Brougham in recommendation of the bill, and laudatory of the noble duke's generosity in the present instance, the bill was read a third time.

March 26.—Nothing of importance.

March 27.—The royal assent was given by commission to the Duke of Wellington's Estate Bill, the Tithes' Composition Arrears (Ireland) Bill, the Preston and Wyre Railway Bill, and a Naturalization Bill. The Commissioners were, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Earl of Shaftesbury. The house adjourned to Thursday the 11th of April.

April 11.—Nothing of importance.

April 12.—To an inquiry by the Earl of Wicklow, Lord Melbourne replied that Government did not intend to introduce any bill for improving the registry of voters in Ireland.—On the motion of the Lord Chancellor, the Bill for the better enforcement of Church Discipline was read a first time; and their Lordships adjourned till Monday.

April 15.—The House was chiefly occupied with receiving petitions.—The Earl of Roden stated that he had received a communication from the Marquis of Londonderry informing him that he could not attend as a member of the Committee appointed by their Lordships to inquire into the state of Ireland in respect of crime. He should therefore move that the Earl of Glengall be nominated in the place of the noble marquis. Agreed to.—The Mutiny Bill and the Marine Mutiny Bill were severally read a second time.

April 16.—Nothing of importance.

April 17.—The Mutiny Bill and the Marine Mutiny Bill were read a third time and passed; and the Consolidated Fund Bill was read a second time.

April 18.—Viscount Melbourne moved that the order of the day for considering the amendment of the Commons in the Ecclesiastical Appointments Suspension Act in part Repeal Bill, and observed that the clause was necessary to the legal election of the Dean of Exeter. Lord Abinger inquired what connexion the clause had with the present bill? Viscount Melbourne said the present bill suspended this appointment. The Bishop of Exeter was opposed to the clause. Lord Melbourne said that Ministers were advised that the amendment was in accordance with the strict ecclesiastical law on the subject; and that he would not press the clause, if he thought it contrary to the wishes and feelings of the Chapter of Exeter. The Duke of Wellington thought the House was placed in rather an awkward position, hearing now for the first time of these negociations between the Crown and Chapter of Exeter. After some further remarks from the Bishops of Salisbury and of London, and a few words from Lords Wicklow and Abinger, Viscount Melbourne proposed the postponement of the further consideration of the amendment to that day week, which was agreed to.

April 19.—The royal assent was given, by commission, to the Consolidated Fund

Bill, the two Mutiny Bills, and several private bills. Lord Melbourne brought in a bill to carry into effect the amendment of the Commons in the Ecclesiastical Appointments Suspension Bill. The Archbishop of Canterbury brought in a bill to extend to archbishops and bishops the privilege enjoyed by the rest of the clergy, relative to the rebuilding and repairing of their houses. Both bills were read a first time.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—March 20.—The Sale of Beer Act Amendment Bill was read a second time.

March 21.—The London and Blackwall Commercial Railway Bill was read a second time. The Norwich Improvement Bill was read a second time.

March 22.—The Duke of Wellington's Estate Acts Amendments Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Norwich Tonnage Bill was read a second time.—The Ecclesiastical Appointments Suspension Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Monday.—The House went into a Committee of Supply, and the votes on the estimates having been agreed to, the House resumed, and the chairman reported progress.—The Mutiny Bill and the Marine Mutiny Bill were severally read a first time, and ordered for a second reading on Monday.

March 25.—Lord Worsley brought up the report of the Committee on the Great Western Railway Extension Bill.—The Great North of England Railway Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed.—The Northampton Road Bill was read a second time.—Mr. Alston brought up the report of the Committee on the London and Southampton Railway Bill (Portsmouth branch.)—The River Mey Navigation Bill was read a second time.—De la Torre y Antunano's Naturalisation Bill was read a second time.—Mr. Chalmers brought up the report of the Committee on the Aberbrothwick Harbour Bill.—Sir C. Burrell brought up the report of the Committee on the Parrott Navigation.—The South-eastern Railway Bill was read a second time.—Mr. Pakington postponed the committee on the Sale of Beer Bill from Wednesday, the 24th of April, to Wednesday, the 28th of May.—The House then went into Committee on the Ecclesiastical Appointments Suspension Bill, and a new clause was added to the bill.—Mr. C. Wood moved that a sum not less than 113,924*l.* be voted to her Majesty for defraying the salaries of the officers and other expenses of the Admiralty-office, which was agreed to.—The following votes were then agreed to:—2,550*l.* for the registration of merchant seamen; 26,597*l.* to defray the charge of the scientific branch of the royal navy; 121,319*l.* for the expenses of her Majesty's naval officers in establishments at home; 12,694*l.* for the expenses of her Majesty's naval officers in establishments abroad; 468,000*l.* for the expenses of the dockyards; 27,430*l.* for artificers abroad; 856,707*l.* for naval stores; 159,592*l.* for new works in dockyards; 18,309*l.* for medicines; 50,907*l.* for the miscellaneous service; 282,230*l.* for half-pay of the navy and marines; 12,548*l.* for naval pensions; 42,443*l.* for pensions to civil officers; 150,954*l.* for ships and transports, and other charges on account of the army and ordnance departments; 66,000*l.* for defraying the expenses of convicts in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land.—The report was brought up, and ordered to be received on Wednesday next.

March 26.—No house.

March 27.—The Nottingham Small Debts Bill was read a first and second time, and ordered to be committed.—The North-eastern Railway Bill was read a first time.—Lord J. Russell postponed his motion respecting the government of Ireland till Monday, April 15.—The report of the Navy Estimates was brought up. The House then went into Committee on the Ordnance Estimates.—The following votes were agreed to:—116,851*l.* for salaries, &c., of the civil establishment of the office of Ordnance; 188,000*l.* for the expenses of stores in barracks connected with the Ordnance; 4,168 for expenses and services in the offices of Ordnance, not otherwise provided for; 161,520*l.* for allowances and superannuations to officers in the Ordnance, and pensions to widows, &c.; 260,308 as the charge of commissariat supplies to the Ordnance Department in Great Britain, Ireland, and the colonies.—The House then resumed, and the report ordered to be received on the 8th of April.—In a Committee of Ways and Means, Mr. Rice moved, that towards making good the supply granted to her Majesty, the sum of 3,000,000*l.* be granted from the consolidated fund. Agreed to. Adjourned to the 28th of April.

April 8.—Lord J. Russell stated, with regard to the motion of which he had given notice for the 15th of this month, that he proposed it should be to this effect; that in the opinion of the House it was expedient that the Executive Government should persevere in those principles of policy which it had of late years pursued with regard to Ireland, and which had tended to the effectual administration of the law, and the general improvement of that part of the United Kingdom. His lordship further stated, that on Friday he should move the postponement of all the orders of the day fixed for Monday, so as to bring forward the motion of which he had given notice as a substantive motion.

April 9.—After the passing of several Bills and presentation of various petitions, Sir R. Peel gave notice, that on Monday next he would move an amendment to the motion of the Noble Lord the Secretary of State, respecting the Government of Ireland. Mr. Labouchere then rose to move for leave to bring in a bill "to suspend the existing constitution of the Island of Jamaica, and to provide for the temporary government of that colony," which was granted.

April 11.—The Mutiny Bill and Marine Mutiny Bill were read a third time and passed. The Lord Advocate obtained leave to bring in a bill to ascertain and define the right of voting for members of parliament in Scotland, and a bill for the better registration of parliamentary electors in Scotland. On the motion of Mr. P. Thomson, a select committee was appointed to inquire into the state of communication by railways, and to report their observations thereon to the House; and the Attorney General obtained leave to bring in, and brought in, a bill to amend the Imprisonment for Debt Act, so far as relates to proprietors of newspapers being obliged to insert advertisements in their newspapers for the sum of 3*s*. It was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Wednesday next.

April 12.—The British Museum Building Bill was read a second time. Lord John Russell postponed from Monday next till Monday, the 29th inst., the Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Bill. Mr. Hawes wished to know the course intended with respect to the Metropolitan Police Bill. Lord J. Russell said that he should not object to the progress of the bill which the petition of the City of London, presented in the early part of the evening, prayed permission to bring in; and that if the government bill should go into committee, his lordship would be prepared to expunge the first fourteen clauses, the object of which was to extend the metropolitan police to the city. The Supreme Courts (Scotland) Bill went through committee. The Consolidated Fund Bill went through committee, and was ordered to be reported. The report on the Bankrupts' Estate (Scotland) Bill was brought up and agreed to.

April 15.—Lord John Russell rose to bring forward his promised appeal. He contended that there was no parallel between the inquiry appointed by the other House, and the returns ordered by the Commons, since the first involved a censure on the Government, which the latter had been "craftily qualified" so as to avoid. Moreover, he argued that impeachment of the conduct of Ministers was a subject belonging of right to the Commons' House of Parliament only. Hence the Lords' inquiry compelled the Government to take the sense of this House, and if a collision should arise, the fault would not be that of ministers. His lordship defended the system of government patronage which had been complained of, and propounded that the real cause of the evils affecting the country was the expulsion of the people from their land. His lordship concluded his speech by declaring that if Government should fall, it was consolatory to know that it fell in an attempt "to knit together in the bonds of love the hearts of her Majesty's subjects throughout the United Kingdom."—Sir Robert Peel observed that he felt gratification rather than regret at having declared what his amendment was to be, antecedently to the present debate, since it had enabled the noble lord to comment on its terms and purport; and he felt that the more those terms and that purport were commented upon, the more clearly would it appear that the proposition which he was about to submit, was based equally on common sense and on truth. The right hon. baronet wound up his address by beseeching the House not to engage in a conflict without being sure that they had a just cause of complaint, or without well considering what would be the probable result of the contest.—Mr. Spring Rice then addressed the House, and, after he had finished speaking, the House adjourned.

April 16.—The adjourned debate was resumed in an able speech by Mr. E. Tennent, who took a comprehensive review of the principal topics connected with the resolution and amendment. Mr. Smith O'Brien followed, and, in the course of a desultory, laughter-exciting speech, declared, in reference to the Coercion Bill, that he was not prepared to impeach Lord Stanley; on which his lordship besought him to do so, exclaiming, "Oh, pray do!" to the great amusement of the House.

Mr. Lascelles, Mr. Bellew, Lord Powerscourt, Mr. O'Connor Don, Mr. W. Somerville, Colonel Conolly, and Mr. Henry Grattan, then addressed the House, and Mr. Lucas concluded the debate for that evening.

April 17.—Mr. Barron recommenced the debate, and was followed by Mr. Grote, who defined the grounds on which he meant to vote. It was his desire to sanction the principles of the Irish policy of ministers only, not to prolong the administration of Lord Melbourne.—Sir Lytton Bulwer lamented that government was not likely to concede the ulterior reform which he and others desired; but, nevertheless, he should support them on this resolution, because he opined that on it depended not the fate of an administration only, but that of a people.—Mr. Pigot, the Solicitor General for Ireland, denied several of the statements made by Mr. E. Tennent ont he preceding night.—Mr. Shaw said, so unsatisfactory was the conduct of the Lord Lieutenant in constantly pardoning offenders, without reference to the Judges who had tried them, that the Judges, who at Lord Normanby's first arrival had been studious to mark their respect, had latterly absented themselves from the Castle. At the conclusion of Mr. Shaw's speech the House adjourned.

April 18.—The adjourned debate on the Irish question was renewed by Mr. J. O'Connell, who regretted that the right hon. baronet, the member for Tamworth, had not stated the question in a more fair and manly way.—Mr. Young complained that sufficient countenance had not been shown by the government towards the Protestants of Ireland, particularly the poorer classes of Protestants.—Sir D. Roche denied that intimidation had been practised towards the Protestants of Ireland.—Sir C. Douglas opposed the motion of the noble lord, (Lord J. Russell.) because he sought for a vote of confidence in his government.—Mr. W. Roche would cordially vote in favour of the motion.—Mr. Plumptre and Mr. Redington recorded their reasons for their respective and opposite votes; and Sir F. Trench forcibly remarked that there was yet one mode of tranquillising Ireland, for if the party of the hon. and learned member opposite would only take a tithe of the pains to promote agricultural industry, and the general peace of the country, that they did to excite agitation, and if the hon. and learned member himself would only exercise the immense power he possessed over the minds of the Irish people with the same object, instead of outrages and murder being committed, there would be tranquillity and happiness throughout the country.—Mr. Hume believed that there was more crime in England than in Ireland, and answered for the tranquillity of Kilkenny.—Lord Morpeth characterised the amendment as a needless Alexandrine, "dragging its slow length along." It had been asked, to what class of the country would government appeal? He would answer that their appeal should be to the people, who comprehended all classes. Government were now determined to have a downright vote of approbation—no passive acquiescence—they were resolved to exist by sufferance no longer.—Sir James Graham then delivered his sentiments; after which the House adjourned.

April 19.—After some discussion on the second reading of the Newcastle-upon-Tyne and North Shields (Tynemouth Extension) Railway Bill, that measure was lost on a division, the ayes being 70, and the noes 107.—The fifth night's debate was then opened by Mr. T. Duncombe, who intimated his intention to vote for ministers. He was followed by Sir C. Style, Sir G. Sinclair, and Mr. Hobhouse.—Mr. Leader had no confidence in the government—he denied that any party in the House, excepting the Irish party, confided in Lord John Russell and his colleagues.—Serjeant Jackson pointed out many of the abuses perpetrated by Lord Normanby's administration in Ireland.—Mr. Sheil followed.—Mr. Colquhoun rose to reply to the member for Tipperary, but was obliged to give way to the call for Lord Stanley, who proceeded to review the whole question before the House, in a speech of ability. The noble lord adverted to the new principles which are assumed to have been brought to bear since 1835 upon the destinies of Ireland, and refuted the charges brought against previous governments—the charge, more especially, of unjustly excluding Roman Catholics from office.—Mr. O'Connell then rose, and spoke for nearly two hours.—Sir Francis Burdett spoke a few sentences in the midst of exceeding noise, and Lord John Russell wound up the debate. The House then divided: for the amendment, 296; against it, 318; majority, 22.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

JUNE, 1839.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Six Years' Residence in Algiers. By MRS. BROUGHTON.

Mrs. Broughton is the daughter of Henry Stanyford Blanckley, Esq., who was English agent and consul-general at Algiers between the years 1806 and 1812, and the volume before us has been chiefly composed from a Diary kept by her mother, whilst residing there with the consul; Mrs. Broughton, however, adding many of her own juvenile recollections. Mr. Blanckley appears to have been a good consul, an excellent servant of government, and altogether a very deserving and very amiable man. The post he occupied was, in that stirring time of war, one of great importance; and we have heard from others, besides his daughter, that he did its difficult duties with great good sense and good humour. In addition to his charge at Algiers, he held the consulship of the Balearic Islands. His lady, from the evidence of her own diary, must have been an active, cheerful person, always on the look out for things strange and curious, or characteristic of the country she was doomed to live in so long. All her days were not *couleur de rose*. Revolutions *à la Turque* were rather frequent. We quote her brief account of two of them, which happened in the course of a few weeks, premising that the talk about pounded diamonds is a pure orientalism.

"'7th.—Our Janissary, Sisi Hassan, returned from town in great consternation, and came into the drawing-room, saying that the Turks had risen, and were going to kill the Dey. Our Dragoman, Rais Ali, has taken sanctuary in our house.*

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* "Complete anarchy was consequent upon a revolution taking place, and until a new Dey was elected by the Janissaries. All the Moors and Jews were at the *mercy* of the ruthless soldiery, and any one who had reason to fear or suspect that he had an enemy among that lawless body, sought to hide his person and pelf from their researches, until the rule of misrule ceased, by the ascension of the green standard of the Prophet on the terrace of the Palace, which announced that a new Dey was seated on the warm seat of his massacred predecessor. Probably our heroic Dragoman might have had some reason to induce him, by seeking the protection of the British Consulate, to prove that he agreed in Shakespeare's definition of the better part of valour. The Jews invariably paid a large ransom to avoid a general pillage."

Further accounts, about eleven o'clock, were sent to us from town, saying, that the Pacha Achmet was shot on the terrace of a house belonging to a Jew, when endeavouring to escape; he had succeeded in running over the terraces of several houses from the palace of his wife, to which he had first escaped; and on being pursued thither, he got upon the terrace, and from thence over several others, until he was shot through the body and leg, by a very young Turk. He was then by the soldiers dashed from the terrace into the street; and they cut off his head, and carried it to show the Dey, his successor, who is called Ali Pacha.'

" 'In the evening we heard that everything was quite quiet, and the usual order restored in town.' "

* * * *

" '*4th March.*—We were informed, before we were out of bed, that many people had taken sanctuary under the British flag, and we indeed found the court filled with persons of all persuasions. The Aga has fled for protection to the barracks. We then ascended the terrace, and beheld those of the whole city covered by thousands of women; we could easily distinguish the houses inhabited by Jews, as the Jewesses were throwing themselves about in attitudes of the greatest despair, weeping and wringing their hands. After some time, we saw a flag similar to that of Tunis hoisted on the flag-staff of the palace. Soon afterwards, we heard the cannon fire, and immediately the green flag of Mecca replaced the red one over the place, which announced that a new Dey had ascended the throne. It is said that Ali Pacha, who has only reigned since the seventh of November last, died this morning by poison, and that it is the Hogia dei Cavalli who succeeds him, by name also Ali. Mr. Blanckley and the other Consuls have all been to pay their respects to the new Dey; Mr. B., as usual, only offered to shake hands with him. And when the others tendered him the homage of kissing his hand, the new Dey would not permit them to do so; but followed the example which Mr. B. had set, by merely shaking hands with them. From this, he appears to be as yet free from pride; but the mania will no doubt soon attack him. Free from wisdom I pronounce him to be, or he would never have accepted of an office which, to a certainty, will shorten his days.'

" '*5th.*—I understand that a cup of coffee, containing the powder of ground diamonds, a most effectual poison, was offered to the late unfortunate Pacha, out of respect, as they said; but he refused to drink it, saying that he did not choose to be accessory to his own death. He, therefore, politely declined the honour which the Turks intended him, preferring rather to be led out by the Chaousses, like a culprit, to the usual place of execution, where he was strangled. A distinction was, however, made in his case, as he was strangled at once, instead of undergoing the usual refinement of cruelty, in being twice revived by a glass of water, and only effectually executed the third time that the bowstring is applied. It is said that one of the Grecian women whom he married is in the family way. Poor unfortunates!' "

The following story, about an Irish Empress of Morocco, is altogether new to us. We confess it contains some things that rather startle our belief.

" 'Mr. Clark told me the following curious story:—That when he was at Alicant a galley arrived, which had just escaped from Tangiers with the first or favourite wife of Muli Mahomed, the late Emperor of Morocco, who had lately been assassinated by his rebellious son Muli Ismael. This lady, who, with her attendants, was seeking a refuge in Spain, was originally a Miss Thomson of Cork, and when on her passage from that city to Cadiz on a matrimonial expedition, she had been captured by a Moorish corsair, and made a slave. Her first intended bridegroom had been a Mr. Shee, an Irish merchant settled at Cadiz, who, during a visit which he had made to his native country, had become acquainted with, and attached to, Miss Thomson, who possessed great charms; but as some impediments existed to their immediate union, they parted, having first plighted their troth; and with the understanding that at some future period she should join him at Cadiz, as it would be injurious to his commercial interests for him to absent himself again from the field of his speculations. The lady, in fulfilment of her promise, sailed to join her future husband; but, as just narrated, her destiny was changed by the capture of the vessel she was in, by a Marroquin corsair, which carried her into Fez. Here Miss Thomson was detained as a slave, and closely confined, until a report of her uncommon beauty having reached the Emperor, Muli Mahomed, she was by his orders removed to the imperial palace, and every inducement was held out to her to embrace the Mahomedan faith, and to accede to the Emperor's desire of making her his wife. Whether it was by persuasion, or from the conviction that her fate was irrevocably decided, her various scruples were overcome, and she became the wife of Muli Mahomed, and subsequently the mother of two sons, who bore the names, the eldest of Muli Ismael, and the younger of Muli Mahomed. She was ever the most favoured of her imperial husband's wives, for he had many besides; and the number must have been great, as I have heard both from Mr. Clark, and Mr. Romans, who was at one time established as a merchant in Morocco, that the Emperor Muli Mahomed actually formed a regiment, *composed entirely of his own sons, to the number of five hundred and twenty-three, most of them being blacks.* Mr. Clark says that this wonderfully fated lady, when he saw her in Spain, was dressed in the Moorish costume; and, strange as it appears, she seemed in all respects to have adopted the tastes of her new country in preference to those of Christendom, for she afterwards returned to Morocco, and there ended her days.' "

But, in a note, Mrs. Broughton makes this Irish empress a native of Scotland. A " reverend friend," of course, could tell no untruth, but we hope that the lay friend who wrote to the clergyman to obtain information for Mrs. B. may not have been in a humour of mystification. Mrs. B. tells us that a day or two after copying that portion of her mother's journal which refers to Miss Thompson, she was much tantalized by hearing the name of the Empress of Morocco repeatedly mentioned by an esteemed friend at a dinner party; that upon inquiry she found he had lately seen a house in Scotland, about two miles west from the village of Muthill, where the father of an Empress of Morocco had resided, and in which she (the empress) had been born. " This," continued Mrs. B., " was all the information Mr. ——— could give me; but, with his usual *amabilité*, he said he would write to a reverend friend of his, who, he believed, was better informed on the subject. And a few days afterwards he presented me with the following reply to his letter.

" ' ———, 18*th January*, 1838.

" ' Dear Sir,

" ' Regarding the Empress of Morocco, I received your letter this morning, and I hasten to answer it. It is quite true that a young woman left the Mull of Steps about fourscore years ago, to settle in America; that on the voyage the ship was taken, and carried to Morocco, and that the Emperor did marry her. I have made particular inquiry on the subject at several of the old parishioners, and have noticed the facts in the statistical account of Muthil, about to be published. The young woman's name was Gloag; her father was a blacksmith; and it was owing to a cruel stepmother that she was *forced* to seek her fortune in a distant land. Only last year the aged farmer died, under whom the Empress' father lived; and his words to me were, that ' she was a *bonnie lassie*, and he remembered her well;' also, that presents frequently came from Morocco to the blacksmith. She had two sons to the Emperor, *and at the death of their father, application was made to our British Government to put one of them on the throne of Morocco; and our Government was preparing a force to do so, when both sons fell victims to the evil stratagems of their fathers' relatives.* So far as I could learn of the birth of the Empress, I should suppose that it was about one hundred years ago. This is, however, all traditionary, as our records are very imperfect of that time.' "

It was a story, current a few years ago among French sailors, that the mother of the present emperor of the Turks was a Frenchwoman; and this circumstance, they said, fully accounted for Mahmoud's being so very clever, so fond of European civilisation and all that sort of thing. We forget, however, whether they made Mahmoud's mother an empress, or only a slave in the harem, in the usual way.

As we are on the subject of matrimony, we may as well give a description of an Algerine wedding.

" ' 4*th*.—This evening I went to the wedding of the daughter of the Cadi, or chief judge. The bride is a very lovely creature, a widow of nineteen, and has two beautiful children. Her first husband was strangled, and it has been since proved that he was perfectly innocent of the offence of which he had been accused. But whatever her feelings of regret may have been, she could not avoid entering again into the conjugal state, as singleness or widowhood is considered alike sinful and discreditable. Her family, therefore, have lost no time in finding her another husband. I found her surrounded by a crowd of most brilliantly dressed ladies; indeed, my eyes were perfectly dazzled by the splendour of the jewels by which their salmas (*i. e.* golden caps) and persons were covered; whole bouquets of roses, jessamines, peacocks' feathers, and butterflies, were completely formed of diamonds. In short, my powers of description are baffled, for it would be useless to attempt to give an account of all the wonders on which I gazed. Nor was I less struck with the number of beautiful women amongst them. They are quite as fair as Europeans, and their eyes far surpassed in brilliancy and beauty any I had ever beheld. Nothing could exceed their courtesy, and the politeness of their reception. I was placed on the same low sofa with the bride, but would willingly have exchanged my seat for a higher one, had there been such in the room, for I could not attempt imitating my fair hostesses in their tailor manner of sitting, and the sofa was merely a brocade covered mattress placed upon the floor. The gratification of my curiosity compensated for such trifling inconvenience. Shortly after our entrance, we were served with coffee and sweetmeats. The coffee was served in the most delicately beautiful porcelain cups, about the size of dolls tea-cups; and in lieu of saucers, they were inserted in golden chased cups, which enabled one to hold it without burning one's fingers, the coffee being quite boiling, but disagreeably thick, and, to my taste, oversweetened. After we had partaken of these refreshments, a band of female musicians, playing upon a kind of guitar, and a curiously shaped drum made of earthenware, and covered at one end with parchment, called a Tambouca, and several tambourines, began their strange music; and at the same time a hired dancer stood up in the centre of the apartment, holding an embroidered handkerchief in each hand, which she waved and twisted about, and scarcely moving her feet, she threw herself into various attitudes. After a time, another dancer stood up, performing in the same manner, and both sang a plaintive song, to the apparent satisfaction of the assembly, for it is inconsistent with their ideas of propriety and decorum for ladies of rank and respectability to dance. And those who do so are inferior persons, whose trade and profession it is to exhibit themselves for the amusement of those who pay them for such performances.

"'After this exhibition had continued some time, the bride, conducted by some of the principal ladies, ascended a few steps to one of the *shelves* or bed-places, which invariably occupy each end of all Algerine rooms; and having seated herself upon cushions, her companions proceeded to make great changes in her toilet and appearance, some of them adding ornaments to her already highly adorned *salma*, whilst others occupied themselves in actually plastering her lovely face with a profuse quantity of red paint, to which they added patches of gold leaf, so as effectually to mask and disfigure her. I was then invited, through the interpretation of the Italian lady who accompanied me, to pay a visit to the bridegroom, which I very willingly agreed to, and was conducted to a room on the opposite side of the gallery. After having passed under several tiers of brocade, silk, and muslin curtains, we found ourselves in the presence of the bridegroom. He was an elderly Turk, with but one eye, and equally great as the contrast between his appearance and that of his lovely bride, was the change from the noise, show, and company in her apartment, to the quiet and sombre appearance of his, although both were handsomely hung with crimson silk damask. He had only one companion, a middle-aged Turk, and they both looked very dull and stupid, until, on his asking me if I thought his wife (whom he had never seen) handsome, and on hearing my agreeable answer, he stroked his beard with great satisfaction, and said, 'Star buono, Signora, star buono.' While we sat with him, his friend took his leave; and as the time for the introduction of the bride approached, we also returned to her apartment, and found her additional toilet quite completed. Indeed, with so many additional jewels had she been decorated, that she was quite unable to bear the weight of her *salma* without the support of two of her attendants, who walked on each side of her, and held her head. At the moment of her leaving the room, a veil of purple crape, splendidly embroidered in gold, small pearls, and precious stones, was thrown over her head. In this array she was conducted to the door of the bridegroom's chamber, amidst the universal cry from each individual present, of *Lai, lai, lai, Lella,*—a sound of great joy always raised at marriages by the assembled guests. The curtains were raised, but only a certain number of the company, probably the nearest relatives, entered, and conducted the veiled bride to a seat on the left of the bridegroom, who continued seated. Her veil was then removed by one of the ladies, and for the first time the old Turk beheld his wife, or rather her masked countenance. An old woman, who had taken an active part in the whole ceremony, took from the hands of a black woman a small silver ewer containing rose water, and approached the bride, whom she addressed. The bride then raised her two hands, and extending their hollowed palms, the officiating lady filled them with rose water out of the ewer. The bridegroom then, turning round, drank it out of the bride's hands. He then underwent a similar ceremony, the bride drinking out of his hands. During all this time, the shouts of '*Lai, lai, lai,*' continued unceasingly both from those within and those on the outside of the chamber. This ending the marriage ceremony, we and the rest of the company took our leave of this paired, not matched, couple."

It is curious to observe the variety of means by which kings and beys gratify their spite. One of the beys of Algiers, that strutted his hour upon the stage during Mr. Blanckley's residence, wrote, or dictated, a letter to George III.; the epistle was left without an answer, and thereupon the bey seized upon six fowls which were on the point of being embarked on board an English merchant vessel! We have heard of more than one *Delhi Consool Ingliz*, or mad English consul, in the Levant; and it appears that long before our time there was one of that cap at Algiers.

> "The first of these gentlemen, a Mr. Falcon, left behind him a character so celebrated for its many eccentricities, that he was always distinguished by the grave Moslems as the mad English consul. So little, indeed, did he and those he had to deal with agree, that they forcibly embarked him on board a ship, and sent him to some neutral port; and it was to force the Dey to receive him again in his diplomatic character, that the immortal Nelson appeared, with I do not know how many ships of the line, before Algiers. And absurd as it may sound, the vain-glorious barbarians ever after, when recounting, with high-sounding boastings, their piratical prowess, failed not to add, 'Even the greatest admiral in the world, England's great Nelson, was afraid to attack us; for he came here with a mighty fleet, and only negociated for peace.' Thus was the magnanimous forbearance of the greatest of heroes misunderstood by these audacious Janissaries; but they were taught the truth at last, by Nelson's pupil, Lord Exmouth.'"

Scattered through the volume the reader will find many other little facts and descriptions quite as good and amusing as those which we have quoted. Mrs. Broughton's account of the consular residence, with its gardens, groves, and terraces, is delightful. There are many good and beautiful things even at Algiers.

Hints on Horsemanship, to a Nephew and Niece; or, Common Sense and Common Errors in Common Riding. By an OFFICER OF THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE OF CAVALRY.

This is the best little book on the subject of plain riding that we ever met with. The general defect of such works is, that they are too technical and too pedantic. Of all the pedants in the world, the gods save us from dancing masters of the old school and manège riding masters! We were once so stupified in our youth by a professor of the latter class, that we could hardly set foot in stirrup without being "safe for a fall." Besides, the whole school is wrong. Supposing a gentleman to have acquired the art in as great perfection as the Duke of Newcastle, of equestrian celebrity, he would be hooted at if he rode in that style through the streets of London, or in any of our parks. The object of our officer of the household brigade is to teach such riding as is useful, and, indeed, indispensable, to every gentleman. He shows no mercy to old prejudices.

The general defect of riders, even when taught in the best schools, is to turn the horse on the wrong rein. "I never," says our author, "knew a cavalry soldier, rough-rider, riding-master, or any horseman whatever, who turned his horse, *single-handed*, on the proper rein."

> "This is something like steaming without steering. Set them on a finely-broken horse or a colt, and they become helpless children—the powerless prisoners of the beasts that they bestride. How often does one see one's acquaintance in this distressing situation, with courage enough to dare what man dare, but without the power to do what the rough rider has just done! First comes the false indication of the rider, then the confusion and hesitation of the horse; next the violence of the rider, then the despair and rebellion of the horse. The finish is a fractured limb, from a rear or a runaway, the poor brute is set down as restive, and in fact becomes more or less a misanthrope for the rest of his days. I have seen the gentle and brave, under such circumstances, act very much like the cruel and cowardly; that is to say, first rough an innocent animal for their own fault, and then yield to his resistance. It is in consequence of this that we find so many restive horses; that so few thorough-bred horses—that is, horses of the highest courage—can be made hunters; that, in fact, almost all high-couraged young horses become restive, after leaving the colt-breaker's hands. It is, indeed, in consequence of this that the class of people called colt-breakers exist at all. For if we all rode on this principle, which is the true principle, any groom, or moderately good rider, could break any colt, or ride any restive horse. There is a common error, both in theory and practice, with regard to the restive horse. He is very apt to rear sideways against the nearest wall or paling. It is the common error to suppose that he does so with the view of rubbing his rider off. Do not give him credit for intellect sufficient to generate such a scheme. It is that, when there, the common error is to pull his head *from* the wall. This brings the rider's knee in contact with it; consequently all farther chastisement ceases; for were the rider to make his horse plunge, his knee would be crushed against the wall. The horse, finding this, probably thinks that is the very thing desired, and remains there; at least he will again fly to a wall for shelter. Instead of *from* the wall pull his head towards it, so as to place his eye, instead of your knee, against it; continue to use the spur, and he will never go near a wall again. No horse becomes restive in the colt-breaker's hands; nor do any when placed in their hands remain so. The reason is, that they invariably ride with one bridle and two hands, instead of two bridles and one hand. When they wish to go to the right, they pull the right rein stronger than the left. When they wish to go to the left, they pull the left rein stronger than the right. These are indications which, if the colt will not obey, he will at least understand, the first moment he is mounted, and which the most obstinate will not long resist. But, as may be supposed, it takes a long time to make him understand that he is to turn to the right when the left rein is pulled, and to the left when the right rein is pulled; and it is only the meek-spirited and docile who will do this at all. Such, however, is the general docility of the animal, that a great proportion are, after long ill usage, taught to answer these false indications. In the same way that a cart-horse is brought to turn right or left by the touch of the whip on the opposite side of the neck, or by word from his driver; and, indeed, such is the nicety to which it may be brought that you constantly hear persons boast that their horses will 'turn by the weight of the reins on the neck.' This, however, only proves the docility of the horse, and how badly he has been ridden; for a horse which has been finely broken should take notice only of the indications of his rider's hand on his mouth, not of any feeling of the reins against his neck."

Another capital mistake is, to fancy that we can keep a horse from falling by pulling hard at his mouth. It is painful to see a timid rider or driver going down hill, with his reins so tightened that the horse's mouth is drawn up on a line with the horizon, and his eyes so elevated that it is impossible for him to see where he is stepping. The chances of a stumble are thus more than doubled; and if a horse stumble in that condition, cramped, and tightened, and prohibited the use of his head and neck, with which, if left to himself, he will do wonders in recovering himself, down he must go! In riding, the inexpert and timid hold on chiefly by and through the rein. They tighten it so as to make it a kind of bar or pole by which to steady themselves in their seat, and to them any relaxation of either bridle is almost as fatal a thing as losing a stirrup. With a good horse let no such men be trusted; they are the Bishop Bonners and martyr-makers of the noblest part of the animal creation. But many other riders, who are neither timid nor altogether inexpert, fancy that they can keep a horse on his legs by half breaking his jaws. Let us hear our experienced author.

> "Common sense tells us that a horse receives no aid from a pull in the mouth with a piece of iron, or a blow from a whip, or a kick in the side with an armed heel, however these may indicate to him the wishes or commands of his rider. It is the common error to suppose that he is aided and supported both by the hand and leg. I beg my pupil to believe, that the horse's legs support the rider, and not the rider's the horse—more than this, that the rider cannot lift the horse, nor hold him up when in the act of falling. How often do we hear a man assert that he has taken his horse up between his hands and legs, and lifted him over a fence; that he has recovered his horse on the other side, or that his horse would have fallen with him forty times, if he had not held him up! These are vulgar errors, and mechanical impossibilities. Could ten men, with handspikes, lift the weight of a horse? Probably. Attach the weight to the thin rein of a lady's bridle! Could a lady lift it with the left hand? I think not; though it is commonly supposed she could. A pull from the curb will, indeed, give the horse so much pain in the mouth that he will throw his head up; and this so flatters the hand that his prowess has saved him, that the rider exclaims, 'It may be impossible, but it happens every day. Shall I not believe my own senses?' The answer is, No; not if it can be explained how the senses are deceived: otherwise we could still believe, as, till some few centuries ago the world did believe, that the diurnal motion was in the sun, and not in the earth. Otherwise we must subscribe to the philosophy of the Turk, who
>
> 'Saw with his own eyes the moon was round,
> Was also certain that the earth was square,
> Because he'd journey'd fifty miles, and found
> No sign of its being circular anywhere.'
>
> But these errors are not harmless errors; they induce an ambitious interference with the horse at a moment in which he should be left unconfused to the use of his own energies. If, by pulling, and giving him pain in the mouth, you force him to throw up his head and neck, you prevent his seeing how to foot out any unsafe ground, or where to take off at a fence: and, in the case of stumbling, you prevent an action dictated alike by nature and philosophy. When an unmounted horse stumbles, nature teaches him to drop his head and neck; philosophy teaches us the reason of it. During the instant that his head and neck are dropping, the shoulders are relieved from their weight, and that is the instant that the horse makes his effort to recover himself. If, by giving him pain in his mouth, you force him to raise his head and neck, instead of sinking them, his shoulders will still remain encumbered with the weight of them;—more than this, as action and reaction are equal and in opposite directions, the muscular power employed to raise the head and neck will act to sink his knees. The mechanical impossibility of the rider assisting his horse when falling may be demonstrated thus:—No motion can be given to a body without a foreign force, or a foreign fulcrum. Your strength is not a foreign force, since it is employed entirely on the horse; nor can it be employed on the foreign fulcrum, the ground, through the medium of your reins. As much as you pull up, so much will you pull down. If a man in a boat uses an oar, he can accelerate or impede the motion of the boat, because his strength is employed through the medium of the oar on the water, which is a foreign fulcrum; but if he take hold of the chain at the head of the boat, his whole strength will not accelerate, nor impede, the motion of the boat, because there is neither foreign force nor foreign fulcrum. His whole strength is employed within the boat, and as much as he pulls backwards with his hands, he pushes forward with his feet. All the arguments which I have heard adduced against the doctrine here laid down, would also go to prove that a horse cannot fall which has a bearing-rein and crupper, that is, whose head is tied to his tail. Sir Francis Head's observations about bearing-reins, in the

'Bubbles of the Brunnen,' are quite philosophical. They should never be used except for purposes of parade, or to acquire a greater power over a difficult *team*. Sir Francis's observations are also true of the harness used by the peasantry of Nassau, which he describes; but I think this arises from the poverty not the philosophy of the peasants. Those among them who have money enough to buy smart harness have the most elaborate bearing-reins. One, a chain, from the lower part of the collar, which binds the horse's chin to his breast, and another over the upper part of the collar, along the back, to the tail, independent of the terret-pad and crupper—this is tying a horse's head to his tail with a vengeance. To be consistent, the opponents of the theory which I have laid down should act on this principle,—though I have never known them go quite so far: *sed quis custodes custodiet ipsos?* What is to prevent the tail from falling forward with the body? They indeed argue, 'surely if you throw back the weight of the shoulders over the croupe of your horse, you relieve his forehead, and diminish the chance of his falling.' This is rather to prove a new method of preventing a horse from falling than to prove the advantage of pulling at the mouth while he is falling; for if it be of any advantage to throw back your weight, then the less you pull at the mouth the better; for the more you pull the less you are at liberty to throw back your weight. But, in truth, it is of no advantage to throw back the weight, when the stumble is made. If a position be previously taken up on the croupe of a horse, the pressure will be less upon the forehand than if you were placed in a forward position. But during the time that the position is in the act of being shifted, that is, during the time that the horse is falling, the act of throwing your own weight backward produces an exactly equivalent pressure forward; in all respects the counterpart of your own motion backward; in intensity and duration. It is useless to dwell on this subject, or to adduce the familiar illustration that it admits of. It is a simple proposition of mechanical equilibrium, and any one who is conversant with such subjects will assent to it."

These are valuable hints, precious elements of knowledge, to all equestrians; and we hope all our young readers who are learning to ride will pay particular attention to them.

Our officer does not give many particular directions about the seat, thinking that good handling is the *cause*, and good and graceful sitting the *consequence*, of good riding. He also thinks—and he is perfectly right—that there is a peculiar seat proper to many different styles of riding; the extremes being, the manège and the Eastern styles, both admirable in their way, and perfectly practical, but each wholly inapplicable to the performances of the other. In leaping, he says, the rider had better content himself with sitting quietly on his horse, holding him only just enough to keep his head straight and regulate his pace, and trusting the rest to the horse's honour. The body should not previously be thrown back: but, as the horse springs, the lower part of the rider being firmly fixed in the saddle, and the upper part perfectly pliable, the body will fall back of itself. And with strong jumping horses, or at down leaps, the shoulders of fine riders will constantly meet their horses' croupes. The more vertical the thigh, the greater the strain in taking this position:—the disciples of the Duke of Newcastle would break in two in the performance.

Having mentioned Newcastle, the great master and model of equestrians in the seventeenth century, we are tempted to give Clarendon's account of that accomplished nobleman. We do not think much of his school of riding, or of his pedantic book on that subject: but we should be glad if a taste for horses and the stable, in our days, were accompanied, as in his case, by a taste for other pursuits.

"He was," says Clarendon, "a very fine gentleman, active, and full of courage, and most accomplished in those qualities of horsemanship, dancing, and fencing, which accompany a good breeding; in which his delight was. Besides that, he was amorous in poetry and music, to which he indulged the greater part of his time."

We fear that few, very few of our sporting gentlemen, are amorous either of poetry or music.

Our author has a few words about the length of the stirrup. He says that the manège length should be shortened by a hole or two for the soldier, to give him power with his weapons; that the soldier should take up his stirrups a hole or two when he goes hunting; the hunter a hole or two when he rides a race; and that for *tours de force*, the short stirrup leather and broad stirrup iron of the East are indispensable. They give, in fact, the strength of the standing, instead of the strength of the sitting, posture.

> "The cossack retains this standing posture, even at a trot. Few Eastern horsemen allow that pace at all, but make their horses walk, amble, or gallop. It is singular that of all people the English only rise in the stirrup in trotting. *It is not so singular that most European nations are beginning to follow their example.* The English hunting-seat is, in point of length, the medium of those mentioned; and perhaps that seat, or something between that and the military seat, is the best adapted to common riding. It unites, in a greater degree than any other, ease, utility, power, and grace. The most perfect exemplification of this seat is Lord Cathcart's."

The next passage is excellent. We particularly request attention to the parts we have marked in italics.

> "A bad horseman throws his horse down, which a good one does not. That is, because the horseman hurries his horse over hard or rough ground, or down hill, or over loose stones; allows him to choose his own ground; lets him flounder into difficulties, and, when there, *hauls him so that he cannot see, or exert himself to get out of them*; and, expecting chastisement, the horse springs to avoid it, before he has recovered his feet, and goes down with a tremendous impetus. If he has to cross a rut to the right, he probably forces his horse across it, when the right foot is on the ground. In this case, unless the horse collects himself and jumps—if he attempts to step across it—*the probability is, that in crossing his legs he knocks one against the other and falls.* The reverse of all this should be the case. If you have not sufficient tact to feel which of your horse's feet is on the ground, you must allow him to choose his own time for crossing, which will be when the left foot is on the ground. You should habitually choose your horse's ground for him, for, notwithstanding his often-vaunted sagacity and safety, the wisest among horses *will, to avoid a moving leaf, put his foot over a precipice.* This will become as easy to you as choosing your own path when walking. *If your horse has made a stumble, or is in difficulties, you cannot leave him too much at liberty, or be too quiet with him.* The only notice to be taken is to reassure him by caressing him, if you see that he expects chastisement from previous brutal treatment. I will add, that you should also habitually prevent your horse out-walking, or lagging behind, his companions. *He is either very unsociable, or a bad horseman, who does not keep abreast of his companions.*"

A Brief Survey of Physical and Fossil Geology. Being two Lectures delivered at the Marylebone, the Western, and the Richmond Literary and Scientific Institutions, between the months of February 1838, *and February* 1839. By FREDERICK JOHN FRANCIS.

These lectures comprise, in a very short space, a lucid view of some of the main facts upon which the science of Geology is built, or rather, perhaps is building. They were received with much pleasure when delivered *viva voce;* and we cannot anticipate that this pleasure will be diminished by a careful reading of them. Mr. Francis embraces the notion of the vast antiquity of the earth, and maintains, as more learned writers have done, that that fact is not at all irreconcileable with the Mosaic sketch of the history of the Creation.

In maintaining that the poetic feeling is not impaired by Geology, our author gives the following striking passage.

"We have repeatedly insisted on the sublimity and grandeur of the subjects of which Geology treats, and we would here also maintain that a knowledge of its phenomena throws an additional charm and interest around the contemplation of the face of Nature. Some, we know, are prepared to call in question this undoubted truth, and assert that so intimate a knowledge of how Nature works, diminishes, yea, almost destroys, those rapturous feelings of delight which a survey of her beauties would otherwise produce; and they therefore reject, as unfavourable for the cultivation of a poetic feeling, the detailed inquiries and studies of the geologist.

"But so far from this effect resulting from the attainment of the knowledge this science reveals, we believe that the contrary would be the case. 'The skilful musician will, by casting his eyes over the written score, unravel in a moment its many movements, give to each note its harmonic power, and so combine them in his mind together, as thence to drink more music through his eyes, than the untutored listener will enjoy, when he hears what has been written transformed into sound; and so may the learned in nature's laws measure her outward appearances by such just rule, as must give them a truer perception of her charms than the mere observer can ever attain.'* Let the man, ignorant of its phenomena, unacquainted either with the mightiness and grandeur of its agencies, or with the lapse of ages required for their accomplishment,—let such an one, we say, climb to some Alpine elevation, and gaze upon the wildness and grandeur of his expanding prospect; or let him descend into some fertile valley, and mark the sweet and sylvan loveliness of the surrounding scenery; and although he will, we doubt not, feel the risings of enthusiasm as his fascinated glance wanders in delight over the magic combinations unfolded to his view, yet we are bold to affirm that he feels not the enthusiasm, and is a stranger to those ennobling reflections, which should fill the mind of the thoughtful geologist, as he stands, like his unlearned companion, upon the same mountain's brow, and views, it may be, side by side with him, the same outlying and extended prospect. The one sees only the *effect*—the other can trace that effect to its *cause*. The sole delight the mere observer experiences, can be referred to the emotions produced upon his mind by the combination of existing forms of matter to make up a beauteous whole, without any reference to their original constitution, or the nature of their contents;—the geologist, while equally capable of deriving pleasure from this source, and in no wise prevented from ranging with quite as much of a poet's fervour over the mountains and valleys which lie extended at his feet, possesses that knowledge which will inform him that millions of years must have rolled by since that mountain range was upreared, and that, to account for its towering elevation, recourse must be had to the operations of a convulsive agency exerting a terrific violence now altogether unknown; and we think you will acknowledge at once that the recognition of such facts as these will never diminish aught of that poetic fervour which a contemplation of its beauties should excite, nor repress any of the workings of that high sentiment which those beauties are so eminently fitted to produce. Or, once more: let us suppose that his eye rests on those undulating meadows and distant outstretched valleys that skirt his horizon; they do not seem to him, as they must to his less informed companion, characterised alone by the verdure and beauty of vegetation and culture. No: his thoughts glance to the sublime and astonishing facts which Geology discloses; and he knows that inorganic as these various formations may appear—perfectly noiseless and untenanted as are now their deep recesses—they are yet the vast charnel-houses and sepulchres of Nature, in which lie entombed the records of extinct creations;—and that, pierce but a few feet below the surface, and in every cubic inch there may be gathered undoubted testimonials and traces of the existence of past forms of life in the thousand organic fossils with which they abound in such rich profuseness and variety. And when he thus reflects that the very strata on which those meadows and valleys rest, are composed mainly of uncounted myriads of these organic reliques—that the very stone dug from yonder quarry consists of little else than organic petrifactions—that the very flints of yonder chalk-pit are composed entirely of fossil animalcules, millions of whose remains are required to make up a cubic inch—that, as far as his eye can reach, these rocks extend—nay, that whole continents, and even the whole world itself, are circled by them, everywhere presenting the same traces of animal existence, everywhere the same variety, in the same rich and lavish profusion. Oh! there are herein unfolded to his thoughtful mind trains of sublime thought, which the man unlearned in Nature's processes can never feel—reflections which harmonise well with all the enthusiasm of poetic fervour; and which, so far from acting as a clog and hindrance to the exercise of his imagination, rather excites him to replume its wings, and extend its flight to a loftier elevation, and furnishes it at the same time with the groundwork and *materiel* of nobler and more exalted contemplations."

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* "Dr. Wiseman."

Songs and Poems. In Three Parts. By THOMAS TOD STODDART, Esq., Author of the "Death Wake," "Scottish Angler," &c.

If we have any judgment in the "*gaie science*," Mr. Stoddart should be classed with the best of our living minstrels. There is a vigour, a spirit, and a freshness about many of his songs that we have rarely seen surpassed; he has evidently the heart and eye of a true poet. The latter shows itself in many little quick insights into natural objects—a peculiarity of a bird, or fish, or tree, or herb, as it may be. Perhaps the most perfect of his things are the Angling Songs. Some of these are worthy to have been sung to old Izaak Walton. Mr. Stoddart must be a rare comrade on a fishing excursion. His mind seems stored with "pictures of sunny things," "music and mirth," and a fine feeling for all that exists in this beautiful world of ours. We cannot do a better service to the author than to quote, without criticism or comment, a few of his choice lyrics.

"THE BELL-THROATS O' THE BONNY BIRDS RING.

"The bell-throats o' the bonny birds ring,
When the angler goes a-trolling;
The south wind waves his cheery wing,
And gentle rains are falling.

The white thorn bears its bridal wreath,
When the angler goes a-trolling;
And hark! along the bloomy heath
The plaintive plover calling!

Breezy and brown the rivers glide,
When the angler goes a-trolling;
The dark burns leave the green hill side
Among the pebbles brawling.

Upon the meadow, by the springs,
The quiet herds are lolling;
All earth is full of happy things
When the angler goes a-trolling!"

"IS THE CUCKOO COME?

"Is the cuckoo come? Is the cuckoo come?
Seek ye its happy voice
Bidding the hills rejoice,
Greeting green summer and sweet May morn?
See you the bird,
Or hear its lov'd word
From dewy birch-wood or aged thorn?

Is the cuckoo come? Is the cuckoo come?
Down by the reedy spring,
Watching its wary wing,
Wends the lone angler toward the lake,
Joy in his heart,
With fancy alert,
He rears gentle visions wandering awake.

Is the cuckoo come? Is the cuckoo come?
Lover of sunny streams!
Banish thy airy dreams,
Hark the wild note of the fairy-voiced bird!
Now in the glen,
And listen again,
O'er the wide hill floats the silvery word.

Is the cuckoo come? Is the cuckoo come?
Haste to thy loved resort,
Haste to thy pleasant sport;
Shake the sly palmer o'er streamlet and lake!
Hark on the wind—
Before thee—behind—
Plaintively singeth the bird of the brake!"

"THE BAYONET CHARGE.

"With the bayonet, my boys, we shall forward to the charge;
'Tis unpleasant to remain,
While the bullets come like rain,
And every mother's son of us no better than a targe:
While we brave it all in vain,
And the bullets come like rain,
On, onward with the bayonet—on, onward to the charge!

Brush onward at the enemy and stay their galling fire;
Have at them, breast to breast,
Put their courage to the test,
True British hearts and bayonets will cause them to retire;
Let the weapon do its best,
Put their courage to the test,
Charge forward at the enemy! repay their galling fire!

A billow of bright bayonets will scatter England's foe—
The boldest turn the heel
At the ringing of our steel,
But the lightning of the Briton's eye is quicker than his blow;
As our faces we reveal
The boldest turn the heel,
Then forward with the bayonet, and scatter England's foe!"

Our author's politics seem to us not quite so good as his poetry; and he is a great deal too fond of calling those who differ from him, "pitiful knaves," "meddling knaves," "traitors," &c. &c.

A Treatise on Wood-Engraving, Historical and Practical: with Illustrations. By John Jackson.

The great progress made within these few last years in wood-engraving, the still increasing use and application of that bold and free art, seemed to call for a descriptive and historical account; and it happens that there are numerous historical facts to render such an account exceedingly interesting. We are glad that the task should have been taken up by Mr. Jackson, himself one of the best, if not the very best, of our wood engravers. He has given us the practice of the art with the clearness and precision of a practical artist; and his own wood-cuts, most liberally scattered through the volume, are the best possible illustration of his text, and the fittest specimens of the art he professes. Many of them are most beautiful things, and will render his book, apart from its other merits, a book for the drawing-room table. From the neatness and simplicity of the process, from the fewness of the tools required, we should not be surprised if many amateurs, both ladies and gentlemen, were led to the practice of this gentle craft. The directions of Mr. Jackson seem in themselves almost a sufficient guide.

The historical portion of the volume is written, we believe entirely, by Mr. Chatto, who refers to the frequent practice in Europe, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, of impressing inked stamps on paper, as a sufficient origin. This we think is rather too vague to pass for an origin of the art. Mr. Chatto rejects the claims of the Chinese to the invention, but upon insufficient grounds; and, for ourselves, we are still inclined to believe that the Chinese practised the art long before it was introduced into Europe. The first application of it among the nations of the West was to playing-cards and pictures of saints; the monks, according to Mr. Chatto, borrowing the art from the card-makers, and thus endeavouring, by the multiplying of holy figures, to supply a remedy for the evil of card-playing, and extract from the serpent a cure for his bite. What the monks of the fourteenth century were in that respect, we know not, but some of the monks of the nineteenth century are the greatest card-players we ever met with.

We cannot follow out the history of the progress of this interesting art, from the fourteenth century to our day; but we can confidently recommend our readers to the study of this truly delightful and instructive volume.

A New Translation of the Tales of a Thousand and One Nights; known in England as the Arabian Nights' Entertainments: with Copious Notes. By Edward William Lane, Author of "The Modern Egyptians." Illustrated with many hundred Woodcuts, engraved by the first English Artists, after Original Designs by William Harvey. Charles Knight and Co., Ludgate Street.

Since we last noticed this work it has made great progress towards completion. We have now before us the Twelfth Part, and a very beautiful part it is, containing several of Mr. Harvey's very best and most imaginative designs, engraved in Mr. Jackson's very best manner. There is a little passage in the Treatise on Wood-engraving which we have just noticed, that pays a well merited eulogium to Mr. Harvey as the designer "*par excellence*," for wood-engravers.

> "Considering the number of wood engravings that are yearly executed in this country, it is rather surprising that there should be so few persons who are capable of making a good drawing on wood. It may indeed be said, that there is only one *artist* (Mr. Harvey) in the kingdom possessing a knowledge of design who professionally devotes himself to making drawings on the block for wood engravers. Without the aid of his talents modern English wood engraving, so far as regards originality of design, would present a woful blank. Whenever a good original design is wanted, there is only one person to whom the English wood engraver can apply with the certainty of obtaining it; for though some of our most distinguished painters

> have occasionally furnished designs to be engraved on wood, it has mostly been as a matter of especial favour to an individual who had an interest in the work in which such designs were to appear. In this respect we are far, very far, behind our French neighbours; the more common kind of French wood-cuts containing figures, are much superior to our own of the same class; the drawing is much more correct, more attention is paid to costume, and in the details we perceive the indications of much greater knowledge of art than is generally to be found in the productions of our second-rate occasional designs on wood. It cannot be said that this deficiency results from want of encouragement; for a designer on wood, of even moderate abilities, is better paid for his drawings than a second-rate painter is for his pictures. The truth is, that a taste for correct drawing is not sufficiently cultivated in England: our artists will be painters before they can draw; and hence, comparatively, few can make a good design on wood."

As we anticipated, the oddities of Mr. Lane, the translator's manner, win upon us with increase of acquaintanceship. In many instances we have been perfectly fascinated by his felicitous dryness and quaintness. In his very copious notes he continues to be as amusing and instructive as ever. They are absolutely essential to all who would form a correct notion of the religion, manners, and customs of the Mahommedan people. In everything he says, whether serious or jocose, important or trifling, he has evidently an eye to strict truth; and it is this conviction which makes all he says peculiarly valuable.

The Physiology, or Mechanism of Blushing; illustrative of the Influence of Mental Emotion on the Capillary Circulation; with a General View of the Sympathies, and the Organic Relations of those Structures with which they seem to be connected. By THOMAS H. BURGESS, M.D., Graduate of the University of Edinburgh, &c.

"Of all the alterations resulting from mental emotion," says our author, "none are more surprising, or more worthy of attentive consideration, than those which take place in the circulation of the blood. The wonderful influence which the mind exerts on the movement of the vital fluid, (arresting its progress, or increasing its velocity, according as the impressions made are of a depressing or exciting nature,) offers a wide and fruitful field of investigation. Impressed with this idea, the author has been induced to direct his attention particularly to the phenomenon of blushing, which, from its intimate connexion with the *sympathies* in general, will be found to afford more ample scope for physiological inquiry, than might at first sight be imagined. The close analogy between blushing and inflammation is also another link in the chain of interest its investigation presents to the purely medical inquirer. In those parts of the subject bearing especially on anatomy and physiology, the author has had occasion, in several places, to dissent from the opinions of different writers on the same subject, and has advanced other views which appear to him as more tenable; but he trusts he has always done this in a tone of proper respect. His chief aim, throughout this little work, has been to draw valid conclusions from well-authenticated facts, and by this means to arrive at truths that may in time become of use to science." Although

> "All sciences a *monthly* critic knows,"

we are fain to confess our ignorance and our inability of judging of the more professional part of this book. Our author's theory of the "Mechanism of Blushing," may be right or wrong; nor can we venture an opinion on the "vermicular influence of the sympathetic on the capillaries;" but we may say that we have been much pleased with the less scientific parts of the book which we *do* understand, and which contain many interesting facts and curious deductions. Frenchwomen are, certes, not much given to blushing while living, but it appears that there was once a Frenchwoman who blushed when dead. This was Charlotte Corday, the interesting, *amiable* assassin of Marat, whose face, it is said, became suffused with a blush after her head was severed from the body. At the end of the volume there are a few sensible words upon moral training, without which the generality of young people will either blush too much or too little.

Rural Sketches. By THOMAS MILLER, Author of "A Day in the Woods," "Beauties of the Country," "Royston Gower," &c. With Twenty-three Illustrations.

This is, on the whole, as pleasant a volume as one need take a-field on a bright May morning. Though treating entirely of rural matters, and with a view of implanting a deeper love of nature in the bosom of the reader, it is varied and entertaining in a very uncommon degree. The papers entitled "Home Revisited," "Old Customs of Travelling," "Country Courtship," "The Old Coachman," "Tumbling Tommy," "Jack Grab," "The Country Fair," "The Old Woodman," and "The Haunted House," are exceedingly amusing. A critic has complained that the author talks too much about himself. For ourselves, we should scarcely raise a censure on this point, particularly, considering the remarkable circumstances of the author's life; but we should rather cavil at his over fondness for the style and manner of Washington Irving, and should venture, in all kindness of intention, to recommend to him a total abstinence from the works of that delightful author for some time to come. Mr. Miller has some very pretty writing and criticism in the paper called "Rural Poetry," and also in that upon "England's Helicon," a collection of old poems, first published in the year 1600, and which contains contributions by Shakspere, Spenser, Drayton, Sir Philip Sydney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Christopher Marlowe, Fulk Greville, the Earl of Surrey, and others of that wonderful time. But on these matters a little more reading would not have done our author any harm.

The twenty-three illustrations are, almost without an exception, exceedingly pretty and graceful, and the volume altogether is one of rare elegance. We most cordially wish it every success. We must findroom for one short extract.

OLD CUSTOMS OF TRAVELLING.

"Among the many changes which have taken place within the last twenty years, none have undergone a greater alteration than the system of travelling. Formerly, a journey of ten or twenty miles was considered a great event, a matter that was talked over long beforehand, and required no small preparation. 'Ah! an it please God, I shall sleep many a mile off to-morrow night,' some old farmer would say as he stooped to unbutton his gaiters, and paused between every button, wondering who and what he should see, and going to bed an hour or two earlier, that he might be on his journey betimes. Perchance he took his rosy-faced wife with him, and John had strict charge over night to give either Jewel or Diamond, (whichever carried double best,) an extra feed of corn, and strict command to see that the pillion was put on fast, 'for the missis is bound to ride behind me o' the morrow.' Goodly steeds were these Balls, and Jewels, and Diamonds, on whose back I have many a time been mounted in my boyhood—backs as broad as a table, and on which us youngsters used to sit like tailors. But then they were such sober animals; you would just as soon think of a full-wigged, long-robed, grim old judge, bursting out into a loud laugh while wearing the black cap, and about to pass sentence, as one of these old family horses shying, running away, or playing any tricks. True, they would trot; but, oh, how unlike any other horse's trotting! It was a voluntary 'shog, shog, shog,' as if they were trying to shake the very shoes from your feet, and begun just when they took it into their heads, or were tired of walking. What a good understanding was there between one of these old roadsters and the farmer and his wife, whom he so willingly and quietly bore to market! Poor fellow! they would as soon think of sending their little grandson Dick to the next town with the large basket of butter and eggs, as they would of riding old Ball up a steep hill. No: the old man alights very carefully, then helps his bonny dame down; and as she smiles, perhaps, when he is about to catch her, he says, 'Thee and thy sins are a featish weight together, my old girl;' and he looks tenderly upon her, well knowing that her greatest crime would not disturb the most tender conscience. Having seen that the basket is safely buckled on the pillion, they jog merrily a-foot up the hill together; and if Ball should take a fancy to a mouthful of the short sweet grass beside the bank, why, they wait patiently; and perhaps the kind-hearted old dame gathers a handful of primroses, and says, 'Nanny Sanderson's bairns always look for a few flowers when I leave their week's butter.' They pass the hill-top before they mount again: there is no need to hurry. They had breakfast over by five, and Lincoln is only twelve miles: if they are there by ten, they will be soon enough. Perhaps they stop and have a pint of ale and a 'snack' at the sign of the Blue Bell in the valley, and give old Ball a mouthful of hay. He is patted, and whisks his ears and tail to and fro with delight, for he well knows that his master never gave him an unkind word; but before mounting again, the old farmer slackens the girth: he would not sit easy if he thought it pinched old Ball: no, he would sooner run the risk of rolling himself and his bonny old dame to the earth together. On they are again, as steady as the current of a brook in summer; the rosy housewife throws one arm round her husband, and the fine old fellow feels proud that she confides her safety to him. Sometimes he pulls up to survey his neighbours' fields, and thinks that such a pasture would be better if the eddish were eaten down, or remarks that some hedge needs a few more quicksets. Perchance the very farmer who owns that property will dine with him after the market is past, and over their ale and pipes they will discuss these matters. Such was the old system of travelling to market; and a few thrifty couples may yet be found who still make one pad carry themselves and their commodities once or twice a week to the next town."

The Illustrated Shakspere. Revised from the best Authorities. With Annotations and Introductory Remarks on the Plays, by many distinguished Writers. Illustrated with nearly One Thousand Engravings on Wood, from designs by KENNY MEADOWS, *engraved by* ORRIN SMITH. *Part I. Tempest.* Tyas.

We take this rapid and still increasing reproduction of the works of our greatest poet, as one of the most consoling signs of the times. All are not good as editions, but scattered abroad in all directions they will help to make a taste; and when people have learned to love Shakspere, they will be pretty sure, in the end, to get the best edition that can be had. Mr. Tyas, as the first part of his edition, gives us the Tempest, for ninepence, very well printed, in double column, with very good paper, &c. The illustrations are spirited, like almost everything the designer does, but we must confess that they are not altogether to our taste. We would rather be left to form our own vague notion (after Shakspere) of such a being as Caliban, than see any delineation of him that any artist that ever lived could make. Mr. Kenny Meadows's Caliban is a monstrously unpleasant thing to look at. Nor, in a very different style, are we at all satisfied with his Ariel. Prospero, too, is a very different sort of figure from the one that has haunted our fancy from childhood upwards. The title-page—as booksellers' title-pages will—promises rather too much. There is scarcely any sign of editing; the text seems to be that of Stevens, without emendation, and all the annotations and introductory remarks are comprised in one brief page, which, short as it is, contains sundry errors, and a bit of sentimental twaddle. We should certainly not have noticed these things but for the large manifesto in the title-page.

The Fergusons; or, Woman's Love and the World's Favour. 2 vols.

Although we have put on our spectacles and looked with a diligent and unprejudiced eye, we can scarcely find a merit, or a symptom of literary merit, in this tale without a story. It seems to us a mere vamping up of the fragments and remainders of the worst kinds of fashionable novels—a thing without salt or savour of any kind. We could cull from its pages a great variety of proofs to confirm the position recently taken up by a contemporary critic, that your fashionable life is essentially a low and vulgar life. There is a wishy-washiness in our author's thoughts and language that would disgrace a second-class lady's maid. This we might let pass; but there is also an impertinence and an aristocratic exclusiveness—that bane and curse of English society—that excites an indignation not unalloyed with contempt. Arthur Ferguson, the unheroic hero of the story, is made to talk with ineffable scorn of grades and conditions not fashionable; and of the woful misfortune of accepting invitations to the tables of one's inferiors. We wonder where his inferiors are to be found. His behaviour at the dinner-party at Mrs. Ebrington's would have merited a good kicking down stairs, though that entire party, and particularly the fashionable part of it, seem to have been as impertinent and as dull as himself. We scarcely remember a more lamentable attempt than that of describing a regular wit and diner-out in Mr. John Thompson, who reappears on the scene more than once. This Thompson is, in fact, as dull as any of the dukes or duchesses—a bore of the first magnitude. We perceive from some newspaper advertisement that this book is attributed to a member of the aristocracy. The aristocracy ought to be sorry for it. What the author says of a dandy in the House of Commons may be applied to his own writing—"His speaking was just of that unhappy class that never can, by any possible circumstance, interest the audience." How well prepared he is to describe scenes in parliament may be judged from the fact that he makes the House call members by their proper names, and not designate them by the places they represent.—"As soon as this precious specimen of a legislator concluded, Arthur Ferguson rose, and the impatient calls for the minister were drowned by the cry of 'Mr. Ferguson! Mr. Ferguson!'"

We will make an end with one more quotation, which is *not* from this book, but from a source somewhat more abundant in wit—"*It's all very fine, Mr. Ferguson, but you don't lodge here.*"

The Life of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, K. G., &c. &c. &c.
By MAJOR BASIL JACKSON and CAPTAIN C. ROCHFORT SCOTT.

Life of Field-Marshal His Grace the Duke of Wellington. Edited by
SIR J. E. ALEXANDER, K.L.S., 42nd Highlanders.

With every disposition to be good-natured, we cannot speak very highly of either of these works. Give us the "Gurwood Despatches"—

one of the most remarkable monuments that was ever raised to the fame of one man—and take, who will, these unsatisfactory compendiums, which seem to us only good where they quote the "Despatches." The time, of course, is not yet come for writing the life of our greatest soldier. Perhaps a work issued like these, in monthly parts, might have been made acceptable to many by their illustrations, maps, plans, &c.; but as far as they go, there is little of this interest in either of the works now before us; and what little there is, is decidedly bad. It is long since we have seen anything so wretched in art as the portrait in the first number of the work which bears the name of Major Jackson and Captain Scott, unless it be that vile etching of the storming of Seringapatam in the second number of the Life which bears the name of Sir J. E. Alexander. At this time of day they are both positively disgraceful. If the author, or editor, or manager of this last book proceeds on the plan of giving every "spirited song composed for the occasion," the book will be a very big one.

The Court of King James the First; by Dr. Godfrey Goodman, Bishop of Gloucester; with Letters, now first published. By JOHN S. BREWER, M.A. 2 vols.

This is an interesting work in itself, and a very important contribution towards the history of the first half of the seventeenth century. Bishop Goodman was no great philosopher, but he lived in remarkable times, and was placed in a position to see what was going on both in the city and court. He was a young man when Elizabeth was at the height of her glory, and he lived on to the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, dying in the year 1655. He was a high churchman, in the sense of Archbishop Laud, and, as such, was favourably disposed to James the First and his unhappy son, the friends and patrons of all that ecclesiastical body. His gratitude for past kindnesses led him to defend the character and conduct of the pseudo Solomon; but it is curious to observe, that in answering the charges brought against James, by Sir Anthony Weldon, in his "Court of James the First," he confirms some of that author's worst imputations.

Old Goodman, from personal acquaintance, gives several very striking sketches of the leading men in James's court, the Essexes, Somersets, Overburies, &c. He confirms the worst things that have been said about the great Bacon. He says, Bacon was a man "who did every way comply with the king's desires;" that he "did insult over other men, and took bribes on both sides;" that "there were many exceptions against Bacon," that "*no man got more dishonestly, and no man spent more wastefully.*"

We never believed for a moment in Weldon's story, that James the First died by poison. Our bishop says, that his death was hastened by gluttony, which is much more likely to be true. "Truly," says he, "I think that king James every autumn did feed a little more than moderately upon fruits: he had his grapes, his nectarines, and other fruits, in his own keeping; besides, we did see that he fed very plentifully on them from abroad. I remember that Mr. French, of the Spicery, who sometimes did present him with the first strawberries, cherries, and other fruits, and kneeling to the king, had some speech to use to him,—that he did desire his Majesty to accept them, and that he was sorry they were no better—with such like complimental words; but the king never had the patience to hear him one word, but his hand was in the basket." James also, and at all times, drank immoderately of strong sweet wines

—and altogether his life was very foul and gluttonous. Besides, he was nearly sixty years old when he died; and that, according to the then average duration of human life, was an old age. These poisoning stories, happily not so common in English annals as in most other histories, ought never to be admitted except on the most positive proof.

The second volume of Mr. Brewer's work is filled with original letters, written by persons who figured at court. There is one short letter by Prince Charles, which gives a key to the whole history of Charles the First. In it he tells Steenie, (the Duke of Buckingham,) that the House of Commons has been unruly, that he wishes the king would send down a commission for making an example of *such seditious fellows,* by Monday next, &c.

Some few of the letters, we fancy, we have seen before in other less portable collections; but the great majority of them are certainly as new to us as they are interesting. We should greatly rejoice to see more books of this kind; and we may hope for many from the recently formed Camden Society, which has just published the "Plumpton Correspondence," a series of letters, chiefly domestic, written in the reigns of Edward IV., Richard III., Henry VII., and Henry VIII.

Elements of Zoology; embracing a View of Life as Manifested in the Various Gradations of Organized Beings. By WILLIAM RHIND, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c.

Mr. Rhind's elementary works are distinguished by their compactness, cheapness, correctness, and simplicity of arrangement. The present is an excellent class-book for young students; and the list of works on zoology at the end of the volume will direct the more advanced student to the very best course of a more extended reading. The object is to give a concise but connected and systematic view of the vital functions, and the varieties of animal structure as exemplified in the graduated scale of existence. The arrangement of Cuvier is of course taken as the basis; and the few and unimportant exceptions are pointed out in the table at the end.

The little volume may take its place with Mr. Rhind's "Elements of Geology," which we pointed out to notice some time ago.

A Brief History of the United States Boundary Question, drawn up from Official Documents. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

In his advertisement, Mr. James observes—"The following sketch was first written as a note upon a part of the register kept by Mr. James as Historiographer. Finding that many persons even personally interested in the settlement of the Boundary Question were unacquainted with the early transactions concerning it, and had neither time nor opportunity to wade through the mass of documents connected with the question, the author has ventured to publish in this form the brief summary then written, believing that it might prove useful to some. He has also ventured to suggest, in a note at the end, what he believes to be the only means by which a fair settlement of the question could be really arrived at."

Mr. James's pamphlet appears to be particularly well timed, and will, we hope, have the effect he desires. We have seen nothing as yet so much to the purpose.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

Edinburgh Cabinet Novels. "*Chamberlayne.*"—A good story, and very Scotch.

Tyas's Heads of the People.—This, the seventh number, is excellent in its engraved heads. Mr. Kenny Meadows is here full of vigour and character. His "Last Go," "The Man of many Goes," and his "Undertaker," are admirable. And Mr. Douglas Jerrold's "Essay on Undertakers" is quite worthy of the engraving.

Hades; or, the Transit, and the Progress of the Mind. Two Poems. By W. B. Scott.—There is merit in these short poems, and good promise of better things. The author has one of the rarest of qualities—*originality.*

Men and Measures; or the Political Panorama. A Satire.—Fudge!

The Bible Story Book. By Bourne Hall Draper.—The most important part of this book are the wood-cuts, and they are very bad. We again enter our protest against putting such barbarous things into the hands of children.

Colonial Policy of the British Empire. By the Author of the "History of the British Colonies," &c. Part I. Government.—Mr. Montgomery Martin intends this work as a *necessary* sequel to his "History of the British Colonies," in five volumes, and his "Colonial Library," in twelve volumes. The work will be issued in six Parts of one hundred pages each. We have only seen the first Part, which is scarcely sufficient to allow us to form an opinion. The merit, of course, will depend mainly upon the accuracy.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott. Vol. II. Fcap. 5s.
The Listener in Oxford. Fcap. 3s. 6d.
Six Sermons on Public Worship. By Rev. Robert Banbury. 12mo. 3s.
Art of Dress. Fcap. 8vo. coloured plates. 4s.
Lady Cheveley, or the Woman of Honour. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Russell's Seven Sermons. New Edition. 32mo. 2s.
Alexander's Life of Wellington. Part I. 2s. 6d.
Birds and Flowers. By Mary Howitt. New Edition. Royal 18mo. 6s.
The Gospel preached to Babes. 1s. 6d.
West on the Resurrection of Christ. Royal 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Memoirs and Select Remains of William Nevins, D.D., with Introductory Essay. By the Rev. Octavius Winslow. Fcap. 6s
Rev. H. Blunt's Lectures on the History of Elisha. 12mo. 5s. 6d.
Orger's Six Lectures on the History and Character of Lot. Fcap. 3s.
The Botanist. Vol. II. 4to. large, 32s., small, 20s.
Christian Family Library, "Essays on Romanism." Fcap. 5s.
The Church's Voice of Instruction. By Dr. Krummacher. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
The Works of the Rev. Andrew Gray, with Preface by the Rev. Edward Tweedie. 8vo. 9s.
Democracy in America. By Alexis de Tocqueville. 2 vols. post 8vo. Third Edition. 21s.
Six Years' Residence in Algiers. By Mrs. Broughton. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Architectural Remains of the Reign of Elizabeth and James I., from Accurate Drawings. By A. J. Richardson. Plain, 2l. 2s., coloured, 3l. 5s.
Wars of the Jews, as related by Josephus. Fifth Edition. 12mo. 6s.

Scenes of Commerce, or "Where does it come from?" By the Rev. Isaac Taylor. Third Edition. 12mo. *7s. 6d.*
Browning's History of the Huguenots. Vol. III. 8vo. *10s. 6d.*
Adams on St. Peter, by Sherman. Imp. 8vo. *25s.*
The Pulpit. Vol. XXIII. *7s. 6d.*
Richardson's Popular Treatise on Warming and Ventilating Buildings. 8vo. Second Edition. *12s. 6d.*
Adcock's Rules and Data for the Steam-Engine, Canals, &c. 12mo. *2s. 6d.*
Leigh's Guide to Wales and Monmouthshire. Fourth Edition. 12mo. *9s.*
Hints on Horsemanship. 12mo. *5s.*
Lodge's Genealogy of the Peerage for 1839. 8vo. *21s.*
Curtis on Hearing. 12mo. *1s.*
Hogg on the Carnation, Pink, &c. Sixth Edition. 12mo. *6s.*
Life Book of a Labourer. Fcap. *7s.*
Mrs. Hemans' Life and Works. Vol. I. Fcap. *5s.*
Sketches by Boz. New Edition. 1 vol. 8vo. *21s.*
The Stirling Peerage. 8vo. 10*s*. 6d.
Leigh's New Picture of London. New Edition. 18mo. *2s.*
Little Girls' Keepsake. 18mo. *2s.*
Draper on the Parables. *3s. 6d.*
Cookery made Easy. 18mo. *1s. 6d.*
More Seeds of Knowledge. *1s.*
Corner's Sketches of Little Boys and Little Girls. Each *1s.*
English History for Children. 18mo. *2s. 6d.*
Patrick Welwood. 18mo. *3s. 6d.*
Sufferings of Isaac le Fevre. 12mo. *3s. 6d.*
March's Hymns for the Closet. 12mo. *2s. 6d.*
Sabin's History of Man. 12mo. *5s.*
Altar of Incense. 18mo. *2s 6d.*
Brenton's Hope of the Navy. 12mo. *5s.*
Thelwall on the Opium Trade. Post 8vo. *3s. 6d.*
Wilson's Stories about Dogs. *3s. 6d.*

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mrs. Broughton's new work, "Six Years' Residence in Algiers," has just appeared, of which we have given a further account in our Review department.

The publication of the new work, "Max Wentworth," is deferred for the present.

The new work lately announced, entitled "Charles the Tenth and Louis Philippe," the Secret History of the Revolution of July 1830, is now ready.

Mr. Robertson's new work, "Solomon Seesaw," has been somewhat delayed by the illness of the artist engaged on the Illustrations, but will, we understand, be ready for delivery in a day or two. We anticipate much pleasure from its perusal, as all must who are acquainted with the author's power of description and illustration.

The new work of Tales and Legends of Wales, entitled, "The Vale of Glamorgan," is nearly ready for publication.

Miss Emma Roberts announces for publication early in July, a "Guide to India," in one volume, post octavo, containing every information necessary to be known, both as regards the voyage out and the overland route to India, with complete lists of necessaries and expenses. This will obviate the necessity of seeking advice from friends, which generally is so vague and indefinite as to be of little real service.

To our classical readers we have to announce a forthcoming work from the pen of George Croker Fox, Esq., to be entitled "The Death of Demosthenes, a Dramatic Poem." The literary world is well acquainted with the beautiful translations of the Agamemnon and Prometheus of Æschylus by this gentleman.

In the press and nearly ready for publication, the "External Structure of the Visible Church of Christ, considered under the heads of Authority and Inspiration of Scripture; Creeds; Articles of Religion; Liturgies and Rituals; Heresy and Schism; Preaching, Natural Education, &c.; being the Hulsean Lectures for 1838."

By the Rev. R. Parkinson, B.D., of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Fellow of Christ's College, Manchester.

Preparing for publication, " A Volume of Sermons for the Young," by the Rev. A. Watson, B.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and Licentiate in Theology of the University of Durham; Assistant Curate of St. Andrew's Church, Ancoats, Manchester.

The Rev. George Waddington, Vicar of Marsham, and Prebendary of Chichester, author of a " History of the Church to the Reformation," is preparing, and has nearly ready for publication " A History of the Reformation on the Continent."

The " Collected Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith," in three vols. octavo.

A Tale, by Miss Mary Louisa Boyle, authoress of " The State Prisoner," entitled " The Forester, a Tale of 1688," in three vols.

" Desultory Thoughts, and Reflections," by the Countess of Blessington, in one beautifully-printed volume, foolscap octavo.

" Blanche of Navarre, a Play," by G. P. R. James, Esq., author of " The Gipsy," " The Huguenot," " The Book of the Passions," &c.

Mr. Loudon has nearly ready for publication, a " Second Additional Supplement to his Hortus Britannicus," containing upwards of 1,000 new plants, with a complete Index to the whole work, including the Supplements. Several of the genera have been rearranged.

" A Descriptive Manual of all the species of British Beetles," by James F. Stephens, Esq., author of " Illustrations of British Insects." Being the first volume of a series of Manuals descriptive of all the species of British Insects.

" An Etymological and Explanatory Dictionary of the Terms and Language of Geology," by George Roberts, author of " The History of Lyme Regis." This work is intended to supply the universal demand for assistance in general reading, in order to explain the terms and language of geology which are found in nearly every publication of the present day.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

We regret to find that the advance of the season has not produced the improvement anticipated in trade generally. This state of things, we fear, will not be improved by the alteration in the interest of money, which the Bank has raised to five per cent. Our accounts from the manufacturing districts state that the stocks of goods on hand are heavy, and perfectly unsaleable in large quantities, except at prices much below what the holders are willing to take; but that by far the greater evil is the want of adequate employment, which is now pressing most painfully on the working classes.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Monday, 27th of May.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 195 to 6.—Three per Cent. reduced, 92 one-fourth.—Consols, for Account, 93 one-eighth to one-fourth—Three and a Half per Cent. Ann. 99 five-eighths to one-half.—Exchequer Bills, 27 to 29 prem.—India Bonds, 34*s*. to 31*s*.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Five per Cent. Account, 35 one fourth.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent. 56.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 102 seven-eighths to five-eighths. — Spanish Five per Cents., 19 one-fourth to one-eighth.

Money Market Report.—City, Friday, May 24th.—The English stock market was not quite so good to-day, in consequence of some extensive sales which were made in it, particularly in exchequer bills and reduced annuities. The greater part of these sales were made by the government broker on account, it is believed, of the Bank of England.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1839.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
April					
23	54-42,5	29,93-29,89	S.W.	,125	Cloudy, raining frequently.
24	52-36	30,01-29,98	N.	,125	Generally clear.
25	51-28	29,99-Stat.	N.		Generally clear.
26	55-32	30,11-30,02	N.E.		Morning overcast, otherwise clear.
27	59-42	30,13-30,11	S.		Generally cloudy.
28	61-34	30,23-30,19	N.E.		Generally clear.
29	62 30	30,18-30,12	E.		Generally clear.
30	65-36	30,11-30,03	S.E.		Generally clear.
May					
1	66-45	29,97-29,94	N.E.		Generally cloudy.
2	71 42	29,93-29,90	N.E.		Generally cloudy, distant thunder in the afternoon.
3	67-42	29,93-29,90	N.		Generally clear.
4	66-40	29,83-29,65	S.W.		Generally clear.
5	68-51	29,72-29,63	W.		Generally clear.
6	65 44	29,94-29,83	N.E.		Generally clear.
7	65-41	29,97-29,93	N.E.		Generally clear.
8	72-40	29,85 29,82	N.E.		Generally clear, except the evening, (see below.)
9	52-45	29,80-29,79	N.	,5125	General overcast, a shower of rain in the morn.
10	55-40	29,91-29,79	N.	,4625	Cloudy, rain in the morning and afternoon, wind boisterous.
11	58 42	30,06 30,05	N.	,0125	Generally clear.
12	49-30	29,96-29,94	N.		Cloudy, rain in the morning and evening.
13	61-41	29,88-29,64	W.	,0875	Morning clear, otherwise overcast, rain in even.
14	48-34	29,53 29,45	N.	,1	Morn. cloudy, with rain and hail, otherwise clear.
15	48-28	29,39-29,33	S.		Afternoon cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
16	52-28,5	29,70-29,43	S.E.	,0875	Afternoon cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
17	60 30	30,02 29,89	S.W.		Generally clear.
18	63-33	30,02-30,00	S.W.		Generally clear.
19	63-51	30,08 29,97	S.		General overcast, rain fell during the morning.
20	75-54	30,18 30,12	S.W		Generally cloudy.
21	64-45	30,09-30,00	N.W.		Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
22	53-42	30,04-29,91	N.W.		Generally cloudy, with frequent rain.

Two paraselene between two and three o'clock on the morning of the 25th ult.

Thunder storm. From about half-past seven in the morning of the 8th till about midnight a terrific thunder-storm, accompanied by the most vivid lightning and heavy rain: from midnight till about two o'clock in the morning of the 9th, distant thunder and lightning.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM APRIL 23, TO MAY 17, 1839, INCLUSIVE.

April 23.—T. R. Southby, New Basinghall-street, hatter.—J. G. Smith, Warwick-court, Holborn, carpenter.—J. Bradley, Great Titchfield-street, printer.—T. Johnson, King's-place, Commercial-road, East, draper.—C. Batten, Moreton Mills, Berkshire, paper manufacturer.—R. Bayley, Macclesfield, builder.—J. Brain, jun., New Malton, Yorkshire, currier.—W. Knowles, Manchester, linen merchant.—J. Bloomer, Halesowen, nail manufacturer.—T. Brown, Stockton on Tees, ship builder.

April 26.—C. Dawson, North-row, Covent-garden, fruiterer.—G. Finister, Edmonton, wine-merchant. — F. Lyne, Lark-lane, wine-merchant.—I Heilbronn, Painswick, Gloucestershire, wool-broker.—L. M. Bennitt, Sherbourne, Dorsetshire, milliner.—J. Braim, jun., New Malton, Yorkshire, currier.— J. Best, Bilston, Staffordshire, victualler and coach-proprietor.—J. Yeomans, Sheffield, fellmonger.—H. Kendall, Liverpool, ironmonger.—P. Hughes, Liverpool, cotton-dealer.

April 30.—R. T. Webb, Quadrant, Regent-street, chemist.—H. E. Wartnaby and H. Robinson, Wood-street, silkmen.—F. Borhart, Clifford-street, Bond-street, tailor.—A. Cohen, Magdalen-row, Goodman's-fields, wine merchant.—W. Norris, Liverpool, iron-founder.—M. Davies and M. Jones, Taunton, grocers.—J. Southall, Eardisland, Herefordshire, victualler.—J. Lock, Bury St. Edmunds, miller.—W. Urman, Cheltenham, hackneyman.—G. C. Poole, Lyme Regis, grocer.—W. Frankland, Liverpool, hackney-coach proprietor.—J. Otley, Bruerton, Staffordshire, ropemaker.

May 3.—T. Cole, Leadenhall-street, stationer.—G. Frith, Lower Whitecross-street, statuary.—T. Briggs, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer.—W. Bull, Lichfield, cabinet-maker.—W. R. Carter, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ironmonger.—J. Manton, Great Grimsby, Lincolnshire, corn merchant.

May 7.—G. Horsey, Camomile-street, City, calenderer.—J. L. Hood, Princes-street, Leicester-square, rope manufacturer.—C. A. Harris, Bushey, Hertfordshire, flax spinner.—E. Bach, Birmingham, haberdasher.—P. Higginbotham, Nineveh, Birmingham, butcher.—J. Chalk, Brighton, timber dealer.

May 10.—A. Miller, Thayer-square, carver and gilder.—H. Rowe, Great Tower-street, wine-merchant.—C. Goadsby, Liverpool, carver and gilder.—J. Avens, Leeds, stuff-merchant.

May 14.—F. Skull, High Wycombe, grocer.—M. Marshall, Southampton, steam-engine boiler maker.—W. Sharrocks and J. Sharrocks, Manchester, machine makers.—J. Askham, Sheffield, brewer.—J. Thompson, Ambleside, Westmoreland, bobbin manufacturer.—J. P. Dalby, Birmingham, scrivener.—T. Meares, Wem, Shropshire, maltster.

May 17.—J. H. Cunnew, Fenchurch-street, victualler.—S. W. Berridge, Great Dover-road, Surrey, linen-draper.—T. Parker, Coventry, ribbon manufacturer.—G. Barron, Davies-street, Berkeley-square, builder.—J. A. Meyer, Great Tower-street, merchant.—G. Collis, Romford, Essex, ironmonger.—P. Van D. Berle, London-wall, wool-merchant.—J. Elliot, Birmingham, currier.—A. Blaxland, Sunderland, Durham, merchant.—J. Dawson, Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, corn-dealer.—G. Moresby, Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, scrivener.—R. H. Byron, Lincoln, corn merchant.—J. M'Alister, Liverpool, upholsterer.

NEW PATENTS.

W. Overton, of Shovel Alley, St. George's in the East, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for making ship's bread or buiscuits. April 3d, 6 months.

T. Edwards, of King Street, Holborn, Writing and Dressing Case Maker, for improvements in the manufacture of hinges. April 3d, 6 months.

H. L. Pattinson, of Bensham, Durham, Gentleman, and W. S. Losh, of Walker, Northumberland, Gentleman, for improvements in reducing metallic ores. April 3d, 6 months.

J. M. Heath, of Allen Terrace, Kensington, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the manufacture of iron and steel. April 5, 6 months.

J. F. C. D'Artenn, of the Haymarket, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery for transmitting power, whereby the effect of such power is increased without loss of speed. April 5th, 6 months.

J. Nasmyth, of Patricroft, near Manchester, Engineer, for improvements applicable to the bearings or journals of locomotive and other steam-engines, which improvements are also applicable to the bearings or journals of machinery in general. April 9th, 6 months.

G. Stocker and J. Bentley, both of Birmingham, Gun Makers, for certain improvements in guns, pistols, and other denomination of fire-arms. April 9th, 6 months.

C. A. Roederer, of Wellington Street, City, for an improved method or process of manufacturing or preparing the chemical salts called acetates. April 9th, 6 months.

T. Parkin, of 22, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, Engineer, for improvements in railroad and other carriages, in wheels for such carriages, and in roads and ways on which they are to travel. April 9th, 6 months.

T. B. Compton, of Tamworth, Lancashire, for improvements in the manufacture of paper. April 9th, 6 months.

L. W. Wright, of Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements on machinery or apparatus for washing, cleansing, or bleaching of linens, cottons, and other fabrics, goods, or fibrous substances. Being an extension for seven years of a former patent. April 9th, 6 months.

J. Clement, of Liverpool, Carver and Gilder, for improvements in preparing mouldings, and in producing the effect of chasing or embossing various devises or patterns and frames, and other work. April 10th, 6 months.

L. Faulkner, of Cheadle, Chester, Calico Printer, for certain improvements in the mode of working pumps or valves, and which improvements are also applicable to fire-engines and other similar apparatus. April 11th, 6 months.

J. Gillot, of Birmingham, Steel Pen Maker, and T. Walker, of the same place, Machinist, for improvements in engines and in carriages to be worked by steam, or other motive power. April 13th, 6 months.

H. Crosley, of Hooper Square, Leman Street, London, Civil Engineer, for a new manufacture of paper. April 15th, 2 months.

L. Rowe, of Brentford, Middlesex, Soap Maker, for improvements in the manufacture of sulphate of soda. April 16th, 6 months.

H. Curzon, of Kidderminster, Machinist, for improvements in presses. April 16th, 6 months.

H. Dunnington, of Nottingham, Lace Manufacturer, for improvements on machinery employed in making frame-work, knitting or stocking fabrics. April 16th, 6 months.

J. Swindells, of Manchester, Manufacturing Chemist, for certain improvements in the manufacture of Prussian blue, prussiate of potash, and prussiate of soda. April 16th, 6 months.

J. F. Saunders, of New Bond Street, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of certain descriptions of paper, mill-board, paper-maché, and other matters of that kind, capable of being produced from such description of paper pulp. April 20th, 6 months.

W. Crofts, of Radford, Nottingham, Lace Manufacturer, for improvements in machinery used in making bobbin net-lace for the purpose of making figured or ornamental bobbin net-lace, and lace or net of various textures. April 20th, 6 months.

J. Potter, of Ancoats, Manchester, Spinner, and W. Horsfall, of Manchester, Card Maker, for an improvement or improvements in cards for carding various fibrous substances, part of which improvements may be used as a substitute for leather. April 20th, 6 months.

J. Davis, of Walcot Place, Lambeth, Esquire, for improvements in the manufacture of soap. April 20th, 6 months.

D. Stead, of Great Winchester Street, City, Merchant, for an improved mode or method of making or paving public streets and ways, and public and private roads, paths, courts, and bridges, with timber or wooden blocks. April 23d, 4 months.

A. Singer, of Vauxhall, Surrey, Potter, and H. Pether, of Wandsworth Road, Surrey, Artist, for certain improvements in the preparation and combination of earthenware or porcelain for the purpose of mosaic or tesselated work. April 23d, 6 months.

J. Miller, of Bolton, Lancashire, Machine Maker, for an improved drilling machine. April 23d, 6 months.

D. Napier, of Millwall, Engineer, for improvements in irom steam-boats. April 23d, 6 months.

E. Galloway, of Water Lane, Tower Street, Engineer, for improvements in steam-engines. April 23d, 6 months.

A. Movillon, of Dorset Place, Dorset Square, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery for propelling ships, boats, and other vessels on water, designed to supersede the use of paddle-wheels. April 23d, 6 months.

G. H. Palmer, of Surrey Square, Old Kent Road, Civil Engineer, for improvements in paddle-wheels for propelling ships, boats, and others vessels, navigated by steam and other motive power. April 23d, 6 months.

W. Edmondson and J. Edmondson, both of Manchester, Engineers, for certain improvements in the machinery or apparatus for the manufacture of wood-screws and screw-bolts. April 23d, 6 months.

J. Cutler, of Lady Pool Lane, Birmingham, Gentleman, for an improved method or methods of constructing chains for suspension bridges, cables, mining, and other purposes, and for an improved method or methods of making the bars, links, and bolts thereof. March 12th, 6 months.

J. Barlow, of Birmingham, Brass Founder, for certain improvements in the construction of candlesticks. April 25th, 6 months.

J. Jones, of Westfield Place, Sheffield, for a new frying-pan and grilling-pan for the cooking of steaks, chops, and other meats. April 25th, 6 months.

J. Browne, of Castle Street, Regent Street, Esquire, for improvements in saddles and stirrups for horses and other animals, parts of which improvements are applicable to apparatus for carrying packs by men. April 25th, 6 months.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Photogenic Drawings.—Mr. Robert Mallet has communicated to the Royal Irish Academy a notice of the discovery of the property of the light emitted by incandescent coke to blacken photogenic paper; and proposed it as a substitute for solar light, or that from the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe with lime. One of the most important applications of the photogenic process, as yet suggested, is its adaptation to the self-registering of long-continued instrumental observations. Unless, however, an artificial light, of a simple and inexpensive character, can be found to supply the place of solar light at night, the utility of this application will be much limited. Few artificial lights emit enough of the chemical rays to act with certainty on the prepared paper; while those which are known to act well, as the oxy-hydrogen lime light, are expensive, and difficult to manage. A considerable time since, the author discovered that the light emitted by incandescent coke, at the "Twyer" (or aperture by which the blast is admitted) of a cupola or furnace for melting cast-iron, contained the chemical rays in abundance; and on lately trying the effect of this light on the prepared paper, he found it was intensely blackened in about forty-five seconds. In the single experiment made, the heat, which was considerable, was not separated from the light; but the author purposed to make further experiments, in which this precaution will be attended to. There is no difficulty to be apprehended in contriving an apparatus to burn a small quantity of coke at a high temperature. A diagram of an apparatus for this purpose was shown.

Native Physicians.—One of the most interesting spectacles it has ever been our lot to witness in this country, was exhibited on Saturday at the Medical College. Five young Hindoos were publicly invested with certificates of qualification to practise medicine, after having studied at the college with surprising success for a period of about three years and a half, and passed the ordeal of a very severe examination. —*Oriental Herald.*

Phlorizine.—Some recent experiments on phlorizine, made by M. Stas, have proved interesting; not only because they furnish a new proof of the means employed by nature in producing certain colouring matters, by causing azote to enter their constituent principles, but also because they show, that by the reaction of acids, phlorizine changes into the sugar of grapes, leading to the supposition that the sugary matter of fruits arises from the influence of acids on the gummy or gelatinous parts.

Egyptian Hieroglyphics.—Mr. Williams, in lecturing on the Ancient Agriculture of the Egyptians, at the Society of Arts, touched upon the customs, manners, habits, &c. of the Egyptians. With respect to the hieroglyphical inscriptions on their monuments, nothing, in his opinion, like a satisfactory solution had yet appeared. We need not follow the lecturer through his succinct and satisfactory address, which was remarkable, not for the novelty of its points—how could it be? —but for the taste and judgment with which they were arranged. Numerous drawings, taken from Rossellini's magnificent work, were referred to. One of these showed how the Egyptians gathered the grape;—curious enough, and ludicrous,—monkeys were trained to climb the tender vine, pluck the bunches, and *hand* them to individuals stationed below! If we may judge from the drawing, these cunning assistants first took care of themselves, exacting tithe of each bunch as it was plucked. Amongst the Egyptian curiosities exhibited was a bird-flapper, two or three thousand years old; with such instruments the Egyptian boys, like our own in many parts of the country, went out at dawn, and by the clack of the simple instrument alluded to, they frightened the feathered depredators from the fields and fruit gardens. The lecturer gave a proof of its excellent adaptation to the purpose intended. Specimens of Egyptian bread were likewise exhibited; several of the cakes were of great antiquity, and in shape exactly resembled those three-cornered things sold by English bakers, and called by the urchins, for whom they are more particularly furnished, "raspberry turnovers." By the introduction of light, pleasing, and instructive anecdote, a lecture, which otherwise might have been tedious, was rendered very interesting.

SEPULCHRAL URN.—A curious discovery has recently been made on the ridge of hill which divides the Vale of Ovoca from the Vale of Redcross near Kilbride, county of Wicklow. This ridge of the hill affords many remains of remote antiquity, some are blocks of stone fifteen feet in length, laid parallel to each other, resembling burying places made for men of gigantic stature. A farmer was raising stones in a wild and solitary part of the mountain, to fill up gaps; about two feet below the surface, he turned up a flag, under which was a stone coffin, containing an urn in an inverted position, under which were two small bones laid parallel to each other. The coffin, consisting of six flags, was eighteen inches long, the sides seven inches high, and ten broad, put together with neatness, the corners rectangular, and the sides perpendicular: the inside perfectly clean, and free from dust or mould. The urn was four inches deep, swelling in the middle, and contracting at both ends. It was rudely but neatly sculptured with great care; the bones were very small, but perfect, having articulations at both ends, and were pronounced to be joints of human fingers and toes. The urn was procured by Dr. Walsh, incumbent of the parish, and was in high preservation, but when he endeavoured to move the coffin, it broke into fragments, which he gathered up, and had a good model of it made in wood, by a country carpenter on the spot.

ON THE RELATIVE AGES OF THE TERTIARY DEPOSITS, COMMONLY CALLED CRAG, IN NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.—An interesting paper on this subject, by Mr. Lyell, was read at the Geological Society, on the 8th of May. Three points of great importance relative to the crag of Norfolk and Suffolk are discussed in the memoir.—1st. The direct superposition of the red to the coralline crag, as pointed out by Mr. Charlesworth in 1835. 2ndly. Whether mammalia are really imbedded in undisturbed marine strata of the crag of Norfolk. 3rdly. Whether the proportion of recent shells, as compared to the extinct, is decidedly larger in the crag of Norfolk, so as to indicate a posteriority in age relatively to the Suffolk crag. With regard to the first point, Mr. Lyell states, that the red crag is clearly superimposed on the coralline at Ramsholt, Tattingstone, and Sudburn, resting at the two former localities on denuded beds of the lower deposit. He ascertained, also, by the assistance of Mr. W. Colchester, that at Sutton, near Woodbridge, the red crag abuts against a vertical face or cliff of the coralline, and likewise overlies it. In this instance, the sand which composes the older bed, or coralline crag, had evidently acquired a certain consistency at the bottom of the sea before the red crag was deposited, for it has been perforated by numerous pholades, the tortuous holes of which descend six or eight feet below the top of the bed, and still contain the shells of the pholas, while the remainder of the cylindrical hollows has been filled with the sand of the superincumbent stratum. With regard to the second point, the occurrence of mammalia in undisturbed beds of marine crag in Norfolk, Mr. Lyell states, that he had ascertained, by an examination of this crag near Southwold and Norwich, that it is not purely marine, but contains everywhere an intermixture of land, freshwater, and sea shells, with bones of mammalia and fishes. In this deposit near Southwold, Captain Alexander, who accompanied the author, found, some time since, the tooth of a horse, within a large specimen of *Fusus striatus*, and he informed Mr. Lyell that bones of mammalia are frequently associated in the same beds with those of fishes, marine shells, and crustacea. In the neighbourhood of Norwich, this deposit forms patches of variable thickness, resting on chalk and covered by gravel. It is well exposed at Bramerton, Whitlingham, Thorp, and Postwick, and presents beds of sand, loam, and gravel, containing a mixture of marine, terrestrial, and fluviatile testacea, ichthyolites, and bones of mammalia. The chalk on which it rests was shown, by the late Mr. Woodward, to have been drilled by marine animals: and the Rev. Mr. Clewes, of Yarmouth, presented Mr. Lyell with a specimen of chalk containing a *Pholas crispatus* in a perforation several inches deep. That this portion of the crag was slowly accumulated, is evident from Captain Alexander having found, at Bramerton, the tusk of an elephant, with many serpulæ on its surface; and, from this fact, Mr. Lyell infers that the bones of quadrupeds were really washed down into the sea or estuary of the Norfolk crag, and were not subsequently introduced into the deposit by diluvial action. The freshwater shells are rare in the neighbourhood of Norwich in comparison with the marine, and the terrestrial species are still more scarce. Mr. J. B. Wigham, however, has ascertained that the freshwater testacea predominate in a bed at Thorpe. The same gentleman found at Postwick, in a stratum containing marine shells and fishes, a portion of the left side of an upper jaw of a Mastodon, containing the second true molar, and the indications in the socket of the first. This specimen Mr. Owen has been enabled to refer to the *Mastodon longirostris*, discovered at Eppelsheim. In the same bed were found the teeth and jaw of a mouse, larger than the common field species; also bones of birds, and of several species of fishes. The horns of stags, bones and teeth of the horse, pig, elephant, and other quadrupeds, have been likewise detected at Postwick, Thorpe, Bramerton, &c.; and this association of the Mastodon and horse near Norwich, as well as in many other places in Europe and America, Mr. Owen considers to be a subject of interest. The third point, respecting the relative antiquity of the Norfolk and Suffolk crag, was discussed at considerable length, and the author acknowledged the great assistance afforded him by Mr. Wigham, who has nearly doubled the number of species obtained from the former deposit near Norwich; also the aid which he has received from Mr. Searles Wood, who submitted to Mr. Lyell's examination the whole of his magnificent collection of crag shells; and from Mr. George Sowerby, to whose extensive knowledge of recent testacea the author stated that he is indebted for a rigid determination of the existing shells found in the crag. The number of well-defined species in the Norfolk crag is 112, out of which eighteen are land and freshwater; compared with the Suffolk crag this number is small, but Mr. Lyell showed from the Fauna of the Baltic, that species are much less numerous in brackish than salt-water, the latitude, climate, and other conditions being the same: he also showed that, in analogous deposits in the valley of the Rhine the amount of species is small. Of the ninety-four marine shells, seventy occur in the red crag, and therefore it might be inferred, that the two deposits are nearly of the same age; but in the Norfolk beds the recent species, both of freshwater and marine testacea, amount to between fifty and sixty per cent., and are nearly all British shells; whereas, in the red crag, there are only thirty per cent., and in the coralline but twenty. This comparatively recent origin of the Norfolk deposit, had been previously inferred by Mr. Charlesworth, from the general character of the fossils. In the examination of the collections which led to the above results, the greatest care was taken to reject those shells, which might have been washed out of the red crag into the Norfolk beds, or those species which apparently did not live in the waters which deposited this division of the crag. From the numerical proportion of recent testacea, Mr. Lyell infers, that the coralline and red crag belong to his Miocene division of the tertiary series, and the Norfolk strata to his older Pliocene: he also showed, that the lacustrine beds at Grays, in Essex, and many other places, constitute another link in the geological sequence of formations, as they contain ninety per cent. of recent testacea, and must consequently be referred to the newer Pliocene epoch. Lastly, a comparison of the crag with the tertiary strata of the faluns of Touraine, has convinced Mr. Lyell that M. Desnoyers was right in considering the Suffolk and Touraine deposit to be of the same age, although he formerly dissented from that conclusion.—*Athenæum.*

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

House of Lords.—April 22.—The Ecclesiastical Appointments Suspension Act Amendment Bill was read a second time; when the Bishop of Exeter observed that he should not oppose the second reading, but reserve the amendments which he intended to bring forward for the consideration of the bill in committee.

April 23.—The Ecclesiastical Appointments Suspension Act Amendment Bill passed through the committee, and was reported.—The Church Discipline Bill was read a second time.

April 25.—Nothing of importance.

April 26.—On the motion of Lord Melbourne, and after some remarks from the Bishop of Exeter, the third reading of the Dean of Exeter Bill was postponed until Friday next.

April 29.—The Designs Copyright Bill was read a second time.—The Bishops' Residences Bill was read a second time, as also was the Church Discipline Bill.

April 30.—The House was chiefly occupied with the debate which arose out of Lord Brougham's promised motion respecting the ordinance recently promulgated in Malta for the regulation of the press in that island, which was eventually withdrawn, in compliance with a recommendation of the Duke of Wellington.

May 2.—The Designs Copyright Bill and the Designs Copyright (Extension) Bill passed through committee.

May 3.—Lord Melbourne presented a Message from her Majesty, recommending a legislative union of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. The Message was ordered to be taken into consideration on Monday.—The Dean of Exeter Appointment Bill was read a third time and passed.

May 6.—Lord Brougham laid on the table "A Bill for the Better Administration of Charities," which was read a first time.—The Queen's Message, relating to the Union of the Canadas, was then brought forward, but, as Lord Melbourne had intimated on Friday, merely for the purpose, of expressing the readiness of the House of Lords to take the subject into its most serious consideration.

May 7.—Viscount Melbourne rose amidst the most profound silence, and said:—My Lords, I consider it to be my duty to seise the earliest opportunity afforded me of acquainting your Lordships, that in consequence of a vote to which the House of Commons have come this morning, and which all your Lordships may perceive by the votes of that House—a vote which, although not immediately fatal to the measure against which it was directed, yet at the same time all who are acquainted with parliamentary proceedings must know is in its consequences such as to render the final success of that measure totally impossible; and considering that measure of the highest possible importance—that it is, indeed, of the most paramount importance to the welfare of the great island to which it relates, and to the working out of that great measure of negro emancipation which has been voted by both Houses of Parliament with so much satisfaction, and for which such great sacrifices have been made—considering, I say, this measure to be of the utmost, the most paramount, and indispensable importance for this great object, and considering also that the vote on this occasion will not only be necessarily ultimately fatal to the success of that measure, but that it does also with sufficient clearness and distinctness indicate such a want of confidence on the part of a great proportion of the other House of Parliament, as to render it absolutely impossible that we should continue to administer the affairs of her Majesty's Government in a manner useful and beneficial to the country, and renders it impossible that we should take those measures of energy and importance which are absolutely required by the circumstances and situation of the country, but which, if they are taken, allow me to say, there is no danger or peril whatever, in the conflicting or difficult circumstances of this country—(hear, hear)—I say, under these considerations, and under the pressure of these circumstances, we have thought it to be our duty to tender to her Majesty the resignation of the offices which we hold, and which her Majesty has been graciously pleased to accept; and we only retain those offices and discharge the functions connected with them until other arrangements are made, and successors are appointed for carrying on the business of the country.—(Hear, hear.)—The Bishops' Residences Bill went through committee.

May 10.—Viscount Duncannon postponed the Copyright Designs Bill and the Copyright Extension Bill.—The report on the Clergy Residences Bill was brought up.—The Lord Chancellor discharged the order which stood for Monday for the second reading of the Church Discipline Bill.

May 13.—The following newly created Peers were introduced in the usual form, and took the oaths and their seats:—Baron Furnival, introduced by Lord Say and Sele and Lord Lismore; Baron Stanley, of Alderley-park, introduced by Lord Petre and Lord Sudely; Baron Leigh, introduced by Lord Say and Sele and Lord Sudely.—The private bills on the table were forwarded a stage, and the Earl of Shaftesbury then moved, "That this House do adjourn to to-morrow," which, after a brief pause, was put by the Lord Chancellor from the woolsack, and agreed to.

May 14.—Lord Melbourne rose for the purpose of making the ministerial explanations. His Lordship began by apologising for his silence on the subject the preceding evening, which, he said, arose from his expectation that it would have been brought on the tapis by the person, or persons, who had been engaged in the negociations to which he was about to refer. Such a statement would have enabled him to judge how far it might be necessary for him to make any supplementary statement. He would now succinctly relate the part which he had borne in the proceedings. His Lordship then entered into a statement of the facts, and expressly stated that the impression on her Majesty's mind, with regard to the power stipulated for by Sir Robert Peel, of dismissing the Ladies of the Household, had been an *erroneous* one, her Majesty having imagined that the right honourable baronet had intended to make a sweeping change, instead of the very partial one contemplated by Sir Robert. Lord Melbourne then proceeded to state, that entirely agreeing with her Majesty that it was inexpedient to remove the Ladies of the Household on a change of administration, he and his colleagues had determined to remain in office, in order to support her. He denied that there had been any intrigue in the case, and expressed his disregard for insinuations of the kind in warm terms, as well as of all accusations on the score of tenacity of office, of desire of place, of ambition, or of avarice. "I resigned my office," concluded his lordship, "not because I was abandoned—no, I will not use that harsh expression—by those who usually supported me, but because there had arisen among them a certain amount of doubt, which led me to suppose that I could not any longer conduct the government either with honour to myself or with advantage to the country; and I now frankly declare that I resume office solely because I will not abandon my Sovereign in a situation of difficulty and distress, when demands are made on her with which she ought not to comply."

May 15.—No business was transacted beyond the presentation of some petitions, the forwarding some bills a stage, and the receiving of bills from the Commons. Lord Duncannon gave notice, that Lord Melbourne would, on Thursday, move that the House, at its rising, do adjourn till the 27th instant.

May 16.—The following newly created peers took the oaths and their seats:—Lord Colborne, who was introduced by Lord Braybrooke and Lord Rosebery; and Lord Wenlock, who was introduced by Lord Braybrooke and Lord Portman. No question of importance was discussed, and their Lordships adjourned to Monday, the 27th.

House of Commons.—April 22.—The report of the selection committee was taken into consideration and finally agreed to.—Mr. Labouchere suggesting that the bill for suspending the Constitution of Jamaica should be read a second time at once, and the debate postponed till a future stage, Sir R. Peel concurred. Sir Robert Inglis then moved that Mr. Burge, the agent for the island, should be heard at the bar against the bill, in pursuance of his petition to that effect. The motion having been agreed to, as well as a subsequent one by Mr. Godson, that Mr. Serjeant Merewether and Mr. Reynolds should be heard on behalf of the planters of Jamaica, Mr. Burge was called in, and addressed the House in a speech that lasted nearly five hours.

April 23.—In answer to a question by Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell said he proposed to proceed on Monday next with the Jamaica Bill, and to postpone, from that day to the following Friday, the discussion of the measures relating to Canada.—Sir E. Codrington having moved his promised resolution for the equalization of the complement of ships of war in times of war and peace, a debate ensued which terminated in a division; when the motion was negatived by 90 to 27.—Mr. Ward obtained leave to bring in a bill for the better regulation of Metropolitan Sewers; and Colonel Davies a Bill to regulate the expenses to be incurred by High Sheriffs in England and Wales.—The remainder of the evening was occupied in hearing the speech of Mr. Serjeant Merewether against the Jamaica Government Bill.

April 24.—The report of the Highways' Bill was further considered in committee, and ordered to be re-committed on Wednesday next: and the Rating of Tenements' Bill was read a second time by a majority of 32 to 28.

April 25.—Sir Robert Peel then gave notice of the course which he proposed to pursue on Monday next, supposing her Majesty's government should determine to proceed with the bill for the suspension of the functions of the House of Assembly in Jamaica. As the principal object of that bill was the suspension of the existing constitution of Jamaica, he found it so difficult to modify the bill to meet his views—which were to permit the House of Assembly to meet again, and to continue their legislative functions—that he thought that it would be better to take the sense of the House on it on the question that the Speaker do leave the chair, rather than on any subordinate point in the committee. He gave the notice conditionally, in case the government were determined to proceed with the bill.—Mr. Langdale obtained leave to bring in a bill to amend an act 1 and 2 Will. IV., relating to double assessments of land-tax; and Mr. Serjeant Talfourd to bring in a bill to amend the law relating to the custody of infants. In Committee of Supply, a vote of 4,650,000*l.* was agreed to on account of exchequer bills.

April 26.—Lord John Russell, after declaring his intention to adhere to the Jamaica Bill, further postponed the motion for going into committee upon it until Friday next, and also postponed the bill relating to Canada until Monday se'nnight. —Nearly the whole of the remainder of the night was occupied with a discussion on the bill of Sir Robert Peel for the trial of Election Petitions.—Mr. O'Connell, when the question was put that the Speaker should leave the chair, proposed to postpone that step for six months, but finally withdrew his motion; and after several other speeches, the bill went into committee. The clauses up to the 21st were agreed to, and the chairman having reported progress, obtained leave to sit again on Monday.—The House then went into committee, when some votes of supply were agreed to, and the other orders of the day were disposed of.

April 29.—The Chairman of the Wigan Election Committee reported that Mr. Ewart had been duly elected.—Lord John Russell stated that he would postpone the committal of the Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Bill till Monday week; and that he would state to-morrow evening on what day the Metropolitan Police Courts Bill, and the Metropolis Police Bill, may be expected to be brought on.—The District Prisons Bill (a Bill to encourage the establishment of District Prisons) went through committee, the clauses from 42 to 50 having been struck out. The House resumed, and the report was ordered to be received on Thursday.—The House then went into committee on the Prisons Bill (a Bill for the better ordering of Prisons,) which occupied nearly the whole of the rest of the night. Having proceeded as far as the 13th clause, the chairman reported progress, and obtained leave to sit again on the following day.

April 30.—Nothing of importance.

May 1.—The second reading of the Nottingham (St. Mary's) Enclosure Bill was carried by 64 to 39.—Nearly the whole of the remainder of the sitting was occupied with Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's Copyright Bill, which stood for committal.—On the motion that the Speaker do leave the chair, Mr. Warburton objected to a measure of so much importance being proceeded with on a Wednesday. On this ground he divided the House so frequently that it was not until a very late hour that the House went into committee on the bill. Altogether, the proceedings on this subject occupied six or seven hours, during which there were twenty-four divisions, and all the clauses (after clause 4) to which no opposition was offered, were agreed to, while every clause objected to was postponed. The chairman was ordered to report progress, and obtained leave to sit again on Tuesday.

May 2.—The House went into committee on the Prisons Bill, when several clauses were agreed to, and, in answer to a question from Mr. Blackstone, Lord J. Russell expressed his intention of taking the discussion of the 14th clause, relating to the appointment of Catholic chaplains to the gaols, on this day se'nnight.

May 3.—Lord John Russell delivered a message from the Crown, identical with the message to the Lords, and appointed Monday for taking it into consideration.—The order of the day for going into committee on the Jamaica Bill was read. Sir Robert Peel, in a speech of great eloquence, opposed the measure.—Mr. Labouchere supported the bill, Mr. Godson opposed the bill, and Mr. Ewart supported it.—Mr. C. Buller thought the bill was required by the general circumstances of the white and black people, for the purpose of carrying out the principles of the emancipation measure.—Mr. Hume regretted to vote against a liberal government, but he would not be dragged into the support of such an injustice as this.—Sir Geo. Grey, in support of the bill, concluded the debate for the night. It was adjourned until Monday.

May 6.—The Speaker having announced his intention of resigning the chair after the Whitsuntide recess, both Lord J. Russell and Sir R. Peel took the opportunity of passing some complimentary remarks on his conduct since he had been promoted to his present high and honourable office.—The adjourned debate on the Jamaica Bill was then resumed, and occupied the rest of the evening. It was opened by Mr. Maclean.—Sir E. Wilmot would vote for this bill, though he had every wish to displace the present ministers.—Mr. Grote said he could see in the bill no prospect of benefit to the blacks, and many tokens of severity to the whites.—Mr. Warburton said that if the constitution of Jamaica were one in which the relation of representative and constituent really subsisted, he would pause; but the people of that colony being kept in order not by their own free institutions, but only by the English army and navy, he thought it incumbent on England to take care that justice should be done to them.—Mr. Goulburn opposed the bill.—Mr. O'Connell spoke in favour of the bill.—Mr. Gladstone followed, and went at length into most of the principal topics of the debate.—Sir S. Lushington argued for the bill upon the anti-slavery ground.—Lord Stanley vindicated his own course in the framing of the Emancipation Bill, for which he had been attacked on the preceding night by Mr. C. Buller, and proved the expediency of its provisions by the success of their results.—Lord John Russell closed the debate with a short summary of the arguments for the bill.—The House then divided:—in favour of the bill, 294; against it, 289; leaving to Ministers a majority of 5.

May 7.—Lord John Russell stated, that in consequence of the decision of the House on the Bill relating to Jamaica, the Ministers had come to the determination of tendering their resignation, which her Majesty had been graciously pleased to accept, and moved for a short adjournment of the House that her Majesty might be enabled to appoint a new administration. The House accordingly adjourned till Monday, but it was ordered that committees on private bills should nevertheless sit during the week. Mr. Serjeant Talfourd postponed the recommittal of the Copyright Bill till Tuesday next.

May 13.—Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel made their respective statements as to the ministerial arrangements, and Sir Robert read the correspondence on the subject. Lord John Russell then proposed an adjournment of the House from Wednesday to Friday the 24th, and stated that on that day the election of a Speaker would take place.

May 14.—The Manchester and Birmingham Extension Railway (Stone and Rugby) Bill was read a second time, by a majority of 139 to 91. The West Durham Railway Bill was read a third time and passed. The Birmingham Canal Bill was ordered to be recommitted.

May 17.—Lord J. Russell moved that the House, at its rising, should adjourn till Monday, the 27th of May; and should the Speaker, to the great regret of the House, persist in his determination to leave the chair after the holidays, he should then have to communicate on the first day of the meeting of the House the pleasure of the Crown on the election of Speaker, and the House would immediately proceed to the election. With respect to Jamaica, he wished to state, that on Friday, the 31st of May, the Secretary for the Colonies would bring forward a motion on the affairs of Jamaica, which would be taken into consideration, and they (the government) should not propose that any further proceedings should be taken with regard to the Bill for the government of Jamaica.—The Speaker then made a short address on his retirement, and a conversation followed respecting the proceedings of the Chartists.—Lord John Russell gave notice that on the 31st of May he should move in committee of supply a vote of 30,000*l*. for the purposes of public education.—Adjourned till the 27th instant.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

JULY, 1839.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Solomon Seesaw. By J. P. ROBERTSON, Senior Author of "Letters on Paraguay." 3 vols. *With Illustrations by Phiz.*

The announcement contained in the title-page of this work being the production of the Senior Author of "Letters on Paraguay," will be a sufficient recommendation to all who are acquainted with the talent displayed in that justly popular work.

Mr. Robertson here appears as a sketcher of character, for which he has before proved his unquestionable capability. The history of Solomon Seesaw is a most amusing one. It proceeds almost throughout his whole life, and is exceedingly graphic. We quote the following:

> "Solomon Seesaw was the son of respectable parents, but neither they nor himself had much pretension to the wisdom which distinguished the great man from whom our hero derived his name. After a short and more amicable contest than usual about this said name, the father, as the weaker vessel, yielded to the authority of his better half; and their first-born was christened *Solomon*, in the presence of many relatives and friends of the family. The ceremony was performed by Doctor Hasty, himself a distant relative of Mrs. Seesaw.
>
> "The bustle of a christening in the land of Scotia is no small affair on any occasion, but on the present it was one of peculiar interest and excitement. In the first place, Solomon was the eldest-born of Mr. and Mrs. Seesaw, and they thought it, therefore, indispensable to make a fuss among all the people of their acquaintance. The mother of Solomon was *ever* in a bustle, but the additional stir of that day made no small difference even to her. Like all bustling people, she was generally behind her time, and this result of bad management, it will be seen, produced, on the day of the christening, no small confusion. Then, Mr. Seesaw was rather testy, and gave rise to a great deal of unnecessary discord by the declaration of his *hatred* of all bustle. But the most formidable party in producing the excitement, and increasing at once the hubbub and confusion of the day, was Dr. Hasty. He was a minister of peace, though not always a peaceful man: he was fain to break the peace, especially when people were not exact in their appointments with him. From long indulged habit, a rather powerful position in the church, a petulant, and perhaps crusty temper, together with a feeling that not to be punctual with him was a personal insult, the Doctor was sometimes not very bearable. His watch was never in his fob for two minutes at a time: he counted his steps, measured his visits, ate his meals, performed, in short, all his functions like a man, as he was, of clock-work. Ever on the gallop, except when fairly seated to a good dinner, Doctor Hasty seemed to be running a constant race against time. Not an acquaintance or friend that he had ever ventured to stop him in the street; and being a little near-sighted, he was continually knocking over boys and girls that were in his way on the pavement. When he reached a house five minutes before his time, (he was never one instant behind it,) he waited scrupulously at the door till the hour appointed, and then rat-tat-tat went his rather imperious knock, and up boiled his spirit if there were a moment's delay in giving him admission. His dress was a three-corner cocked-hat, over powdered hair, a black coat with large outside pockets, and flaps that, coming well forward, reached half-way down his calf. Over the coat there was a blue spencer, (or long jacket,) while the Doctor's nether parts were graced with black breeches, dark-grey

worsted stockings, thick shoes, and short gaiters. His hands were large, and broadly hemmed: there depended from under a long black waistcoat, with pockets almost as large as those of his coat, a bunch of seals, at the end of a massive chain. Active and erect, though well stricken in years, he shuffled along at a prodigious pace, without the aid of a stick. But as he was out, and out on foot, in all weathers, he carried, and carried invariably, under his left arm, with his left hand on the top of it, a brown, and something worse for the wear, cotton umbrella; it was as well known as his own person,

"His watch, and the contents of a massive silver snuff-box, engrossed alternately his attention, as he rather ran than walked along. This snuff-box he managed with marvellous dexterity, opening it, taking out his pinch, closing it, and depositing it in his huge pocket, all with his unoccupied hand; the other, as aforesaid, being on the handle of his umbrella.

"The hour appointed for the christening of Solomon was two o'clock; but he was far from being *presentable* at that hour.

"The milliner had neglected to send the christening-cap with its decorations; the nurse was despatched for it, and she, being unwieldy, could not exactly perform, in five minutes, a distance which a nimble chambermaid could not achieve in a quarter of an hour. The housemaid was therefore sent after the nurse, the foot-boy after the house-maid, and at the fatal moment of two o'clock,—when the Doctor's hand, under the guidance of his vigorous arm, was applied to the knocker, with a reiteration loud and decided, proportioned to his own impatience, and to the importance of the occasion,—behold there was no servant in the house but the cook, to open the door.

"She was basting a roast, and rightly thinking it no part of her duty to answer the door,—even to Doctor Hasty, about whose knock there was *no mistake*,—remained at her post.

"Loud and louder became the thunder at the door, and without a moment's intermission, till two of Solomon's maiden aunts, more fearful even of the Doctor's ire than of a breach of decorum, rushed out of the drawing-room, where the party were assembled. The one ran to the kitchen to scold the cook, while the other, with fear and trembling, and with a dozen apologies upon her pale lips, opened the door to the almost infuriated Doctor.

"Here followed from under the cocked hat and knit brow of this pious man denunciations loud, long, and not quite compatible with his vocation. Then came the vehemence of the cook, by no means subdued by the consideration that she was interfered with by one who was not her mistress. In, at this moment, came the nurse, the housemaid, and the footboy, each complaining that one should have been sent after the other, and all dilating on the want of consideration of their mistress.

"Then came the milliner with the ill-fated cap, full of anxiety lest it should be crumpled; and last of all, just emerging from his dressing-room, came, bowing in the most appeasing of attitudes, the father himself of Solomon.

"The hubbub which ensued in the hall is neither conceivable nor to be described; but little would this, or anything else, have availed to appease Doctor Hasty, unless the uppermost, the ever-recurring, or rather the never-absent thought of the standard of time, by which he measured everything, had come in aid of a momentary truce.

"'Pray Doctor,' said Mr. Seesaw, '*do* let me take your hat.'

"'*Do*, dear Doctor,' added Solomon's elder aunt, 'give me your umbrella.'

"'Kind Doctor,' reiterated the second aunt, 'pray let me help you off with your spencer.'"

"Instead of acknowledging the well-meant civility of either the master of the house, or of his maiden sisters, the Doctor mechanically drew his watch from his fob, and seeing that it was ten minutes past two,—that is, ten minutes after the hour appointed for the christening,—he flung down on the hall table, without the proffered assistance, his hat, his gloves, and his umbrella. Disencumbering himself, then, in no very ceremonious fashion, of his spencer, he demanded to be led to the drawing-room. The first thing he said when he got there, and without taking notice of a single member of the assembled company, was, 'Well, where is the child?'

"Fortunately, at this moment, in walked Mrs. Seesaw, followed by the nurse, who carried in her arms, and in triumphant state, the all-important Solomon. He was decked out in the prodigious finery of a train, pendent from nurse's arms to the ground, of a crimped cap, adorned with lace, and with innumerable knots, and bows of white ribbons. He shut his eyes (the little innocent) as he was brought into the glare of the light; but he knit his brows, which made some of the standers-by exclaim, "'What an *intelligent*-looking child!'

"Doctor Hasty was at length so far appeased, as to be persuaded, after his fatigue, and before commencement of the ceremony, to take two glasses of port wine, and two pieces of short-bread and bun. He now condescended to good-natured remonstrance (at least it was so for him) on the evil effects of want of punctuality; and he philosophically appealed to his relative, Mrs. Seesaw, whether she would not be confounded, if God were to delay the sun's rising till eight o'clock, when the almanacs appointed him to be up at six?

"Mrs. Seesaw acquiesced, confessing that she was no scholar, and never looked into the almanac, except to see when it was to be dry or wet.

"Things being thus smoothed, and the Doctor's heart not a bit the colder for the two glasses of port he had taken, the ceremony was proceeded with."

The entire work is characterised by a similar spirit of keen observation and shrewd satire. Indeed, Mr. Robertson treats his subject throughout with great ability, and the admirers of the productions of Captain Marryat and the successful Boz will here find a production well suited to take its place on the same shelf with the works of those popular writers. We had marked some further passages for extract: but as the work will be already in the hands of our readers, we shall content ourselves with the remarks we have already made, cordially recommending the perusal of the whole to those who may not as yet have seen these lively and agreeable volumes. The illustrations are by Phiz, and in his best style.

The Vale of Glamorgan. Scenes and Tales among the Welsh.

This work is intended to illustrate the peculiarities of the inhabitants of Wales. Wild and romantic as the beautiful scenery by which they are surrounded, the Welsh have been ever a people of strong and vivid temperament, much influenced by feeling and delighting in exciting images and marvellous recitals. Hence their legends, which are usually interesting in a high degree, and strikingly national, have an illustrative character to which sufficient attention appears to have been as yet scarcely paid. In this volume a series of tales is presented which will well repay perusal. They embrace a variety of subjects, and exemplify peculiar customs and modes of thought. We extract the following, which is related by Parson Evans:—

THE SPECTRE FUNERAL.

"'Do you recollect,' said he, 'a bay horse called Falcon that I once had? O, no, it was before your time. However, he was a fine, high-couraged fellow as ever was crossed, with no fault but being too rash and violent. At times, to be sure, how he would snort and tear away! And then he would dash at a leap like a very thunderbolt! I thought at times to call him Dreadnought, and then again Death's Door; he was often so near being the end of me. Ha! how different was I then from what I am now! I used to go hunting then, even on that devil; and one day, after a run with the fox-hounds, I had dined at the castle, and was returning home about midnight, a little flushed with wine, on a hand-gallop, now and then humming or singing, or talking to myself, when of a sudden Falcon bolted off the road, into the ditch, and there drooped and trembled as a very Christian might, for fear.

"'Ho, ho!' said I; 'what new quaver is this?' and then I tried to force him on; but that would not do at all. So I coaxed him and patted his neck, and said 'So-ho, poor fellow!' which evidently comforted him; for he moved his tail, and turned his head towards me. But just then a loud band of psalm-singers broke upon my ear. They were pealing forth the Old Hundredth Psalm, which is the one always used at funerals. Nothing could be more distinct or solemn. And presently I heard the slow regular tramp of the whole procession, with the groans and sobs of the mourners.

"I knew now it must be a Tolaeth; and recollecting what I had heard the old people say, I stooped forward on the horse's neck, and looking along the ground, saw them all advancing towards me. There were the psalm-singers first, two a-breast, with their hats off, and their mouths open, as in the act of singing. Then followed the coffin, borne on the shoulders of four men, who held their hats by the side of their heads. Next came the mourners, the women holding up their handkerchiefs, and the men pale and solemn, with their hatbands streaming behind. And then followed the usual long train of friends and neighbours.

"All passed, distinct and close, before me, but now, while I saw them, perfectly silent. There was not now the slightest sound of a foot, nor even of the psalm-singers, although their mouths were open. As soon as they had passed, I drew myself up; and then it all broke upon my ear again, as at first. So true it is that the Tolaeth touches only one sense at a time; that while you hear it, you cannot see it: and if you see it, you will hear nothing.

"When it had got quite clear of us, Falcon turned his head towards me, and gave a quiet switch with his tail; then, not without faltering, he made the road, and presently struck off at a round gallop. He dashed through the gate, as we reached home, knocking it to shivers, and then stood trembling with me before the door. Although in top condition, the sweat streamed from him all over, and the poor fellow, as I was going, turned his head so wistfully after me, that I made the man remain in the stable with him all that night.

"And now, said the person, in conclusion, "it was not long after this that one of the neighbours was thrown from his horse in returning from market, and broke his neck, just at the place and the hour of the night that I met that Tolaeth; and when he was buried, his funeral passed there exactly in the manner I had seen it."

Memoirs of a Cadet. By a BENGALEE.

Our readers will remember that we have had the pleasure of giving some portions of this work in our former numbers. But for the pressure of matter, we should have continued our selections. The author has now, however, published his work entire, and it only remains for us to state that it is the production of an officer not long returned from India. Life in that vast country is so different from anything we are accustomed to, that it is scarcely possible such a work as this should fail to interest. To general readers, therefore, this volume will be welcome; while to those who are entering on or retiring from the service, it will convey information or revive recollections in a way equally pleasing. The work is handsomely printed, and embellished with a coloured engraving from a beautiful drawing by a native artist.

Translations and Sketches of Biography, from the German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French Languages. By A LADY.

These translations are exceedingly varied. In German, they include poems from Goëthe, Schlegel, Herder, Koëner, Matthisson, Uhland, Hottinger, Tiedge, and the amiable and accomplished Amelia, Duchess Dowager of Saxe Weimar: in Italian, there are pieces from Petrarca, Metastasio, Victoria Colonna, Francesco Molsa, Veronica Gambra, Bertola, and one or two others: in Spanish and Portuguese, there are pieces from Cervantes, Lopez de Vega, Valdez, Yriarte, and Camoens; and in French, from Malherbe, Molière, Racine, Massillon, Arnaud, Gresset, and Madame de Staël. The Biographical Sketches, which are written with much good feeling, are devoted to the Duchess Amelia, (whose Dramas, we understand, are about to be translated by another English lady distinguished by her knowledge of German literature, and by original performances in English literature,) Schiller, Goëthe, Schlegel, Herder, Koëner, the author of "The Sword," (who died in his prime, with his sword in his hand, fighting for the liberties of Germany,) Matthisson, Uhland, Metastasio, Victoria Colonna, and Tarquina Molsa. This last-named lady, though less generally known than Victoria Colonna, and some other female Italian writers of the sixteenth century, was a very remarkable woman. She was well versed in music, in science, and in literature; she was mistress of the Latin, Greek, and the Hebrew languages, and she wrote her own *bella favella*, both in prose and verse, with infinite grace. Our fair translator says that she has not been able to meet with any of her poems; but if our memory does not deceive us, there are specimens given in the popular but voluminous "Antologia" published at Milan some twenty years ago. The senators of Rome (alas! they were not then worthy of bearing that glorious name!) conferred upon Tarquina, and, for her sake, upon all her family, the freedom of their city. She died at Modena in the year 1617. There are also a few notes on the lives of the Spanish and French writers, whose pieces are translated in the volume. These versions are for the most part graceful and agreeable. One of the best of them is the translation of Gresset's "*Epître à ma sœur*," which, according to Mason, gave our Gray the first idea of his Ode upon the pleasure arising from vicissitude. Gresset was indeed what the fastidious Gray called him,—"a truly elegant and charming writer." There is more feeling in him than in any of the minor French poets that immediately preceded the Revolution. Schiller's exquisite little piece, "The Song of the Bell," is put into very flowing English verse, that is not without power. There is to us something inexpressibly solemn in the few Latin words—the thought of a monk of old, that was cast in bronze on the bell of his monastery, which the great German put as a motto to this piece—

"Vivos voco—mortuos plango—fulgura frango."

We quote the following, more on account of its beautiful moral, than on account of its literary execution. The original is by Clasio, or Fiacchi, an Italian writer, who died in 1825.

"THE TRAVELLER AND THE PLANE TREE.

"Tired with a long and weary way
Under the summer's noontide ray,
His sinking form a traveller laid
Beneath a Plane Tree's cooling shade.
Already by repose refreshed,
The fever leaves his beating breast,
And soon his curious eyes surveyed
The tree which gave such welcome aid;
And as he there no fruit could find,
He thus express'd his thankless mind:—
'Oh, worthless Tree, how high thy head,
How far and wide thy branches spread,
Yet not a single fruit is seen
Amid thy wide spread branches green;
Such barren grandeur I despise,
And thou art worthless in my eyes."
The Plane this thankless speech could hear,
And thus replies, with tone severe:—
'That I can boast no fruit may be,
A fault or a defect in me;
But you at least should not despise
The shade which shields from burning skies:
These branches you should kindly view,
Poor they may be, but yet they sheltered you;
Your strength you gladly in my shade restore,
Then murmur not, if I can do no more."

To love another's fault to find,
Shows ever an ungenerous mind:
To be severe on those who shelter you,
Is an ingratitude of darkest hue."

This pleasing little volume is very creditable to the translator's taste and good feeling; and it may contribute to create in others a taste for foreign languages and literature.

A Concise Description of the English Lakes and adjacent Mountains; with General Directions to Tourists; Notices of the Botany, Mineralogy, and Geology of the District; Observations on Meteorology; the Floating Island in Derwent Lake; and the Black-Lead Mine in Borrowdale. By JONATHAN OTLEY.

This convenient pocket volume is printed at Kirby Lonsdale, and published at the pleasant little town of Keswick, at the head of one of the most beautiful of the beautiful lakes to which it serves as a guide.* We have personally and practically tested its accuracy and usefulness, and can safely aver that it is *an excellent* guide—one of the very best books we know of, of that kind. The author—honest Jonathan Otley—is a respectable watchmaker at Keswick, a fine hale old man, that has walked *many times* over every bit of ground he describes, and that still takes his walks along the Derwentwater, and his evening cup of mild ale at the pretty little inn that stands close by Lowdore. And he is as well worth seeing as that famous waterfall!—delightful to converse with on the subject of his own glorious lakes!

The railroads will carry many hundreds down to Cumberland who would not otherwise have thought of such a journey. As well-wishers to *them*, as well as to the good old author, we hope that every party of such tourists will provide themselves with a copy of Jonathan's "Concise Description of the English Lakes." When we made that happy journey, we had (as book-ridden people) about a dozen works, large and small, with us; but, for usefulness, we found that we were constantly obliged to refer to *his*—and that *his* was, in itself, quite enough. It contains a small but excellent map of the whole of the lake country. Doctor Southey—a competent judge—agrees with us, we believe, in stating that, as a guide-book, it is a very perfect one.

History of the Campaign in France, in the Year 1814. *Translated from the Russian of A. Mikhailofsky-Danilefsky. Illustrated by Plans and Maps of the Operations of the Army.*

The author of this volume served as aide-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander, and was constantly at head quarters, from which point alone all the bearings of a campaign can be seen. He is esteemed by his countrymen as a good soldier, a good writer, and an able statesman, and he is a member of the Imperial Senate. His work—somewhat of the latest—first appeared at St. Petersburgh during the latter part of the year 1836; and it was there received with great applause, being praised for its accuracy and impartiality. In book-making the Russians as yet are tyros, though, generally speaking, the little they do in this way seems to be well done. Of the memorable campaign of 1814, which began on the Rhine and ended with the capture of Paris, and the sending of Napoleon Buonaparte to Elba, we have read French accounts, Italian accounts, Austrian accounts, Prussian accounts, and several English accounts. [In our vernacular, that is not the worst which bears on its title-page the name of a certain most noble marquis, but which, assuredly was *not written* by that illustrious person.] After all this, we think it but fair to lend an attentive ear to an account put forth by the Russians, who certainly bore an important part in that memorable campaign, though not quite so decisive and absorbing a one as this member of the Imperial Senate assumes it to have been. But still, after bearing with the prejudices and self-laudations of all the other parties engaged, we may tolerate a little Russian *suffisance*, merely hinting at the beginning that our author ought to have said a word or two about the English monies, without which he and his countrymen could never have crossed the Vistula. (*We* are paying for these things in every mouthful of bread we take, but the Holy Alliance people seem to be happily oblivious—to have forgotten that, after all, it was English gold and English credit that overthrew the man that had humbled them all.)

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* Copies, however, are procurable in London at Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall's.

The Emperor Alexander, whom our senator elevates into the reputation of a profound statesman and first-rate soldier, was little or nothing of this; but he was an amiable man, a graceful and dignified performer, and in his heart a better sovereign than the Russian court and system were fitted to bear. Passing over the history of his first disputes and contests with the French, we may still applaud his conduct, and that of his people, in his last struggle with Napoleon. This was the fourth time that Russia girded on her sword; and what man of sufficient age is there that does not remember how her appearance in the field was hailed by all Europe, from the Danube to the Tagus, from the North Sea to the Mediterranean! She was then attacked in her own mighty home by an insolent conqueror, with a host of all nations, drunk with blood, and accustomed to roam and live at discretion, wherever it suited their purpose—she was assaulted, and insultingly told that she must submit to the decrees of Napoleon, or her czars and her nobles should be driven into Siberia. All but young men must recollect those stirring times, when all Europe in breathless suspense waited the event of this new war of giants; and the wishes, the prayers, the blessings, the hearty concurrence of every true patriot, whether German, Spaniard, English, Dane, Swede, or Swiss—of all, in short, who hoped to have a country left to them. Would Russia stand true and firm in the dreadful trial? Would she resist not only attack in the field, but also insinuations and blandishments in the cabinet? Such were the anxious questions at the time. She did both, and bravely; and victory and triumph were her reward. These are not things to be forgotten, albeit since then Russia may have inspired many reasonable jealousies and distastes by her encroachments on the territories and rights of others. For ourselves, we cannot forget how bulletin after bulletin reached us in those stern days of trial: the Niemen, the Borysthenes, the Dwina, the Moskwa, were passed; Moskow the Holy was taken, the conqueror stretched forth from the Kremlin his iron hand over prostrate Europe—he gazed at his hundreds of thousands, and in a few weeks where were they? . . . . A blaze, a conflagration, such as had not been seen since the days of Salamis, made of the ancient capital of Russia an holocaust to patriotism; and that night, by the reflection of burning domes, the Russian army marched away in deep silence, to recruit its strength, and treasure up its revenge. In these doubting days, doubt has been thrown upon this great Russian sacrifice, and the burning of Moscow has been represented as *not* proceeding from any premeditated plan. Nay, Count Rostopchin, the governor of Moscow, has positively denied in print that there was ever any such plan. In a *brochure*, entitled "*La vérité sur l'incendie de Moscou,*" which was published at Paris in the year 1823, the count says, "Several individuals set fire to their own houses, rather than leave them in possession of the invaders; and the French soldiers, seeking for plunder, or for wine and spirits in the cellars, where they got intoxicated, did the rest." And from a few words in the volume before us we learn that Milorádovitch, who commanded the army which had fallen back upon Moscow, did not set fire to it.

> "He merely ordered the King of Naples to be told, that if the advance of the French was not instantly stopped, he would set fire to the town and bury himself

> under its ruins. Napoleon, who was then with Murat, complied with Milorádovitch's demand, and not only our rear-guard, but the immense mass of troops and baggage which then encumbered the streets of Moscow, quitted the town unmolested."

But Count Rostopchin, in saying that some individuals voluntarily set fire to their own houses, admits quite enough for the beginning of that grand catastrophe, and we have the most positive assurances from Segur, and other writers, that the French subsequently arrested a number of Russians going from street to street, and setting fire to the houses by means of combustibles purposely prepared. It may be quite certain that Milorádovitch did not set fire to the town on evacuating it; it may be probable that Rostopchin, the governor, gave no direct instructions for firing it; but the first thought of some of the inhabitants was afterwards acted upon by thousands of others, and by the government itself. On the 16th of September, the day after Napoleon took up his residence in the Kremlin, the city was on fire, not at one point, but at fifty; it was on fire in quarters widely separated from each other, and in some of which not a French soldier had penetrated. Count Rostopchin, however, has done something to spoil one of the grandest stories in the annals of any people, and to add one more to those "historical doubts," which will exercise the ingenuity of future ages. But, in whatever manner it was burned, the French paid for its burning—the retribution upon them was tremendous, awful, unparalleled in modern history. They disappeared among the white plains of Russia; and when the last of their miserable remnants had been driven across the last of the Russian rivers, out of Poland, through Germany, and across the Rhine, the avenging Russians, uniting with Austrians, Prussians, Bavarians, Saxons, Wurtemberghers, and others, repaid invasion by invasion, and scoured and scourged "*la belle France,*" though far less severely than the French had scourged other nations.

Many of the descriptions of this memorable campaign, as given by our Russian author, are exceedingly spirited; and our readers, to whom we may recommend the volume, will find in it much to amuse and instruct, and many little anecdotes that are altogether new to the English public. We will select a few detached passages.

When Mardenko entered Coblentz, he found in one of the squares a monument to commemorate the occupation of Moscow by the French, and bearing this inscription, "To the Great Napoleon, in honour of the immortal Campaign of 1812."

Colonel Mardenko left the monument untouched, but under the inscription caused the following words to be engraved:—"Seen and approved by us, Russian Commandant of Coblentz in 1813."

CROSSING THE RHINE.

> "The care of making the necessary preparations for crossing the Rhine had been entrusted, by Baron Wintzengerode, to the chief of his advanced guard, Chernishéff, who had everything in readiness by the first of January. Having reported this to the commander of the corps, he received for answer, that he must wait till the river was clear of ice, when there would be no danger in crossing. It was in vain that he represented the possibility of passing the Rhine, and the necessity of getting speedily into line with the armies in the field. The chief of the corps peremptorily refused his consent, and put off the execution of the Emperor's order till a more favourable season. At last, however, he yielded to pressing entreaties, and gave an order for crossing; at the same time adding, that, in the event of failure, General Chernishéff must take the responsibility on himself. Having collected boats and rafts, the latter embarked seven hundred light infantry and Cossacks, under the command of Colonel Benkendorf. At ten o'clock in the morning they pushed off from the bank, which was crowned by thirty-six guns, so placed as to play upon the enemy stationed on the opposite bank, on which there were two redoubts. The French, confounded by the audacity of an attempt made in open day, rather than taken by surprise, abandoned their redoubts, retired to some distance, and did not

attack the Russians till the latter had crossed the river, and occupied a hamlet on the left bank. The vessels which ferried across Benkendorf having returned to the right bank, seven hundred more troops were embarked, and with these Chernisheff crossed the river in person. The moment he landed he attacked the French and routed them, and having occupied the village of Neissé, proceeded to Aix-la-Chapelle, whither he was followed by the remaining troops of the advanced-guard, consisting of four battalions of light infantry, the Hulans of Volhynia, two squadrons of hussars, four regiments of Cossacks, and a troop of horse artillery. General Wintzengerode lingered for several days in Düsseldorf without giving a single order to the advanced-guard, which thus remained unsupported in an enemy's country, as if it had been a flying detachment. At length, he began to cross the river with his corps, between Düsseldorf and Cologne, and then, by echelons, followed the advanced-guard, which, moving on without opposition, occupied Liege with the Cossacks on the 12th of January."

Our author takes credit to his master for the determination of driving out Napoleon altogether. It should appear, however, from his account, that Alexander had no very great affection for the Bourbons. A great deal of bad logic was made use of in these deliberations. In one paper Providence is insulted by an awkwardness of expression. The diplomatists of Europe are made to say—"If Providence should turn circumstances, and even Napoleon himself, into engines for the destruction of his political existence, it would neither be contrary to justice, nor to the interests of Europe."

THE BATTLE OF BRIENNE.

"There were 100,000 men under arms, of whom 40,000 were Russians, 20,000 Austrians, 8,000 Prussians, 17,000 Bavarians, and 14,000 Wirtembergers. Not more than 80,000, however, took part in the combat, as the reserve was not called into action. In this number we do not include Count Colloredo's Austrian corps of 25,000 men, which did not reach Vandœuvres from Bar-sur-Seine till past two o'clock in the afternoon, having been ordered to march from the former town along the left bank of the Aube, in order to wrest the bridge of Dienville out of the hands of the enemy. It followed that Count Collodero did not arrive on the field of battle till the engagement was over. All the troops were placed under the command of Marshal Blücher, to whom the sovereigns had confided the ordering of the battle.

"The weather was gloomy, and a cold wind blew in gusts driving heavy snow showers, which for some minutes at a time rendered everything invisible; but when the sky cleared up, the lines of the French troops were plainly to be seen, formed in order of battle before Brienne. The extremity of their right wing, which was under the command of General Gérard, was at Dienville, the left wing, commanded by Marshal Marmont, rested on Morvilliers, and the centre occupied La Rothière, la Giberie, Petit-Menil, and Chaumenil. In the rear of these villages were stationed the reserve and the guard, under the command of Marshals Mortier, Oudinot, and Ney. In the enemy's army there were 70,000 men under arms. For those who, in the campaigns of former years, had witnessed the impetuous attacks of Napoleon, it was curious to see this once despotic sovereign of the battle-field, (in whose presence but few generals ventured to manœuvre, striving only to ward off his blows,) now that the war had been carried into the heart of France, standing motionless at Brienne, that place so fruitful to him in youthful recollections, and modestly waiting to see what the Allies would do. Even the choice of his position was injudicious. In the event of victory, he could not take advantage of it, for the Allies, if defeated, could retreat, unmolested, beyond Bar-sur-Aube, on the direct line of their communications.

"From the heights of Trannes there was a very extensive view of the surrounding country. This circumstance gave occasion to a great deal of discussion about the approaching battle, with reference especially to the most advantageous way of attacking the enemy. Prince Schwarzenberg, and the chief of his staff, Count Radetsky, kept to their original plan, in conformity to which orders had already been sent to the chiefs of corps to attack the enemy in front, and to General these words: 'Tell the Field Marshal that he has crowned all his former victories.' The day was indeed a day of triumph for the Prussian leader, who commanded and fought under the eyes of the Allied Monarchs, and of the two commanders-in-chief. Prince Schwarzenberg and Count Barclay were spectators of the combat, which Blücher ably directed and happily terminated; but neither word nor look betrayed the slightest feeling of jealousy in either. On the contrary, they strove to co-operate with him by their counsels, and by their readiness to send him reinforcements from the troops under their command. It is a pleasant duty to cite this noble feature of their respective characters; and while doing homage to the unsullied purity of the feelings of those distinguished commanders, to hold them up to admiration, as the worthy organs of the will of two virtuous monarchs."

THE CAPITULATION OF PARIS.

"The enemy now sent to inform Count Langeron of the cessation of hostilities, who soon received an order from his Majesty to that purpose, and the news of the negociations for the surrender of Paris. 'The French call for quarter! Paris is surrendering!' These words flew like lightning from mouth to mouth among the officers, and were repeated by the men. 'So, Father Paris! you must now pay for Mother Moscow!' said a soldier, making the sign of the redemption. After some short disputes with the French, Count Langeron placed guards at the issues of Paris, called in the skirmishers who were scattered about the suburbs, posted his troops on the slope of Montmartre, and ordered eighty-four guns to be planted on the top of the hill, and pointed against Paris. When these arrangements were made, the Colonel of the Riazán regiment made the band get upon the very top of a windmill, and play a march. The music of the other regiments followed the example, and in a moment, from a spot threatening death and destruction, Montmartre was changed into one of rejoicing. White flags were displayed at the gates, or, to speak more correctly, tablecloths and napkins fastened to poles, and the populace, in thousands, crowded to the barriers, demanding permission to visit the Russian camp; this favour, however, was granted exclusively to the fair sex."

ALEXANDER'S ENTRANCE INTO PARIS.

"The immense edifices of Paris gradually came fully into view. Some of our officers had rode into town early in the morning, with orders of different kinds, and, on their return, excited, by the accounts they gave of it, the general eagerness to be in the capital. All were burning with impatience to enter a city which had so long assumed the right of giving law to the world in matters of taste and fashion; in which were unrivalled treasures of art and science, and from which issued those oppressive regulations which had weighed down so many nations. To crown their two years' series of victories, nothing was wanting to the Russians but the triumphant possession of the French capital; for, till that consummation, it was impossible not to feel that public justice had not been satisfied, that our offended national dignity had not been avenged, and that a full equivalent had not been obtained for an unparalleled expenditure of blood and treasure. But another half hour's fighting, and the mighty empire, which had extended from the Baltic to the Tagus, shaken to its very foundations, and tottering to its fall, might have presented to the gazer's eye but a huge mass of crumbling ruins.

"At nine o'clock in the morning we reached the suburbs, where a countless multitude crowded the streets, and the roofs and windows of the houses. At first it seemed as if the inhabitants were still under the influence of fear, for their acclamations were not general. This continued for a few minutes, during which they kept continually asking us and one another, 'Where is the Emperor?' 'There he is,—there is Alexander,' exclaimed they. 'How graciously he nods to us; with what kindness he speaks with us!' 'I am not come among you as an enemy,' said his Majesty. A Frenchman saying, they had long been looking for the Emperor's arrival,' his Majesty replied, 'I should have been sooner here, but for the bravery of your troops.' The French, who had pictured to themselves the Russians as worn out by long campaigns and hard fighting, as speaking a language altogether unknown to them, and dressed in a wild outlandish fashion, could hardly believe their eyes, when they saw the smart Russian uniforms, the glittering arms, the joyous expression of the men, their healthy countenances, and the kind deportment of the officers. The sharp repartees of the latter, in the French language, completed their astonishment. 'You are not Russians,' said they to us, 'you are surely emigrants.'

A short time, however, served to convince them of the contrary, and the report of the, to them incredible, accomplishments of the conquerors, flew from mouth to mouth. The praises of the Russians knew no bounds; the women from the windows and balconies welcomed us by waving their handkerchiefs, and from one end of Paris the cry of 'Long live Alexander! Long live the Russians!' was uttered by a million of voices.

"We passed through the suburbs of Montmartre, and turned off to the left along the Boulevards, where the crowd soon became prodigious: indeed, it was hardly possible to make one's way on horseback. The inhabitants kept constantly stopping our horses, and launching out in praise of Alexander; but they rarely alluded to the other allies. Emboldened by the affability of the Emperor, they began to wish for a change of government, and to proclaim the Bourbons. White cockades appeared in the hats, and white handkerchiefs in the air; not a few of the people crowded round his Majesty, requesting that he would remain in France. 'Reign over us,' said they, 'or give us a monarch like yourself.'"

A SINGULAR PETITION.

"The Emperor one day received the following letter from a Frenchwoman:—'We have lost in Napoleon our benefactor, and, along with him, our means of existence. Although your Majesty has waged war against him, the French are still able to appreciate your generosity. Relying on this general opinion, I have recourse to your Majesty with a petition that you would furnish me with a sum of money sufficient to enable me to reach Tuscany, and reside on the coast opposite to the isle of Elba. There I shall have in view the place where the man dwells, on whom my gaze has been and ever will be fixed.' I received his Majesty's commands to find out the petitioner, who had not signed her name, and to furnish her with the money necessary for her journey."

THE COLUMN OF VICTORY, AND THE APOLLO BELVIDERE.

"While riding through the Place Vendôme, where stood the lofty column surmounted with Napoleon's statue, the Emperor, in my hearing, said: 'If I stood as high, I should be afraid of my head growing giddy.'

"One of the most curious articles ever published by the government of a conquered country is the following: 'The public is informed by the police, that the monument on the *Place Vendôme* is under the protection of the magnanimity of his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias and his allies. The sculpture on the summit cannot, under the present circumstances, remain where it is, for which reason it will be replaced by a statue of Peace.' On this column, erected in honour of the victories gained by the French troops, stood, as we have said, a statue of Napoleon, to which the mob had several times fastened a rope, and with fearful cries endeavoured to pull it down. One daring fellow got upon the shoulders of the statue, and slapped the face on both sides. That the statue was not destroyed, the Parisians owe it to the monarch in whose capital Napoleon conducted himself on very different principles. Russian soldiers mounted guard to preserve the monument of him who had stained Russia with blood from the Niemen to Moscow.

"At this time our allies by right of conquest selected and took away much of what the French had carried off from Germany and Italy. The Russians looked on as disinterested and indifferent spectators, for they had nothing to receive, having balanced accounts with the French while the latter were yet in the heart of Russia. Happening one day to be in the so called Napoleon Museum, which contained inestimable treasures of art, I met the Emperor accompanied by the well-known director-in-chief Denon. His Majesty observing that the statues were wanting on several of the pedestals, and pointing to one of the vacant spaces, said: 'What stood there formerly?' 'The Apollo Belvidere,' answered Denon. 'Where is it now?' continued the Emperor. 'As soon as Paris was threatened with danger,' said Denon in a humble tone, 'we sent it to Orleans.' 'If you had left it at Paris,' replied Alexander, 'I can assure you that nobody would have laid a finger on it; but now if the Cossacks should get hold of it, it will be their lawful prize.'"

Our author says that even when at Troyes, Lord Castlereagh told Alexander that it was necessary to think of peace with Napoleon; that he had orders to take advantage of every occasion for making peace; and that the emperor firmly replied, "My lord, it will not be a peace, it will be a truce. I cannot fly to your aid, having four hundred leagues to march with my armies. I will not make peace so long as Napoleon is on the throne."

Westmoreland and Cumberland Dialects; Dialogues, Poems, Songs, and Ballads, by various Writers, in the Westmoreland and Cumberland Dialects, now first collected: with a copious Glossary of Words peculiar to those Counties.

An Exmoor Scolding; in the propriety and decency of Exmoor Language, between two Sisters, Wilmot Moreman and Thomasin Moreman, as they were spinning; also an Exmoor Courtship.

John Noakes and Mary Styles; or "An Essex Calf's" Visit to Tiptree Races; a Poem, exhibiting some of the most striking Lingual Localisms peculiar to Essex. With a Glossary. By Charles Clark, Esq., of Great Totham Hall, Essex.

A Glossary of Provincial and Local Words used in England. By Francis Grose, Esq., F.R. and A.S.S. *To which is now first incorporated the Supplement,* by Samuel Pegge, Esq., F.S.A.

A Bibliographical List of the Works that have been published towards illustrating the Provincial Dialects of England. By John Russell Smith.

All these works, belonging to a class which has been too much neglected, are published by Mr. John Russell Smith, of Old Compton Street, Soho—a man expert in the collecting of old books, courteous in the selling of them, and one that knows a good deal more of them than the mere title-page. We need not dwell upon the usefulness of such works to the philologist. A mere glance at Todd's Johnson's Dictionary will show the importance of our provincial dialects. Many of the peculiarities of dialect prevalent in the time of the Anglo-Saxons, the fathers of our language, are still preserved by the common people in various parts of the country. In some particular districts the fine old Anglo-Saxon is found in its least altered and most incorrupt state; and as Alfieri frequented the market-place of Florence to study the glorious Tuscan idiom among the common people, who had admitted no fashionable corruptions—no neologisms; so might we repair to our country markets, fairs, and wakes, to study the good old native English, the most nervous and plain speaking of languages.

No other two counties in England have so many pieces, both in prose and verse, illustrative of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and written in their own dialect, as the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland. In the first of these volumes the philologist will find numerous examples of words and phrases which are either obsolete in the general language of England, or which have been peculiar to Westmoreland or Cumberland from time immemorial. Nor are the pieces uninteresting in other respects. Some of these *patois* verses are rich in the true spirit and vigour of poetry.

The "Exmoor Scolding" is a very rich bit of West-of-Englandism, and a perfect specimen of the language of scolding, with a *copia verborum* in abuse, which can scarcely be matched anywhere else. This rich collection was originally made about the beginning of last century by a blind itinerant fiddler, one Peter Lock, of North Molton—who was a fellow of some humour, and wit and oracle as well as fiddle-scraper to the bumpkins in those parts. His skill in fiddling, however, recommended him to the notice of people of a higher condition, whom he was accustomed also to amuse *à la Mathews*, with imitations, dialogues, &c. A neighbouring clergyman, in a happy moment, wrote down the substance of the "Exmoor Scolding," as it fell from the lips of Master Peter, published it before his death, which happened about the year 1725, and thus secured a little niche in the Temple of Fame for the poor old blind fiddler. *Manet opus!*

The verses in the Essex dialect are quite modern, but very droll, and marked with "that tint of ancient phrase and that naïveté" which Mr. D'Israeli deplores should have been for ever lost.

The cheap reprint of Grose's well-known Glossary, with the incorporation of Pegge's Supplement, will be sure to find many purchasers; and the last little *brochure*, Mr. John Russell Smith's Bibliographical List, will be very serviceable to such as prosecute the study of our provincial dialects, or are collecting works upon that curious subject. We very cordially recommend it to notice, as well as his quarterly catalogue of old books in general literature, which is compiled with more than ordinary care, and which is, in most instances, very enticing in the moderateness of its prices.

A Tour in Connaught; comprising Sketches of Clonmacnoise, Joyce Country, and Achill. By the Author of "Sketches in Ireland." *With Illustrations engraved on Wood.*

The anonymous author of this volume published, a few years ago, "Sketches in the North and South of Ireland," which we remember with satisfaction as a lively and agreeable book, and one sufficiently free from national or any other kind of prejudices. And we may safely say as much of these sketches in Connaught, which are the result of an excursion made in that important province in the summer of 1838. All that he says of one of his reasons for publishing is completely borne out by his performance, for he indeed writes as a native who has made the history, antiquities, traditionary lore, and social relations of Ireland his study, and is therefore more competent to afford information on these subjects than a mere English tourist. We have no doubt whatever that his lively, unaffected book will find readers, and realise his hope that such readers will rise from its perusal with a more kindly and better feeling towards Ireland than they entertained before, although, like an honest traveller, he tells of many wild, improvident, and mischievous doings on the part of the Irish people. But assuredly the English people will blush at the arbitrary bloody doings of their ancestors in that fair but unhappy island. Our author's historical sketches and descriptions of battles in the days of Queen Elizabeth and of Oliver Cromwell, who, though mild and merciful to the vanquished in England, waded in blood in Ireland, are given with brevity and vigour. Some of his anecdotes, of a less tragical kind, are delightful. The following has often been told before, but never better; and many of our readers may be altogether unacquainted with the story, and the character of the drunken lord lieutenant who ruled over Ireland in the staid and virtuous days of George the Third.

> "Passing rapidly through the town, some circumstances connected with it came vividly to my recollection; the inn of the town *I must* remember as long as I live—its titled landlady I well recollect—the Lady Cuffe; never did the fountain of honour play off such a ludicrous prank, as when it showered its spray on the head of an innkeeper; yet so it was, when about seventy years ago the Viceroy of Ireland dubbed mine host of Kilbeggan a Knight. Lord Townshend, the then lord lieutenant, a man addicted to the most dissolute habits, and who, by the satirical writers of that day, was represented as one perfectly regardless of pomp, dignity, or parade—one who, as he walked the streets, used to scatter his ribald jests among the common

passengers; whose festivities were often degraded down to disorder, and his recreations to indelicacy; he, on occasion of a journey to Connaught, was, by some accident that occurred to his equipage, obliged to stop at Kilbeggan for the night, and partake of such accommodation as Mr. Cuffe, the innkeeper, could afford. In those days good claret was not an unusual thing to be had even in small country inns; and it so happened that Mr. Cuffe was able to send up some fowl and fish well cooked and well served, and that the claret was in its *bouquet* and flavour adapted to his Excellency's taste; accordingly the great man unbent himself among his boon companions, and while losing sobriety, he forgot decorum; and as he, on another occasion, introduced his fox-hounds into the council chamber, now as a hair-brained bacchanalian, he ordered the host to make his appearance, and when he came into the PRESENCE, Viceroy, in an affectedly grave speech, returned him thanks for his excellent cheer, and announced, that he would not repay the *obligation* in any other manner but in conferring on him the order of knighthood, and, accordingly, in spite of some of the more sober of the party, who remonstrated against this act of whimsical licentiousness, he actually forced mine host to kneel down, and duly dubbing him in set phrase and form, said—'Rise up, thou mirror of innkeepers, and be from henceforth Sir Thomas Cuffe.' The astonishment of the innkeeper may be well supposed, as he returned to his wife to inform her of her new honours. The viceregal visiter, as usual, retired to rest, utterly reckless of what he had done, and rose in the morning, altogether forgetful, until reminded of the transaction; at which, when informed, he was not a little annoyed, but plucking up courage, he said to his aide-de-camp—'It certainly *was* carrying the joke too far, but curse the fellow, sure he will not take any advantage of it? Call him before me, and I'll persuade him to hush up the matter.' Accordingly, the man was introduced—'Mr. Cuffe,' says his excellency, 'a circumstance occurred last night, which I am sure you understood in the proper light; it was, it is true, carrying THE JOKE too far; I hope, sir, you feel as becomes you, and that you will say no more about it, nor let the thing get wind.' 'Oh! indeed, my lord, the honour you have conferred on me, though I am right sensible of its importance, is still what I, for *one*, would have no objection to forego, under a proper *consideration*; but, please your excellency, what will my Lady Cuffe say?' The innkeeper and his wife were Sir and my Lady all their lives. The man died long before I ever passed through Kilbeggan, but I perfectly remember my Lady Cuffe."

But our author had other and less agreeable recollections about Kilbeggan.

"The remembrance of an ennobled hotel-keeper, however, is not what has fastened the inn so much on my memory, as a still more *personal* occurrence; for, be it known, and the part most concerned tingles while I tell it, I got the greatest kicking ever man got in Lady Cuffe's yard. The lamentable event was on this wise:—I, in the summer of 1799, the year after the rebellion, was travelling from the county of Westmeath to that of Tipperary, and on my way rode into my Lady Cuffe's Inn, at Kilbeggan; there I saw, sauntering about the house, and smoking as they reclined here and there, a set of outlandish looking soldiers—gigantic fellows with terrible *moustaches* and other accoutrements denoting them to be foreigners. I was a young, spare, lathy lad at that time, much under twenty, and, like a gaping green-horn, I must needs proceed to the stables to inspect the horses and appointments of these much dreaded men, who, I was told, were Hessians; suppose me then standing in the stables '*sicut mos est Milesianorum*,' as is the custom of Irishmen, with my mouth open, admiring all the stirrups, saddles, and bridles, &c. &c. of the Germans—moreover, be it recollected, that it was a token of loyalty in those days to carry a queue or tail pendent from the back of your neck, and that those who neglected or lost such an accompaniment were counted disaffected—they were Croppies. Poor *innocent* Croppy then as I was, there I stood unconscious of coming evil, when I all at once found myself seized on from behind, by the grasp as it were of a giant—my arms pinioned with one hand, the poll of my neck searched for the deficient tail with the other, and my seat of honour assailed with an immense jack boot, whose toe did horrible execution, such as a battering ram would inflict on a very weak postern, and then a terrible cry was shouted close to my ears, 'You be one Croppy rascal, vat te devil bring te yong rebill here?—take *dat*—and *dat*—and *dat*.' So he kicked me in the stable, and he kicked me in the yard, and he kicked me in the street, and he kicked me up the front steps of the inn, and there the cruel monster, who was at least six feet four inches in height, then left me, as a hound would let drop a hare out of his mouth, pounded in body, and wounded in mind. Oh! the toe of that terrible jack boot, never can I forget the infliction—what was I to do?—take vengeance of course. Vengeance on whom?—a common soldier—have the fellow punished—stay in the town until you lodge the complaint before his officer—have him tried, flogged, and what not—oh! but that would take time—I should stop with my Lady Cuffe, that would take money, with which I was not over-burthened; so I thought it better to take patience, call for a chaise, and putting plenty of straw under me, for air-cushions were not then invented, proceed in a very delicate state to the end of my journey, my only consolation being, that though a kicked man, the disgrace and pain were not inflicted by a countryman—by a *rale* O, or a true Mac, but by a brutal Hessian."

In the following pleasant passage we are led back to the middle ages. Sir Hugh De Lacy was one of those Norman knights who went over with Strongbow to the conquest of Ireland.

"Sir Hugh was an extraordinary horseman—his leap over the drawbridge of his fortress is, as I have said, yet recorded, and the spot shown, and the name of the place and village will record, as long as time lasts, this feat of a Norman knight. Alas! for the De Lacys—like the De Courcys and Tyrrells of that day, they did not respect the prejudices of the people; one of the castles he was building he dared to found on the site of an old abbey. The Irish were shocked at the profanation, the act therefore of the assassin was applauded by all, and even the avenging peasant's deed was counted religiously meritorious, as exciting the anger of St. Columbkill on him who was the usurper of his abby, and the spoiler of his churches. Be it as it will, the De Lacys were a valiant and noble race. Hugh, the founder of Ardnorcher, or Horseleap Castle, left two sons. Hugh, the eldest, one of the most politic of men, contrived to supplant John De Courcy, the conqueror of Ulster, in the favour of King John, and eventually succeeded in driving him out of his province, and assuming the government. The story of the rivalship of the De Courcys and De Lacys might be made the subject of a very interesting historical romance. I have often wondered that Sir Walter Scott, after introducing the De Lacys into an English story, did not follow up the subject, by making some use of the materials which Irish history affords of this noble race; their strange vicissitudes of fortune—now favourites—now rebels—defeated to-day by De Courcy—and in a short space of time supplanting him and driving him from Ulster—again falling under the displeasure of their monarch, and obliged to fly for refuge to France, and there forced to work as gardeners on the grounds of a Norman Abbot—and again, when unable to conceal their noble bearing, they were detected by the good ecclesiastic, and by his intercession reconciled to the king, and restored to their fiefs, we find the weak and vacillating John writing a letter to Walter De Lacy, entreating him to forget all animosities, and assuring him of future favour and protection."

After this enticing *précis*, we shall not be surprised to see a regular romance, in three volumes octavo, entitled "The De Lacys."

In describing Moate, which, he says, is "a neat and pretty place, as all towns in Ireland are that are much inhabited by Quakers," our tourist indulges in some pleasant speculation.

"*I have often supposed that Ireland might be advantaged, in a worldly sense at least, were its people to turn Quakers.* What a change my fancy contemplates—a nation of fighters turned into a community of friends; but how cruel would it be thus to cut up the trades of distillers, publicans, pike-makers, and policemen! To be sure this snug, smooth, easy-going people, too, had their hot times as well as others; and the steady, demure, barrel-bodied *Friend*, with his single-breasted surcoat scarcely able to girth in his abdomenic protuberance, or the pale, placid, dove-eyed, and sadly attired sister of the present day, are but cool contrasts to the stern, burning, fervid, bare-boned, proselytizing fanatic of George Fox's time, who roamed the world, testifying against parsons, priests, and steeple-houses. When John Parrot, moved by mighty impulse, went to convert the Doge of Venice—and Samuel Fisher rushed to Rome, to testify the truth before roseate cardinals, and instead of kissing the Pope's toe, give it a bite, and tell his holiness he was antichrist—nay more, when the pale Mary Fisher appeared in her simple garb and sweet solemn face before the Turkish Sultan, in the presence of his mighty army at Adrianople, and there spoke what she had on her mind with much simple solemnity and unveiled modesty, that Mahomet heard her with gravity and attention, and though he might have wished to have such a variety of womankind in his harem, he dismissed her with admiration and respect; so much so, that she passed through hordes of Paynims without a guard, and arrived at Constantinople without scoff or hurt—I say, the quiet, sedate, unmeddling Quakers of the present day, are as different from their progenitors, as the frigid from the torrid zone, and occupying now the cool, sequestered character of those who mind their own business, we see them prosperous in themselves, and not interfering with others, except in a *temporal* sense, to do them good. This may be worldly prudence, but its Christian character I don't understand."

Our author's account of his visit to the "Seven Churches," (not those in Asia Minor and in the Apocalypse, but the Seven Churches in Clonmacnoise,) with all the curses that fell upon Cromwell's red-coats for breaking the images and crosses there, is exceedingly amusing, and by no means destitute of little touches of a good and tolerant philosophy.

O'Rourke's Tower at Clonmacnoise is a remarkable structure.

"Mr. Claffy's allusion to O'Rourke's tower directed my particular attention to it —particular, I say, for it is the great prominent eye-attracting object of the whole scene; without any exception it is the most beautiful round tower in existence; it stands on an elevation at the western side of the churchyard, and in a line with the principal buildings; the ground sinks from it abruptly towards the Shannon; and just under it, to the north, is the holy well. Nothing can equal the beautiful effect of this simple pillar-tower, cutting, as it does, on the horizon, and relieved by the sombre background of the bog on the other side of the Shannon, that spreads for miles, cold, flat, and desolate; and then the tower itself is so beautifully time-tinted, I think I never saw anything erected by human hands so painted by fortuitous vegetation. I might conceit that time, proud of his secret, so well kept by these Irish towers, had called on nature to deck out this masterpiece in its kind with all its lichens and mosses, producing every colour that could or ought to harmonise, in order to present what art could not imitate, and what the painter would despair of picturing, or the narrator of describing. Other round towers that I have seen, and few have seen more of them than I have, are excellent specimens of masonry; some of them more, some less, exhibit indubitable proofs that in early times the line, plummet, and hammer, were used with considerable handicraft in Ireland; but here, instead of the asler or the stone-chisel work of other towers, a marble pillar has been erected almost as smooth as Pompey's in Egypt, or, if a more familiar comparison will better suit, almost as smooth as the chimney-piece in your drawing room. It is composed of that immense secondary limestone formation that covers, with little interruption, the central plains of Ireland—which in many places assumes the compactness, the ringing sound, and the capability of polish, which constitute what in commerce is called marble. The stone of the tower is of an ash grey colour, full of madreporic concretions; and as a proof how much more permanent such a marble is, when polished, than granite or any other material, these stones, though exposed to the elements for a thousand years at least, are as untouched by the tooth of time, as if they came yesterday from under the polisher's hands; for, I repeat it, that every stone in the courses of this building must have been polished and fitted as you would set up your chimney-piece; and there it stands, not encumbered with a rude bush of enveloping ivy, or with the rough garnishment of wall-flowers, sédums, and maidenhairs—no, but with the softest harmonising tints of lichens and close-creeping mosses. The doorway into the tower (as is usual in all perfect specimens, and where there are not occasions which require it to be otherwise, as is the case with M'Carthy's tower in this cemetery, and with that on the rock of Cashel) is fourteen or fifteen feet from the ground; it is of beautiful and yet simple construction. I could not get into this tower to ascertain the interior arrangement of its lofts. In almost every other tower the interstices between the ranges of stone are sufficient to put in your toe at least, and, with the help of others, you can get up; but here, instead of a resting-place for your toe, you can scarcely find a place for the introduction of your toe-nail. Commend me to O'Rourke, prince of Brefney, for his spirit, taste, and devotedness, in the erection of this tower. Did he die before his admirable work was finished?—did the wars which have, from the beginning of time, wasted and neutralised nature's blessings in this island, extend their ravages to his fair domains?—was he *forced* to stop before he brought to a finish his beautiful work? But so it is; the tower that rises, as one fair polished shaft, to about fifty-five feet, then presents a quite different aspect; some 'prentice hand' has added about ten feet of additional structure, which, though perhaps as well built as most other round towers, presents such a contrast to the remainder, that it seems strange how any one could have the hardihood to make such an unseemly finish to so exquisite a work. Centuries, one might suppose, must have intervened before this additional work, with its eight windows, was added; and it only confirms me in my opinion, that these towers were erected as places of retreat and watch-towers. For both purposes, O'Rourke's is admirably circumstanced; even at the elevation originally given, it was high enough to take cognizance of the coming enemy, let him come from what point he might; it commanded the ancient causeway that was laid down, at a considerable expense, across the great bog on the Connaught side of the Shannon; it looked up and down the river, and commanded the tortuous and sweeping reaches of the stream, as it unfolded itself like an uncoiling serpent along the surrounding bogs and marshes; it commanded the line of the Aisgir Riada—could hold communication with the holy places of Clonfert, and from the top of its pillared height send its beacon light towards the sacred isles and anchorite retreats in Lough Ree; then it was large and roomy enough to contain all the officiating priests of Clonmacnoise, with their pixes, vestments, and books; and though the Pagan Dane or the wild Munsterman might rush on in rapid inroad, yet the solitary watcher on the tower was ready to give warning, and collect within the protecting pillar all holy men and things, until 'the tyranny was overpast.'"

We trust that these extracts will help to direct our readers' attention to a very genuine book, which, in a light, pleasant way, conveys a deal of information respecting both the past and the present condition of an important part of Ireland. And yet, before we leave, we must take the following as a parting glass.

CONNAUGHT FAIRIES.

"The fairies, who were ever and always fond of this grassy and sunny field, surrounded, as it is, with little knolls, looking like green china cups turned upside down on a tea-tray, were not over pleased at their pleasant dancing-green being tormented with all this cursing; they, therefore, (as they say,) have no fondness for what are called holy priests, and excommunicators, and exorcisors, and *that* not only for the reason that they are the well-known successors and representatives of such saints as Connell and Kerrill, and that they still love cursing with bell, book, and candle; but also, as said holy priests are apt, by night, to see double, therefore, as having much to do with SPIRITS, they also sometimes spy the fairies, and follow will-o'-the-wisps into bog-holes and ditches, while other less gifted people keep never minding them. Now, there was in this neighbourhood a holy priest. 'My grandmother (says my informant) often drank the water steeped in the blessed clay in which he was buried, but no matter for that.' And the fairies had a grudge against Father Christy, and watched to take him at an advantage; so one night, it was close up Hollantide, if it was not the very eve of All Saints' itself; any how, Father Christy was coming home to Kilconnell, from the hospitable house of one of his *gentlemen* parishioners. I think the place is, or was called Hillswood, and the moon, the deceiving moon, was up, and she threw her shadows and shinings in such a way, that it would be hard for any man, especially when coming from a place overflowing with hospitality, to pick his way quite straight; but at any rate the priest thought he had the path, and on he went, expecting every moment to see the abbey tower—when, mighty strange!!! his reverence found himself at the door of a great house, and standing at the hall-door, clad in green and gold lace, was a servant who bid him welcome, took his horse, with a low bow, and pointed to the open hall-door, and requested him to enter, which he did, nothing loath, for all round seemed as kind as it was lightsome and gay. At the entrance of a splendidly lit up chamber, he met a lovely lady with a goblet of wine in her hand, as clear and sparkling and enchanting as her own dark rolling eye, and she led him into where tables were laid out, and gallant gentlemen and gorgeous dames sat intermingled, and, as the priest entered, one and all rose and cried, "You're welcome, Father Christy;" and they were all equally so kind and so encouraging. 'Here's a seat by me,' says one; 'No,' says another; 'come beside ME, and have your back to the fire this cold night, dear, sweet Father Christy.' But all this kind and invitatory bustle was set at rest by the little splendid man dressed in green cut velvet, with a golden hunting-cap on his head, who sat at the head of the table, and who summoned him, with an air of superiority, to take a chair at *his* right hand, as the post of honour. And now, the work of the festive hour was being begun—each seemed about to address him, or herself, to the food they liked best; when up stood the Amphitryon of the feast, and with that satisfied air which denotes that the speaker is about to address a willing audience, he said, 'Gentlemen and ladies, before we set to, I propose that we drink the health of our guest. Father Christy, AND LONG MAY HE REIGN AMONGST US!' To which all, with one accord, assented, and were in the act of filling bumpers, and crying hip, hip, three-times-three, when the priest, on being offered the wine, as it went round, with all due gravity, and as became his calling, said, 'Most noble,' my unknown entertainer, and you, ye gay gentlemen and gracious ladies, I do, from my heart, respond to your hospitalities, and shall most willingly partake of your cheer, and especially your wine, for, as you all may know, it is more pleasant to set to drinking again than to eating; but this I must say, that it has ever been my own practice, and I do my endeavour, as becomes my cloth, to teach it to others, never to sit down to table without saying grace;' and, with that, his reverence, with his usual slight and agility, *cut* the sign of the cross on his breast, and said off his Latin with such holy rapidity, that none but a practised eye and ear could see or hear the reverend office; but, wondrous were its effects:—like a flash of lightning, or the shifting of the FATA MORGANA in the straits of Messina, or on the coast of the Giant's Causeway, all vanished: light, people, goblets, and good cheer—and lo, the priest rubbed his eyes and felt very much as if he had been just a sleeping, at the stump of an ash tree near the village, and nothing was very wrong about him, save that the knee of his thickset small-clothes was burst, and the rein of his good and quiet mare broken, which was altogether of no consequence, as the gentle beast was grazing but a few yards off. The priest used in after times, when wrought up to good humour at a station, to tell this adventure amongst the fairies.

"'I remember (says my informant) on one of those occasions, my grandmother asked his reverence what would have been the consequence had he drank off that bumper without saying grace. 'Why,' says the holy man, 'I never would have got away from them, they would have as hard a *hoult* of me, and I would be as *far in them* as any of the other people they have taken.'

"'My grandmother, God be good to her, was a great favourite with this priest, and good reason there was for it, for she was of the *thrue* three orders, the scapular, the cord, and the sacred heart; he, therefore, told her of many other doings he had with the 'good people;' amongst the rest, how one day he met on the road, of a fine summer's evening, (by-the-bye it was always after dinner he saw the 'GENTRY,') a hearse followed by a long line of gentlemen's carriages, and then horsemen with scarfs, country people in thousands, and the *keening* going on as if it was quite Christian, and his reverence turned back, as it is always decent to do so, and he followed them a considerable way along the road, but never a word could be got from any one, nor would they say whose burying it was, and where they were going, but by-and-by they came to an old building, and he saw every mother's soul of them, with coffin, carriages, hearses, and all, go into a hole in the wall, not bigger than what leads to a wasp's nest, and so says the priest, 'My nice little people, I'll be after following ye as far as I can,' and with that he thrust the butt-end of his whip into the hole after them, but when he took it out, the lead with which it was loaded was all melted, and he could not carry it any more, it smelt so strong of brimstone.'"

Chronicle of the Law Officers of Ireland. By CONSTANTINE J. SMYTH, B.A. of Lincoln's Inn.

This little volume will be best appreciated in Ireland; but the outline it gives of the legal history of that country, with sketches of the state of the law and its administrators at different periods, will be useful to those who study the civil history of the United Kingdoms. The Index and the Chronological Table are full and serviceable.

Charles the Tenth and Louis-Philippe. The Secret History of the Revolution of July 1830.

This work bears internal evidence of its being the production of an officer who has been intimately acquainted with the facts he has narrated. Judging from the statements here given, it would appear that the world are but little aware of the manner in which thrones are gained or lost. Whether the exiled family are again to be restored, or the present government to maintain its ascendency, is a question which time alone will, perhaps, determine; meanwhile those who may be desirous of understanding the true history of the past, will do well to consult this interesting volume, which contains some startling facts that appear hitherto to have been but little suspected. The work is exceedingly well got up, and contains portraits of Charles the Tenth, and of the Duke of Bordeaux.

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard. With Versions in the Greek, Latin, German, Italian, and French Languages.

This is the choicest of the many choice books that have been published by Mr. Van Voorst. We have spoken of the numerous illustrations before. They are indeed beautiful.

Gray's immortal Elegy has been translated, over and over again, in every language of civilised Europe, so that it would have been very easy to give this edition a still more polyglot character. We remember seeing it in Bohemian, and also in Hungarian, and we believe that there are two versions of it in Polish. Of the translations here given we think that the Italian is the best, and are quite sure that the French is the worst, for in it the whole tone and character of the original is lost. Some of the verses of the Italian translator are exceedingly happy, and as true as the different genius of language will admit to the original. Take, for example, the verse beginning, in Gray,

> "Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower;"

> "E d'erma torre il gufo ognor pensoso
> Si duole, al raggio de la luna amico,
> Di chi, girando il suo ricetto ombroso,
> Gli turba il regno solitario antico."

Or that other verse

> "The breezy call of incense-breathing morn;"
>
> "L'aura soave del nascente giorno,
> Di rondine il garrir su rozzo tetto,
> Del gallo il canto, o il rauco suon del corno
> Più non li desterà da l' umil letto."

This beautiful Italian version, which ought to be learnt by heart by all who are studying the Italian language, is by Giuseppe Torelli.

A Sketch of Native Education in India, under the superintendence of the Church of Scotland. With Remarks on the Character and Condition of the Hindus, as these bear upon the question of Conversion to Christianity. By JAMES BRYCE, D.D., late Chaplain of the Bengal Establishment of the East India Company.

This volume contains some very important and very consoling facts. Its object is to keep the great subject of native education in India before the Christian world, not in any one insulated and detached point of view, as seen by the moralist or the missionary, but as identified with a vast diversity of interests, and affected by the complex operations of a vast variety of elements, many of which are too apt to be overlooked on a superficial view.

The benevolent exertions of the Church of Scotland to procure the enlightenment of the natives of India are entitled to the admiration and gratitude of mankind; but we are compelled to doubt whether these efforts have, in all respects, been wisely directed. Indeed, it seems to us that the Scottish missionaries have begun at the wrong end. In the Appendix to the volume the reader will find some very curious specimens of Oriental Literature. The autobiography of a learned native who accompanied Mr. Elphinstone on his embassy to Caubul, is so interesting that we wish it had been longer. This Eastern *homme de lettres* is the son of a weaver of Gorakpur, who, having lost the use of his left arm in consequence of a fall from a horse, gave up weaving and took to books. He began to meditate upon the religious dissensions of mankind, and upon the attempts of different sects and religions to vilify the tenets of their opponents; and by this train of thinking his own bigoted persuasions were entirely destroyed. There is poetry and romance in this Mahometan's nature, for he tells us that it was long his chief pleasure to indulge in solitary rambles amongst the tombs of the illustrious and éminent, with which the ruined suburbs of Delhi are abundantly strewed, and that he was struck with wonder at all that exists, and longed for the revolution of time and the end of all things, that he might ascertain the great mystery. In the course of his travels with Mr. Elphinstone he picked up many books, both Persian and Arabic, to which he had been a stranger; and he thus states the results of his study and experience—results which seem strange and deplorable.

> "The soul is subject to increase and diminution, and to various modifications of condition, from one period to another. The notion of its separate existence is altogether irrational; and man differs in no respect from other animals. I held the doctrine of the Sherakian, or fire-worshippers, for true, as I discovered what light they meant, and what fire they adored. I have since been settled at Rasapagla, and have made several attempts to master the English language, with frequent interruption, and indifferent success. I have, however, read some astronomical and

mathematical works, which have confirmed my conviction of the justice of the Pythagorean philosophy; and I derive daily progressive pleasure from my acquaintance with the writers of Europe. I passed a year at Dacca, about five years ago—before and since which period, I have continued to amuse myself with composition in Persian and Arabic. Anterior to that date, my writings were confined to ordinary subjects; but subsequently, I have addressed them to the praise of Light, and the glorification of the Sun."

A Reply to the Reverend Sidney Smith's Third Letter to Archdeacon Singleton, in a Letter to the Venerable Archdeacon Wetherell, Prebendary of Gloucester, &c. By the Rev. A. Sayers, Vicar of Pauntley, Gloucestershire.

The Vicar of Pauntley attacks the Canon of St. Paul's, the greatest wit or humorist of the day, with his own weapons; but we cannot say that his success is quite equal to his boldness. The small sword loses its point in his hand, and becomes little better than a bludgeon or a tomahawk. One of the best hits he makes is a declaration of the facetious Canon's, that his Third Letter to Archdeacon Singleton will be his last letter.

> "O sad and unlooked-for words! there will soon be an end to all fun and mirth—the jester is vanishing fast away: Boz, they say, has made a fortune—(what have the publishers been about?)—and is to take a villa on the Thames, and write elegiac poetry—'pour s' amuser;' Theodore Hook is getting fast into the 'sear and yellow leaf;' he has quite lost his memory—every month he gives us his old puns over and over again; 'rare' Frances Trollope has, alas, grown dull and vapid: she has condescended to become an imitator, and has 'jumped into the strait'—(I am sorry for this, she has written many excellent things: what a trimming she gave the * * *, no friends of your order by-the-bye;) Charles Mathews is gone—(an excellent critique on his life and character is your old ally, the Quarterly for January;) Joey Grimaldi is gone; and the Canon of St. Paul's hopes he has written his *last* letter on Church matters.
>
> "'Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
> Tam cari capitis.
>
> Well, he has 'fought his fight,' and died game; and in consideration for all his good services to church and state, I have no doubt he will meet with his just reward in the pious and grateful recollection of Dr. Wade and Tom Duncombe, who, with mournful face and lugubrious cry, will join you in the funeral chant—
>
> Οτοττοτοῖ Οτοττοτοῖ
> Βαρεῖά γ ἆ δε συμφορα!"

In defending the parochial clergy, the Vicar of Pauntley falls unmercifully upon the gentlemen "on the cathedral establishments," and upon Sidney Smith in particular. It is thus he describes the important and laborious duties of the cathedral clergy.

> "You know, from many years' experience, the labour and incessant toil of a cathedral life—what watchings!—what privations!—what cares!—what self-denial, attend such an arduous life. In some cathedrals there are six, in others eight, in others twelve Canons; two months' residence is the general term imposed; during this long and weary period, the Canon in residence is expected to attend the daily prayers; has to walk in full canonicals to the great admiration of the Close-keeper, and, perhaps, a little boy, or an old woman, to the Cathedral entrance, where he is met by a man in a black cloak and a silver stick; preceded by all these insignias of office—the cloak and the stick—he has to walk leisurely and dignifiedly up the aisle, thence into the chancel, where he is safely deposited, by "Silver-stick," in a comfortable niche, with a curtain drawn partly around him. Then he has to listen to

the choir—Minor Canons reading the prayers—little boys in soiled surplices chanting in the alto—and old men in *ditto*, singing in the basso—and an organist's apprentice playing a voluntary, and, by way of amusement, he may engage himself by counting the congregation. When all this is over, he has to return from whence he came, disrobe, take a walk, take a ride, take a sleep. Oh! what labour—what incessant toil—what 'material points and acts of instruction are here'!!!

On Sunday, the Canon's gala day, he has to preach *one* sermon, to a Cathedral 'full,' perhaps, 'to suffocation,' with all 'the pomp and circumstance' of a corporate body, with their sword-bearer, mace-bearer, &c. &c., and a lot of queer old-fashioned-looking lads, in oddly made great coats, fustian shorts, and yellow stockings; and a number of idle people, who have come to show their Sunday gear, hear the anthem, or look at the monuments; perhaps a Prebend's wife, or a Dean's daughter, may form part of this vast congregation, and profit vastly by listening to a 'learned sermon upon pride,' and other of the cathedral virtues. No less than six or eight of these sermons have been preached and listened to during this great man's residence,—what labour, what incessant toil,—verily 'the Cathedral Clergy outwork the parochial ten to one.' 'The prayers beautifully chanted' by the Minor Canon, 'the anthem sung with great taste and feeling' by the old men and little boys, the learned sermon upon pride, &c., eloquently delivered to the mayor and his officers, and the odd looking chaps in yellow stockings, do more to disseminate the vital principles of true religion,—do more to instruct, to humanise, to christianise the people,—do more to uphold the Church, than all the prayers, sermons, visitations of the sick, and attendance upon the schools, which are daily and weekly performed in every parish in the kingdom!!!"

Some sober persons may doubt the propriety of one portion of the Established Church attacking and making a mockery of another portion; and there are indisputably several things in this Reply which will do no good to any part of the clergy, but rather encourage fresh attacks upon the whole system. We must say, however, that in this respect the Canon offended long before the Vicar. Our admiration of Sidney Smith, as far as this controversy goes, is limited to his exquisite humour and drollery. If the Vicar of Pauntley has the worst of the wit, he seems to us to have the best of the argument.

The Vicar entirely approves of the Bill now before the House of Commons, and maintains that it will carry out a real and beneficial reform; and on this subject he says, without any attempt at wit, but with an apparent conviction and earnestness,

"I am sorry to see the selfish and short-sighted policy which urges so many good men so violently to oppose it. I am sorry for their sakes, I am sorry for the sake of the Church; they will, ere long, bitterly lament their conduct, and the Church, alas! will be the sufferer. The cry will not be as it is now, 'reform your Cathedrals—make them answer the purposes for which they were *really endowed*;' but it will be 'rase them, rase them even to the ground,'—you may laugh at my prediction, you may say what should 'a Bucolic Clergyman, in a sequestered, melancholy' (anything else you like) 80*l.* a year vicarage, know of men and manners, acts of parliament, and the complexion of the times? but you must excuse my vanity when I say I have a talent for observation, and what I say will assuredly come to pass. I care not what change of government may take place. Sidney may be promoted to be Archbishop of Canterbury, Old Glory may be called upon to form a ministry, the 'Penny Satirist' may be selected as the organ of Church and State, but Cathedrals will not be allowed to remain in their present state; in a few years it will not be a Dean and four Canons, it will be a Dean and *two*. There are two little words which I would earnestly desire all the 'Remonstrants' to think well upon; they are an epitome of warnings—Remember 'Gatton,' remember 'Old Sarum.'"

Some of the Vicar of Pauntley's quotations from parliamentary papers will astonish those who have never turned their attention to the subject of deans and chapters, stalls and prebends. He appears to be an honest church-reformer—*but he is not himself a Canon.*

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

The Eight Watches, or the History of Jack Steadfast. By John Bruce, R. N.—A very good sailor-like yarn. The right sort of thing to amuse men on a night-watch.

The French School. Part I. L'Echo de Paris; a Selection of Familiar Phrases, which a person would daily hear said around him if he were living among French People; with a Vocabulary of all the words and idioms used in the work. By M. Lepage.—*Part II. Gift of Fluency in French Conversation; a set of Exercises, intended for the Learner of the French Language; and calculated to enable him, by means of practice, to express himself fluently on the ordinary topics of life.* By M. Lepage.—*Part III. The Last Step to French; or, the Principles of French Grammar displayed in a series of Short Lessons; each of which is followed by Questions and Exercises; with the Versification.* By M. Lepage.—Of the numerous works of the sort, M. Lepage's are about the best. With these three cheap little volumes any young man may teach himself a good deal of French, even without the aid of a master.

A Popular Treatise on the Kidney; its hitherto unknown functions and its diseases, in connexion with the circulating animal Oils, &c. With advice to persons on their secretions. By George Corfe.—We do not like the manner in which our author has blended revelation with secretions, and christian faith with diseased kidneys.

Immortality; a Poem. In six Books.—This Immortality will not be immortal. But the author seems to be a right-minded man, a friend to liberty and toleration, and some of his verses have very considerable merit.

The Iniquities of the Opium Trade with China; being a developement of the main causes which exclude the Merchants of Great Britain from the advantages of an unrestrained commercial intercourse with that vast Empire. (With extracts from authentic documents.) By the Rev. A. S. Thelwall, M.A.—Mr. Thelwall thinks that all the vices of the Chinese arise from their abuse of Opium, and that if it were not for the trade the European nations drive in that pernicious drug, the Chinese government would remove the barriers to commerce in general, and admit us more freely into their country.

The Naturalist. Edited by Neville Wood, Esq. No. 33.—This number contains an abstract of Schomburgh's Report of an Expedition into the interior of British Guiana, a very curious paper on the habits of the Rat, and two or three other articles which will be read with interest by the lovers of Natural History.

Life of the Duke of Wellington. Edited by Sir J. Alexander, K.L.S. Part III.—We cannot say that this work improves. The plates are worse than ever—the portrait of Napoleon a monstrosity. Better no illustrations at all than such as these.

Heads of the People.—As good as ever. "The Pew Opener," in a recent number, by Douglas Jerrold, is a very perfect thing indeed. But there is always something well worth reading in this humorous publication, and Mr. Kenny Meadows's illustrations never fail in spirit.

Greece, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical. By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. Part V.—The wood-cuts in this part, which is devoted to the wonders of Athens, are exceedingly beautiful. This mode of publication will place a very admirable work in the hands of many who would have been deterred from purchasing, if they had had to buy the book as a whole. The wonderful accuracy of Mr. Wordsworth has been acknowledged by all travellers and antiquaries. What he has done ought to find a place in the library of all scholars and students of classical literature.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Nasmyth on the Teeth. 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.
Manning on the Law of Nations. 8vo. 14*s*.
Wyld's Missionary Atlas. 8vo. 14*s*.
Robinson's Hebrew Lexicon. 8vo. 31*s*. 6*d*.
Tholuck on St. John. Royal 12mo. 8*s*.
Aids to Preaching and Hearing, Post 8vo. 6*s*.
Wilkin's Bible Acrostics. 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.
Stenard's Six Sermons. 8vo. 5*s*.
Mant's Horæ Apostolicæ. 12mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.
Light Shining in Darkness. By A. Roberts. 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.
Howe's Delighting in God. 12mo. 4*s*.
Rev. John Newton's Works. New Edition. Imp. 8vo. 25*s*.
Seymour's Sketches. Vol. I. 8vo. 14*s*.
The Wizard of the Windshaw. 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.
Henry's First Latin Book. By the Rev. T. K. Arnold. 12mo. 3*s*.
Le Page's L'Echo de Paris. New Edition. 12mo. 4*s*.
Gift of Conversation. 12mo. 3*s*. 6d.
Last Step to French. 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.
De Porquet's First French Reading Book. Seventh Edition. 12mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.
Young's Algebra. New Edition, enlarged. 12mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.
Blair's School Dictionary. Ninth Edition. 12mo. 3*s*.
Parley's Tales about Canada. Square. 4*s*.
Peep into the Agricultural World. 18mo. 3*s*.
Green's Universal Primer. 12mo. 1*s*.
Hofland's Illustrated Alphabet. Plain, 1*s*.; coloured, 1*s*. 6*d*.
Ten Minutes' Advice about keeping a Banker. Royal 32mo. 1*s*.
Neville's Defence of Paley's Moral Philosophy. Second Edition. 12mo. 4*s*.
Baxter's Key for Catholics. New Edition, revised, with Notes. By Rev. J. Allport. 8vo. 12*s*.
The Educator; prize essays. By John Lalor, Esq., and others. 12mo. 7*s*. 6*d*.
Matthews's Practical Guide to Executors, &c. Second Edition. 12mo. 9*s*.
Wilberforce's Sermons preached before the University of Oxford. 12mo. 4*s*. 6*d*.
The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman. Twelve Plates, by Cruikshank. 18mo. 2*s*.
Mrs. Fry's Texts. 32mo. 1*s*. 4*d*.
Duncan's Cottage Fireside. Fifth Edition. 18mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.
Adams's Private Thoughts. 8vo. 10*d*.
Memoirs of Halyburton. 8vo. 1*s*. 2*d*.
Geographical Reading Lessons. 12mo. 5*s*.
Continental Fragments. By C. R. Weld. 8vo. 5*s*.
Dearden's Miscellany. Vol I. 8vo. 6*s*. 6*d*.
Mrs. Phelps's Short Reflections on the Gospels. 12mo. 4*s*.
Gresley's Sermons, preached at Oxford. 12mo. 3*s*.
Tales of the Scottish Wars. Vol. 1. 12mo. 4*s*. 6*d*.
Bateman's Magnacopia. Third Edition. 12mo. 6*s*.
Knowles's New Expositor. Fifty-seventh Edition. 12mo. 2*s*.
Hutton's Pocket-Book of Private Devotions. 32mo. Square, tuck, 2*s*. 6*d*., cl. 2*s*.
Wilson's Sermons, Appeal to Christians on behalf of the Jews. 8vo. 1*s*. 3*d*.
Christian Exhortations. By a Cambrian. 18mo. 1*s*.
Help to the Hesitating, and Decision for the Undecided, or a Few Words to those Electors inclined to be Neutral at the impending Election. 8vo. 6*d*.
Daly's Sermon on the Lord's Supper. 12mo. 3*d*., or 2*s*. 9*d*. per dozen.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Lady Chatterton's new work, "RAMBLES IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND," has met with unusual success, an entire edition having been disposed of in less than a month. The press has been in active operation to keep pace with the demand; and a new edition is just announced as ready.

The "Memoirs of a Cadet," of which our pages have contained portions, are now published in a separate form, with a beautiful coloured engraving.

"The Vale of Glamorgan." Tales and Legends of Wales, is now published.

A second edition of that useful little work, "The Author's Printing and Publishing Assistant, is just ready.

The work recently announced, entitled, "Adventures of an Attorney in Search of Practice," is just published.

Preparing for publication, in 2 vols. 8vo., with Maps and other Illustrations, "Narrative of a Voyage to Madeira, Teneriffe, and along the Shores of the Mediterranean; including a visit to Algiers, Egypt, Palestine, Tyre, Rhodes, Telmessus, Cyprus, and Greece; with Observations on the Present State and Prospects of Egypt and Palestine; and an Appendix on the Climate, Natural History, Antiquities, &c. of the Countries visited." By W. R. Wilde, M.R.I.A., Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland.

In the press, "French Master for the Nursery." By Mons. Lepage, Author of L'Echo de Paris.

In the press, and will shortly be published, in 2 vols. 8vo., "Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Robert Morrison, D.D. F.R.S. M.R.A.S., &c." compiled by his Widow, with a Portrait. To which is appended, besides other interesting documents, a Critical Essay on the literary labours of Dr. Morrison. By the Rev. Samuel Kidd, Professor of Chinese in the University College.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

We regret that trade generally has not much improved during the past month. We are still, however, looking forward to the effect of a plentiful harvest, of which we are happy to find that present appearances afford the prospect. That splendid steam-ship, the British Queen, is to commence her first voyage to America in a few days. We shall then have three steam-vessels regularly crossing the Atlantic; the British Queen from London, The Great Western from Bristol, and The Liverpool from Liverpool. The effects of this regular and rapid intercourse between the old and new world it would be impossible to calculate.

The Bank's having raised the interest to five-and-a-half per cent. was expected to have had an injurious effect, but this will, it is hoped, be avoided by the timely aid of provincial capital. The important measure of a uniform Penny Postage appears now to be decided upon.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 26th of June.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 189 to 90.—Three per Cent. reduced, 93 one-eighth to one-fourth.—Consols, for opening, 93 one-eighth to one-fourth.—Three and a Half per cent. Red. 99 one-fourth.—Exchequer Bills, 2*d*. and 1½*d*. 15*s*. 26*s*. prem.—India Bonds, 16*s*. prem.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Five per Cent. 33 five-eighths to one-fourth.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent. 55 one-fourth to five-eighths.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 102 three-eighths to five-eighths. — Spanish Five per Cents., 18 three-fourths.

Money Market Report.—City, Tuesday Evening, June 25th.—The public securities assumed an appearance of buoyancy in the early part of the day, partly arising, no doubt, from the reaction following the recent Bank measure, relative to the Interest. Exchequer Bills were done at 18*s*. to 20*s*. prem., an expectation prevailing that the Chancellor of the Evchequer intends to raise the interest from 1½*d*. to 2*d*. per diem., so as to prevent their going to a discount.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3' 51" West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1839.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
May					
23	58-38	30,04 29,87	N.W.	,0125	Morn. clear, otherw. cloudy, little rain in even.
24	57-42	29,92-29,84	N.	,0125	Gen. overcast, frequent showers of rain during
25	53-39	30,06 29,99	N.		Generally clear, except the afternoon. [the day.
26	62-29,5	30,10-30,08	E.		Generally clear.
27	65-33	30,13 30,12	S.E.		Generally clear.
28	61-38	30,14-30,13	E.		Generally clear.
29	68-37	30,13-30,06	N.E.		Generally clear. [the night.
30	71-46	30,02 29,97	N.		Morn. overcast, otherwise clear, lightning during
31	67-51	29,94 29,90	N.		Generally clear, except the morning.
June					
1	71-48	29,90-29,88	N.E.		Generally clear.
2	63-44	29,85-29,75	E.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
3	61-46	29,67-29,56	N.E.	,4	Cloudy, frequent and heavy showers of rain.
4	63-40	29,65-29,64	N.	,1875	Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
5	70-46	29,84-29,77	N.W.		Morn. clear, otherw. cloudy, dist. thunder accomp.
6	66-48	29,91-29,87	S.W.	,1625	Generally clear. [with rain in the aftern.
7	65-53	29,81-29,71	S.		Cloudy, raining frequently during the day.
8	70-51	29,82-29,80	S.	,2125	Generally cloudy.
9	70-52	30,06-29,92	S.W.		Generally clear.
10	69-50	30 18-30,17	S.W.		Generally clear, except the even. a little rain fell.
11	73-56	30,17-30,12	S.W.		Generally clear.
12	75-49	30,16-30,02	S.W.		Generally clear. [thund. accom. with rain.
13	79 56	29,89-29,84	E.		Gen. clear, except the evening, lightning and dist.
14	64-52	29,82-29,80	N.E.		Generally cloudy, small rain at times.
15	65-55	30,02-29,86	N.E.		Generally cloudy.
16	73-46	30,17-30.15	N.E.		Generally clear. [thund. accom. with rain.
17	75-48	30,13-30,01	N.E.		Gen. clear, except the even. lightning and distant
*18	79-55	29,98-29,89	N.	,0375	Generally clear, except the afternoon.
19	73 56	29,93-29,88	S.W.	,2625	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
20	75-48	30,05 29,89	E.		Generally clear.
21	74-58	29,75-29,73	S.W.	,0375	Generally clear, rain fell during the morning.
22	65-56	29,64-29,38	S.W.		Gen. cloudy, raining from about 10 A.M. till 3 P.M.

* A violent storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with heavy rain, from about half-past four till about half-past five on the afternoon of the 18th.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM MAY 21, TO JUNE 21, 1839, INCLUSIVE.

May 21.—W. Martin, Union-street, Southwark, currier.—J. Taylor, Albion Wharf, Maiden-lane, King's-cross, stone merchant.—S. Wright, Watton, Norfolk, grocer.—W. M'Gill, Liverpool, draper.

May 24.—W. Dawes, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, bookseller.—W. H. Maxwell, Portrush, county Antrim, bookseller.—W. Keens, Bedford-place, Commercial road, button and trimming seller.—J. L. West, Charles-street, Soho, victualler.—R. Waring, Luton, Bedfordshire, grocer.—T. Gowar and W. D. Gowar, Blackheath-road, Greenwich, coach-makers.—J. Adams, George-street, Thrawl-street, Brick-lane, Spitalfields, feather merchant.—W. Fulton and L. Fulton, Rochdale, cotton-spinners.—J. Chittle, Warminster, linen-draper.—J. Pierce, Birmingham, thimble-manufacturer.—W. H. Browne, Manchester, stone-merchant.—E. Bowyer, Liverpool, merchant.—H. Hickman, Sedgley, Staffordshire, retail brewer.—S. Wright, Watton, Norfolk, grocer.—T. Potts, Birmingham, brass-founder.—T. Irving, Wheatley, Yorkshire, dyer.—W. Moore, Newark-upon-Trent, innkeeper.—J. Smith, Liverpool, boiler-maker.

May 28.—J. N. Harris and R. A. Ellis, High Holborn, woollen drapers.—J. Butler, Deptford-bridge, Deptford, wheelwright.—T. Poynter, Aldgate, High-street, butcher.—J. Till, Newhill, Derbyshire, earthenware manufacturer.—B. George, New Sarum, Wilts, common brewer.—J. Beck, Kingston-upon-Hull, spirit-merchant—E. Cope, Birmingham, scrivener.—J. Chettle, Warminster, Wilts, linen-draper.

May 31.—C. Farnworth, Upper Thames-street, tin-plate merchant.—S. Ruffell, Greenwich, linen-draper.—W. Sherley, Staines, Middlesex, dealer in horses.—J. Jones, Spitalfields-market, licensed victualler.—W. F. Geach, Pontypool, Monmouthshire, corn merchant.—J. Rodgerson, Hylton Ferry, Durham, ship builder.—J. M. Murry, Gorlestone, Suffolk, merchant.—J. Dawson and E. Pickup, Manchester, fustian manufacturers.—H. Grove and C. Grove, Birmingham, Warwickshire, grocers.—T. S. Smith, Liverpool, Lancashire, brewer.—J. G. Johnson, Nether, Langwith, Nottinghamshire, draper.—M. Reynolds and J. M. Knight, Rugby, Warwickshire, ironmongers.—J. Johnson, Manchester, bed-tick manufacturer.

June 4.—E. Parker, Piccadilly, perfumer.—A. Dickey, Old Jewry, linen factor.—W. O. Farr, Frederick-street, Vincent-square, Westminster, licensed victualler.—E. Taylor, Liverpool, drysalter.—J. Runcorn, Manchester, cotton spinner.—J. Binney and T. Binney, Sheffield, merchants.—J. Jones, Chepstow, Monmouthshire, wine and timber merchant.—H. Tompkins, Bromyard, Herefordshire, victualler.—J. Stelfox, Manchester, grocer.—J. Coombe, Bath, carrier.

June 7.—H. G. Collins, Jermyn-street, St. James's, bookseller.—W. Ambrose, Awre, Gloucestershire, timber merchant.—H. Knight, Reading, Berkshire, common brewer.—J. Pope, Tor, Devonshire, builder.—C. Hall, Hanley, Staffordshire, engraver.—J. D. Penn and E. Penn, Northampton, booksellers.

June 11.—M. Williams, Old Bailey, eating-house keeper.—T. Hodson, Lime-street, City, drysalter.—J. Jackson, Westbury-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, cattle dealer.—W. Wrigley and T. Wrigley, Ovendon, Yorkshire, silk waste-spinners.—C. J. Adams, Oxford, auctioneer.—E. Cart, Barton-upon-Humber, starch manufacturer.—J. M. Henderson, Liverpool, wine merchant.—D. Shirreffs, Bishopwearmouth, innkeeper.—W. N. Buckley, Manchester, linen merchant.—J. Holdsworth, Bradford, Yorkshire, worsted spinner.—R. Spincer, North Stoneham, Hampshire, cattle salesman.—W. Bobbins, Birmingham, spoon manufacturer.—S. A. Bull, Frome, Selwood, dyer.—R. Graham, Cheltenham, linendraper.—K. Evans, Liverpool, draper.

June 14.—L. W. Williams, of the Colosseum Café, Albany-street, Regent's Park, wine merchant.—G. Peck, Blackfriars-road, linendraper.—J. Stow, Charles-place, York-road, Lambeth, draper.—G. East and H. Bulgin, Regent street, booksellers.—W. Elridge, Milton-street, victualler.—T. H. Rideout and W. Batho, Manchester, stuff merchants.—T. Patchett, Brighouse, Yorkshire, worsted manufacturer.—N. Litherland, Liverpool, merchant.—J. Rhodes, Denton, Lancashire, merchant.

June 18.—J. Grist, New Brentford, grocer.—J. C. Gammer, Hart-street, Mark-lane, wine merchant.—E. J. Hargrave, Bishopsgate-street Without, victualler.—T. Hedgcock, South Lambert, shipowner.—E. Knibb, Liverpool, tailor.—J. Webster and R. Brown, Liverpool, fringe manufacturers.—G. Withey, Bristol, grocer.—R. Hartland, Staunton, Worcestershire, mealman.—J. Newsome, Tyasal-gate, Tong, Birstall, Yorkshire, worsted stuff manufacturer.—T. Davies, Lewes, tailor.—J. Winskill, J. Harwood, and J. Hutchinson, Barnard Castle, Durham, carpet manufacturers.—T. Spencer, Church Fenton, Yorkshire, victualler.—J. Rowbotham, Bollington, Cheshire, wheelwright.—J. Newell, Shibden, Halifax, worsted manufacturer.

June 21.—J. Upton and J. Nickolls, Sun-wharf, Battersea, engineers.—J. F. W. Brewer, Lime-street, wine merchant.—T. Peachey, Brighton, Sussex, draper.—C. Fenton, Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, plumber.—J. Jeffs, St. James's-place, St. James's-street, Westminster, hair-dresser.—J. Martin, Limehouse, linen draper.—M. Davis and J. Davis, Bolton, Lancashire, timber merchants.—N. Colston, Brixham, Devonshire, draper.—T. Howard, Bury, Lancashire, cotton spinner.—W. P. Coope, Manchester, victualler.—M. Barrett, Old Lane Mill, Halifax, corn-dealer.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Boyd, of College Street, and H. F. Rennie, of Glengall Street, Belfast, Flax Spinners, for certain improvements upon the spinning-frame used for spinning flax, hemp, and tow, upon the wet principle. April 30th, 6 months.

J. Skrine, of Cambridge, Esq., for improvements in manufacturing forks and spoons, coins and medals. April 30th, 6 months.

J. Smith, of Deanstone Works, Kilmardock, Cotton Spinner, for certain improvements in the machinery for spinning and twisting of wool, and other similar fibrous substances. April 30th, 6 months.

J. Rostron, of Edenfield, Lancaster, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the construction of looms for weaving. April 30th, 6 months.

J. Hunt, of Dalston Terrace, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of soda, and other valuable products, from common salt. May 7th, 6 months.

D. Naylor, of Copley Mill, Halifax, Manufacturer, and J. Crichton, Jun., of Manchester, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in machinery for weaving single, double, and treble cloths, by hand or power. May 7th, 6 months.

G. England, of Gloucester Terrace, Vauxhall Bridge Road, Engineer, for an improved screw-jack, for raising or moving heavy bodies, both vertically and laterally. May 7th, 6 months.

W. Davis, of Leeds, Machine Maker, and G. Kinder, of Aldermanbury, Cloth Dresser, for certain improvements in machinery for dressing and cleansing woollen cloths. May 7th, 6 months.

J. Maudslay and J. Field, of Lambeth, Engineers, for improvements in the construction of marine steam-engines, which are particularly applicable to steam-engines of the largest class. May 7th, 6 months.

J. Whitelaw, of Glasgow, for an improved rotatory machine, to be worked by the pressure and reaction of a column of water, which machine may be used as a steam-engine, also an improved water-meter, and a machine for raising water or other liquids by its centrifugal force. May 7th, 6 months.

E. O. Manby, of Swansea, Civil Engineer, for a new method of manufacturing gas for the general purposes of illumination. May 8th, 6 months.

G. Le Nomand De L'Osier, of the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, Merchant, for improvements in machinery for raising water. May 8th, 6 months.

R. Rosser, of Birmingham, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for making nails and screws. May 8th, 2 months.

W. Harper, of Cooper's Court, Cornhill, Patent Stove Manufacturer, and T. Walker, of Birmingham, Machinist, for improvements in stoves and grates. May 10th, 6 months.

G. Stocker, of Birmingham, Warwick, Brass Founder, for certain improvements in cocks or apparatus for drawing off liquids. May 13th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for Improvements in reducing the friction of axletrees, and axletree-boxes, and other such moving parts of machinery. May 13th, 6 months.

J. H. Rodgers, of Birmingham, Merchant, for improvements in clasps or fastenings, principally applicable to certain articles of dress. May 13th, 6 months.

J. W. Whittaker, of Bolton, Joiner, and R. H. Heaton, of the same place, Cotton Spinner, for certain improvements in the means of connecting or uniting straps or bands for driving machinery, and other similar purposes, and in the apparatus for effecting the same. May 20th, 6 months.

J. G. Bodmer, of Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery, tools, or apparatus for cutting, planning, turning, drilling, and rolling metal and other substances. May 20th, 6 months.

J. Walker, of Allen Street, Surrey, Oven Builder, for certain improvements in coke-ovens. May 22nd, 6 months.

J. Vardy, of Wolverhampton, Gentleman, for improvements in rolling iron. May 22nd, 6 months.

W. Jefferies, of Holme Street, Mile End, Metal Refiner, for certain improvements in the process of smelting, or extracting metal from copper, and other ores. May 22nd, 6 months.

T. Harper, of the Grange, near Newnham, Gloucester, Merchant, for certain improvements in railways, or tram-roads. May 22nd, 6 months.

N. Troughton, of Leicester Street, Regent Street, Gentleman, for improvements in obtaining copper from ores. May 22nd, 6 months.

N. Troughton, of Swansea, Glamorgan, for improvements in the manufacture of zinc. May 22nd, 6 months.

H. Griffiths, of Acton Place, Camden Town, Middlesex, Artist, for improvements in the process of producing prints, or impressions from steel, copper, and other plates. May 25th, 6 months.

M. A. J. De Herrypon, of Leicester Street, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Mining Engineer, for an improved machine, or apparatus for washing and bleaching wool, cotton, silk, linen, and other fibrous materials, either in a manufactured or unmanufactured state. May 25th, 6 months.

T. Clark, and C. Clark, of Wolverhampton, Ironfounders, and co-partners, for an invention for glazing and enamelling cast iron, hollow-ware, and other metallic substances. May 25th, 6 months.

B. Hick, of Bolton, Lancashire, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery, or apparatus for drying cotton, woollen, and other fabrics, aud other fibrous substances or materials. May 25th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

House of Lords.—May 27.—The Lord Chancellor gave notice that he would this day week move the second reading of the Church Discipline Bill.

May 28.—The Royal approbation of the choice of Speaker was announced in the usual form.

May 30.—A very long discussion took place respecting the conduct of Colonel Prince in Canada, who, in December last, after the attack of the brigands on Windsor, ordered four of the prisoners taken on that occasion to be shot on the spot. His conduct was violently impugned by Lord Brougham, and defended or extenuated by Lord Ellenborough and the Marquis of Normanby. The discussion terminated with a few words of explanation from the Marquis of Normanby and Lord Ellenborough.

May 31.—The Bristol and Gloucester Railway Bill, on the motion of the Marquis of Salisbury, was read a second time, by a majority of 11.—The Earl of Winchilsea required of Lord Melbourne an explanation of the principles on which the Cabinet had been reconstructed, and an exposition of the measures to which the country may now look forward.—Lord Melbourne admitted the existence of the difficulties by which the government was surrounded. It was possible that the causes which occasioned those difficulties and the late change of government, might still be undiminished; sure he was they would not be diminished by any abandonment of principle on his part, or that the government would be conducted on any other principles than those upon which he understood it was originally framed and conducted throughout. Those principles unquestionably were principles of progress and reformation; he had always been for adopting every measure which, in his opinion, would tend to promote the good and advantage of the country; but he never had been, and he certainly was not now, for purchasing or obtaining support, either by bringing forward or advocating measures contrary to his opinion and conscience. It appeared to him, not an inattentive observer of public affairs, that something of a new feature had of late presented itself; he knew not whether it was a more or less dangerous symptom, that while in former times such designs were always glossed over, with something of pretended measures of reformation and amendment, in the present day there had been at all public meetings, and on the part of persons of no small influence and power, an open profession of intentions of plunder, of violence, and of blood. He knew not whether this was more or less a dangerous symptom; he trusted it was a less dangerous symptom of the times, because if it were a more dangerous symptom, they must suppose the country to be so affected to the core that it would be impossible to hope for its salvation by any measures that could now be adopted. His lordship concluded with the following declaration:—"He did not know what was the best ministry in itself considered; but this he did know, that unquestionably the worst ministry was that which did not possess sufficient of the confidence of parliament and the country to carry those measures which they thought necessary for the well-being of the State."—Lord Brougham then addressed the House at considerable length, and the Duke of Wellington concluded a few brief observations by offering to Lord Melbourne an assurance that, notwithstanding all that had occurred, if his Lordship would honestly and sincerely do his duty, parliament and the country would not be found to fail him.

June 3.—Lord Brougham moved the second reading of the Bill to Amend the Beer Law. He was supported by the Duke of Wellington, and opposed by the Marquess of Westminster. Ultimately, the Bill was read a second time, and was then referred to a Select Committee.—The Royal Assent was given to the Dean of Exeter's Appointment Bill, the Designs Copyright Extension Bill, the British Museum Buildings Bill, the Staffordshire Potteries Stipendiary Justice of Peace Bill, the Great Western Railway Act Amendment Bill, the London and Southampton Railway Act Amendment Bill, and various other private Bills.

June 4.—The Church Discipline Bill passed without amendment.

June 6.—On the motion of Lord Brougham, the Report of the Beer Bill was received.

June 7.—Lord Brougham put off the bringing up of the report on the Beer Act Amendment Bill till Tuesday next.

House of Commons.—May 27.—Lord John Russell having communicated to the House a message from her Majesty, announcing Mr. Abercromby's resignation, and desiring them to elect a successor, Mr. Handley rose to propose Mr. Shaw Lefevre. The proposal was seconded by Sir S. Lushington. Mr. Wynn proposed Mr. Goulburn, which was seconded by Mr. Wilson Patten.—The House divided, when Mr. Lefevre was elected by a majority of 18, he having 317 votes, and Mr. Goulburn 299.

May 28.—The Speaker informed the House of the Royal approbation of the choice of Speaker; he then took the chair. The Oldham Small Debts Bill was read a second time, and committed.—The Stroud (Kent) Church Bill was thrown out by a majority of 48.—The City Police Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be referred to a Select Committee.—Mr. Hume's motion relative to the Bank of England was postponed till Thursday week.

May 30.—Lord Ashley gave notice that he would move that there be a call of the House on Friday, the 14th of June, the day on which Lord J. Russell is to bring forward his motion on the subject of National Education. Lord John Russell said he should be ready to second the motion.—Mr. Labouchere moved, according to notice, for leave to bring in that Bill for the settlement of the Jamaica question which the Government had now prepared as a substitute for their lately abandoned measure.—A short discussion followed, and leave was given to bring in the Bill.—Mr. Gibson obtained leave to bring in a Bill "to prevent persons in England and Wales from losing their votes at an election by removal after the preceding registration."—On the motion of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, the Custody of Infants Bill was read a second time, and ordered for committal on the 12th of June.

May 31.—Napier's Divorce Bill was read a third time and passed; and Lardner's Divorce Bill went through Committee.—A Select Committee was appointed to consider the City of London Police Bill.—The Attorney-General called the attention of the House to a decision of the Court of Queen's Bench, given that day in the case of "Stockdale *v.* Hansard." He moved the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the proceedings, and to report to the House, which was agreed to.—Lord John Russell moved the second reading of the County Courts Bill, and after some discussion the motion was carried, and the Bill read a second time.—The Prisons Bill passed through Committee.—The Prisons (Scotland) Bill went into Committee.—The Deanery of Exeter Bill went through Committee, and was ordered to be reprinted.

June 3.—Lord John Russell rose to call upon parliament to lay the foundation of a permanent settlement of the affairs of Canada. After entering at some length into the present state of the government of the Canadas, his Lordship concluded his speech with two general resolutions—one, that in the opinion of the House it would be expedient to establish a legislative union between the two Canadas, on the basis of a free and representative constitution, in such a manner as might best conduce to the prosperity and contentment of the colonies—the other, that the powers given by last year's Bill to the Governor and Special Council shall continue, with such alterations as circumstances may have rendered necessary, till the year 1842. And to these resolutions he said he should not ask for the immediate assent of the House, but would leave them for consideration till Monday next.—Mr. Goulburn, Sir. R. Peel, and Mr. C. Buller, delivered their sentiments upon the subject, after which the motion was agreed to.—The Police Bill was read a second time, with the understanding that the discussion should take place on the House receiving the report of the Committee. The Bill was ordered to be committed on Monday next.—The Metropolis Police Courts Bill was also read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Monday next. The summary Jurisdiction Bill was read a second time.—The Borough Courts Bill went through Committee.

June 4.—Sir Hesketh Fleetwood brought on his motion for extending the county franchise to the occupiers of 10*l.* clear yearly value, which was lost, on a division, by a majority of 126.

June 5.—The Copyholds Enfranchisement Bill underwent a short discussion.—The House went into Committee for the purpose of providing the means of building stables at Windsor Castle, and a vote was granted of 70,000*l.* out of the Land Revenues of the Crown.—The Borough Courts Bill was read a third time and passed.—The House decided that Mr. Burge should be heard on the second reading of the Jamaica Bill.

June 6.—The London Bridge Approaches Bill and the Norwich Tonnage Bill were read a third time and passed.—The discussion on the Canada resolutions was postponed to Thursday.

June 7.—The third reading of the Cheltenham Relief Bill was negatived by a majority of 186 to 177.—On the motion of Lord John Russell, the District Sessions Bill was postponed for three months, and his Lordship abandoned the District Prisons Bill.—The report of the Prisons Bill was agreed to.—Mr. Burge was heard on the part of the Assembly of Jamaica against the New Jamaica Bill.

THE
METROPOLITAN.

AUGUST, 1839.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

A Diary in America; with Remarks on its Institutions. By CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B., Author of "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," "Frank Mildmay," &c. 3 vols.

This work is divided into two very different portions. The first, consisting of an irregular sort of diary, apparently kept by the captain during his journeys, is as light and amusing as his "Peter Simple" or "Jacob Faithful," and is written pretty much in the same style as those very popular novels. This part occupies the first and second volumes. The other portion is a series of essays and statistical papers on the American navy, slavery, religion in America, societies and associations, law, Lynch law, climate, education, &c. And at the end of this, and of the third volume, the author tells us that he has not yet touched the most important parts of his subject—"An examination into the American society and their government, and the conclusions to be drawn from the observations already made"—and he announces his intention of writing a Supplement, in which he will wind up his observations upon the United States and their institutions. We are sorry, for our own parts, that he has not finished the work at once, while he was about it. An hiatus is often fatal in these matters.

From certain newspaper stories that have been wafted across the Atlantic, from a statement he himself makes in his introduction, that he has been personally insulted and annoyed from one end of the Union to the other, and from certain strong political opinions expressed (at times rather out of place) in his works of fiction, we were not prepared to expect that Captain Marryat would give a very favourable account of our American brethren, and the institutions under which they live; or, indeed, that he would be half so mild upon these points as he really is in the volumes before us. He disapproves, indeed, of republican government, and seldom misses an opportunity of sneering at democracy; but still he makes the large and very satisfactory avowal, that the democratic institutions of the Americans are the best suited to their present circumstances. That there may be no mistake, we give his own words. "But upon one point," says the captain, "I have made up my mind, which is, that, with all its imperfections, democracy is the form of government *best suited to the present condition of America,* in so far as it is the one under which the country has made, and will continue to make, the most rapid advances." Now, we should think that this very comprehensive admission ought to satisfy the most republican or democratic of Americans, and induce them to overlook the censure which Captain Marryat bestows upon minor points. At home, in England, none but a fanatic in politics, we presume, would desire that more should be said of the English constitution than that it is the form of government best suited to the present condition of the nation. To say more of any mortal contrivance would be to pretend very foolishly to more than mortal prescience.

The captain's embarkation for America is very droll.

> I like to begin at the beginning; it's a good old fashion, not sufficiently adhered to in these modern times. I recollect a young gentleman who said he was thinking of going to America. On my asking him, "how he intended to go?" he replied, "I don't exactly know; but I think I shall take the fast coach." I wished him a safe passage, and said, "I was afraid he would find it very dusty." As I could not find the office to book myself by this young gentleman's conveyance, I walked down to St. Katharine's Docks; went on board a packet; was shown into a superb cabin, fitted up with bird's-eye maple, mahogany, and looking-glasses, and communicating with certain small cabins, where there was a sleeping-berth for each passenger, about as big as that allowed to a pointer in a dog-kennel. I thought that there was more finery than comfort; but it ended in my promising the captain to meet him at Portsmouth. He was to sail from London on the 1st of April, and I did not choose to sail on that day—it was ominous; so I embarked at Portsmouth on the 3d. It is not my intention to give a description of crossing the Atlantic; but as the reader may be disappointed if I do not tell him how I got over, I shall first inform him that we were thirty-eight in the cabin, and a hundred and sixty men, women, and children, literally stowed in bulk in the steerage. I shall describe what took place from the time I first went up the side at Spithead, until the ship was under way, and then make a very short passage of it.
>
> At 9, 30, A.M.—Embarked on board the good ship Quebec; and a good ship she proved to be, repeatedly going nine and a half knots on a bowling, sails lifting. Captain H. quite delighted to see me—all captains of packets are to see passengers: I believed him when he said so.
>
> At 9, 50.—Sheriff's officer, as usual, came on board. Observed several of the cabin passengers hasten down below, and one who requested the captain to stow him away. But it was not a pen-and-ink affair; it was a case of burglary. The officer has found his man in the steerage—the handcuffs are on his wrists, and they are rowing him ashore. His wife and two children are on board; her lips quiver as she collects her baggage to follow her husband. One half hour more, and he would have escaped from justice, and probably have led a better life in a far country, where his crimes were unknown. By-the-bye, Greenacre, the man who cut the woman up, was taken out of the ship as she went down the river: he had very nearly escaped. What cargoes of crime, folly, and recklessness, do we yearly ship off to America! America ought to be very much obliged to us.
>
> The women of the steerage are persuading the wife of the burglar not to go on shore; their arguments are strong, but not strong enough against the devoted love of a woman. "Your husband is certain to be hung; what's the use of following him? Your passage is paid, and you will have no difficulty in supporting your children in America." But she rejects the advice—goes down the side, and presses her children to her breast, as, overcome with the agony of her feelings, she drops into the boat; and, now that she is away from the ship, you hear the sobs, which can no longer be controlled.
>
> 10, A.M. "All hands up anchor."
>
> I was repeating to myself some of the stanzas of Mrs. Norton's "Here's a Health to the Outward-bound," when I cast my eyes forward. I could not imagine what the seamen were about; they appeared to be *pumping*, instead of heaving, at the windlass. I forced my way through the heterogeneous mixture of human beings, animals, and baggage, which crowded the decks, and discovered that they were working a patent windlass, by Dobbinson—a very ingenious and superior invention. The seamen, as usual, lightened their labour with the song and chorus, forbidden by the etiquette of a man-of-war. The one they sung was peculiarly musical, although not refined; and the chorus of "Oh! Sally Brown," was given with great emphasis by

the whole crew between every line of the song, sung by an athletic young third mate. I took my seat on the knight-heads—turned my face aft—looked and listened.

"Heave away there, forward."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"'Sally Brown—oh! my dear Sally.'" (Single voice.)

"'Oh! Sally Brown.'" (Chorus.)

"'Sally Brown, of Buble Al-ly.'" (Single voice.)

"'Oh! Sal-ly Brown.'" (Chorus.)

"Avast heaving there; send all aft to clear the boat."

"Aye, aye, sir. Where are we to stow these casks, Mr. Fisher?"

"Stow them! Heaven knows; get them in, at all events."

"Captain H.! Captain H.! there's my piano still on deck; it will be quite spoiled—indeed it will."

"Don't be alarmed, ma'am; as soon as we're under way we'll hoist the cow up, and get the piano down."

"What! under the cow?"

"No, ma'am; but the cow's over the hatchway."

"Now, then, my lads, forward to the windlass."

"'I went to town to get some toddy.'"

"'Oh! Sally Brown.'"

"''Twasn't fit for any body.'"

"'Oh! Sally Brown.'"—

"Out there, and clear away the jib."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Mr. Fisher, how much cable is there out?"

"'Plenty yet, sir.—Heave away, my lads."

"'Sally is a bright mulattar.'"

"'Oh! Sally Brown.'"

"'Pretty girl, but can't get at her.'"

"'Oh!——'"—

"Avast heaving; send the men aft to whip the ladies in. Now, miss, only sit down, and don't be afraid, and you'll be in, in no time. Whip away, my lads, handsomely; steady her with the guy; lower away. There, miss, now you're safely *landed*."

"*Landed* am I? I thought I was *shipped*."

"Very good, indeed—very good, miss; you'll make an excellent sailor, I see."

"I should make a better sailor's *wife*, I expect, Captain H."

"Excellent! Allow me to hand you aft; you'll excuse me. Forward now, my men; heave away!"

"'Seven years I courted Sally.'"

"'Oh! Sally Brown.'"

"'Seven more of shilley-shally.'"

"'Oh! Sally Brown.'"

"'She won't wed——'"

"Avast heaving. Up there, and loose the topsails; stretch along the topsail-sheets. Upon my soul, half these children will be killed. Whose child are you?"

"I—don't—know."

"Go and find out, that's a dear. Let fall; sheet home; belay starboard sheet; clap on the larboard; belay all that. Now, then, Mr. Fisher.'"

"Aye, aye, sir. Heave away, my lads."

"'She won't wed a Yankee sailor.'"

"'Oh! Sally Brown.'"

"'For she's in love with the nigger tailor.'"

"'Oh! Sally Brown.'"—

"Heave away, my men; heave, and in sight. Hurrah! my lads."

"'Sally Brown—oh! my dear Sally!'"

"'Oh! Sally Brown!'"

"'Sally Brown, of Buble Alley.'"

"'Oh! Sally Brown.'"

"'Sally has a cross old granny.'"

"'Oh!——'"—

"Heave and fall—jib-halyards—hoist away."

"Oh! dear—oh! dear."

"The clumsy brute has half-killed the girl?—Don't cry, my dear."

"Pick up the child, Tom, and shove it out of the way."

"Where shall I put her?"

"Oh, any where just now; put her on the turkey-coop."

"Starboard?"

"I say, clap on, some of you *he* chaps, or else get out of the way."

"Sailor, mind my band-box."

"Starboard!"

"Starboard it is; steady so."

Thus, with the trifling matter of maiming half-a-dozen children, upsetting two or three women, smashing the lids of a few trunks, and crushing some hand-boxes as flat as a muffin, the good ship Quebec was at last fairly under way, and standing out for St. Helen's.

3. P.M.—Off St. Helen's; ship steady; little wind; water smooth; passengers sure they won't be sick.

3, 20.—Apologies from the captain for a cold dinner on this day.

4 o'clock.—Dinner over; everybody pulls out a number of "Pickwick;" everybody talks and reads Pickwick; weather getting up squally; passengers not quite so sure they won't be sea-sick.

Who can tell what the morrow may bring forth? It brought forth a heavy sea, and the passengers were quite sure that they were sea-sick. Only six out of thirty-eight made their appearance at the breakfast table; and, for many days afterwards, there were Pickwicks in plenty strewed all over the cabin, but passengers were very scarce.

But we had more than sea-sickness to contend with—the influenza broke out and raged. Does not this prove that it is contagious, and not dependent on the atmosphere? It was hard, after having sniffled with it for six weeks on shore, that I should have another month of it on board. But who can control destiny? The ship was like a hospital; an elderly woman was the first victim—then a boy of twelve years of age. Fortunately, there were no more deaths.

But I have said enough of the passage. On the 4th of May, in the year of our Lord 1837, I found myself walking up Broadway, among the free and enlightened citizens of New York."

New York has been so frequently described by travellers of all kinds, of late years, that the captain has little new to say about it, except perhaps the following:—

Among the few discrepancies observable between this city and London, are the undertakers' *shops*. In England they are all wooden windows below, and scutcheons above; planks and shavings within—in fact, mere workships. Here they are different: they have large glass fronts, like a millinery or cut-glass shop with us, and the shop runs back thirty or forty feet, its sides being filled with coffins standing on end, mahogany and French polished. Therein you may select as you please, from the seven feet to receive the well-grown adult, to the tiny receptacle of what Burns calls, "Wee unchristened babe." I have, however, never heard of any one choosing their own coffin; they generally leave it to their relatives to perform that office.

I may here remark, that the Americans are sensible enough not to throw away so much money in funerals as we do; still it appears strange to an Englishman to see the open hearse containing the body, drawn by only one horse, while the carriages which follow are drawn by two: to be sure, the carriages generally contain six individuals, while the hearse is a sulky, and carries but one.

The New York tradesmen do all they can, as the English do, to attract the notice of the public by hand-bills, placards, advertisements, &c.; but in one point they have gone a-head of us. Placards, &c. may be read by those who look upwards or straight-forward, or to the right or to the left; but there are some people who walk with their eyes to the ground, and consequently see nothing. The New Yorkers have provided for this contingency, by having large marble tablets, like horizontal tomb-stones, let into the flag pavements of the *trottoir* in front of their shops, on which is engraven in duplicate, turning both ways, their names and business; so, whether you walk up or down Broadway, if you cast your eyes downwards so as not to see the placards above, you cannot help reading the inscriptions below."

The captain says that among many anecdotes related to him about the war of independence he was told the following:—

One of the officers who most distinguished himself in the struggle was a General Starke; and the following is the speech he is reported to have made to his men previous to an engagement:—

"Now, my men, you see them ere Belgians; every man of them bought by the King of England at 17*s.* 6*d.* a-head, and I've a notion he'd paid too dear for them. Now, my men, we either beats them this day, or Molly Starke's a widow, by G—d." He did beat them, and in his despatch to head-quarters he wrote—"We've had a dreadful hot day of it, General, and I've lost my horse, saddle and bridle and all."

In those times, losing a *saddle* and *bridle* was as bad as losing a horse.

At the same affair, the captain commanding the outposts was very lame, and he thought proper thus to address his men:—

"Now, my lads, you see we're only an outpost, and we are not expected to beat the whole army in face of us. The duty of an outpost, when the enemy comes on, is to go in *treeing* it, and keeping ourselves not exposed. Now, you have my orders; and as I am a *little lame*, I'll go in first, and mind you do your duty and come in after me."

At times we are told things which rather confuse our notions about the value of property in the New World. In the Eastern States, he says,

"They set a higher value upon good connexions in these poor States than they do in others; and if a daughter is to be married, they will ask what family the suitor is of, and if it bears a good name, they are quite indifferent as to whether he has a cent or not. It is remarkable, that if a man has three or four sons in these States, one will be a lawyer, another a medical man, another a clergyman, and one will remain at home to take the property; and thus, out of the proceeds of a farm, perhaps not containing more than fifty acres, all these young men shall be properly educated, and in turn sent forth to the West and South, where they gain an honourable independence, and very often are sent to Congress as senators and representatives.

The festival of the anniversary of American Independence is thus described:—

The 4th of July, the sixty-first anniversary of American Independence.

Pop—pop—bang—pop—pop—bang—bang bang! Mercy on us! how fortunate it is that anniversaries come only once a year. Well, the Americans may have great reason to be proud of this day, and of the deeds of their forefathers, but why do they get so confoundedly drunk? why, on this day of independence, should they become so *dependent* upon posts and rails for support?—The day is at last over; my head aches, but there will be many more aching heads to-morrow morning!

What a combination of vowels and consonants have been put together! what strings of tropes, metaphors, and allegories, have been used on this day! what varieties and gradations of eloquence! There are at least fifty thousand cities, towns, villages, and hamlets, spread over the surface of America—in each the Declaration of Independence has been read; in all one, and in some two or three, orations have been delivered, with as much gunpowder in them as in the squibs and crackers. But let me describe what I actually saw.

The commemoration commenced, if the day did not, on the evening of the 3d, by the municipal police going round and pasting up placards, informing the citizens of New York, that all persons letting off fireworks would be taken into custody, which notice was immediately followed up by the little boys proving their independence of the authorities, by letting off squibs, crackers, and bombs; and cannons, made out of shin bones, which flew in the face of every passenger in the exact ratio that the little boys flew in the face of the authorities. This continued the whole night, and thus was ushered in the great and glorious day, illumined by a bright and glaring sun, (as if bespoken on purpose by the mayor and corporation,) with the thermometer at 90° in the shade. The first sight which met the eye after sunrise, was the precipitate escape, from a city visited with the plague of gunpowder, of respectable or timorous people in coaches, carriages, wagons, and every variety of vehicle. "My kingdom for a horse!" was the general cry of all those who could not stand fire. In the mean while, the whole atmosphere was filled with independence. Such was the quantity of American flags which were hoisted on board of the vessels, hung out of windows, or carried about by little boys, that you saw more stars at noon-day than ever could be counted on the brightest night. On each side of the whole length of Broadway, were ranged booths and stands, similar to those at an English fair, and on which were displayed small plates of oysters, with a fork stuck in the board opposite to each plate; clams sweltering in the hot sun; pine apples, boiled hams, pies, puddings, barley-sugar, and many other indescribables. But what was most remarkable, Broadway being three miles long, and the booths lining each side of it, in every booth there was a roast pig, large or small, as the centre attraction. Six miles of roast pig! and that in New York city alone; and roast pig in every other city, town, hamlet, and village, in the Union. What association can there be between roast pig and independence? Let it not be supposed that there was any deficiency in the very necessary articles of potation on this auspicious day: no! the booths were loaded with porter, ale, cyder, mead, brandy, wine, ginger-beer, pop, soda-water, whiskey, rum, punch, gin slings, cocktails, mint julips, besides many other compounds, to name which nothing but the luxuriance of American-English could invent a word. Certainly the preparations in the refreshment way were most imposing, and gave you some idea of what had to be gone through on this auspicious day. Martial music sounded from a dozen quarters at once; and as you turned your head, you tacked to the first bars of a march from one band, the concluding bars of Yankee Doodle from another. At last the troops of militia and volunteers, who had been gathering in the park and other squares, made their appearance, well dressed and well equipped, and, in honour of the day, marching as independently as they well could. I did not see them go through many manœuvres, but there was one which they appeared to excel in, and that was grounding arms and eating pies. I found that the current went towards Castle Garden, and away I went with it. There the troops were all collected on the green, shaded by the trees, and the effect was very beautiful. The artillery and infantry were drawn up in a line pointing to the water. The officers in their regimental dresses and long white feathers, generals and aides-de-camp, colonels, commandants, majors, all galloped up and down in front of the line,—white horses and long tails appearing the most fashionable and correct. The crowds assembled were, as American crowds usually are, quiet and well behaved. I recognised many of my literary friends turned into generals, and flourishing their swords instead of their pens. The scene was very animating; the shipping at the wharfs were loaded with star-spangled banners; steamers, paddling in every direction, were covered with flags: the whole beautiful Sound was alive with boats and sailing vessels, all flaunting with pennants and streamers. It was, as Ducrow would call it, "A Grand Military and Aquatic Spectacle."

Then the troops marched up into town again, and so did I follow them as I used to do the reviews in England, when a boy. All creation appeared to be independent on this day; some of the horses particularly so, for they would not keep "in no line not no how." Some preferred going sideways like crabs, others went backwards, some would not go at all, others went a great deal too fast, and not a few parted company with their riders, whom they kicked off just to show their independence; but let them go which way they would, they could not avoid the squibs and crackers. And the women were in the same predicament: they might dance right, or dance left, it was only out of the frying-pan into the fire, for it was pop, pop; bang, bang; fiz, pop, bang,—so that you literally trod upon gunpowder.

When the troops marched up Broadway, louder even than the music were to be heard the screams of delight from the children at the crowded windows on each side. "Ma! ma! there's pa?" "Oh! there's John." "Look at uncle on his big horse."

The troops did not march in very good order, because, independently of their not knowing how, there was a great deal of independence to contend with. At one time an omnibus and four would drive in and cut off the general and his staff from his division; at another, a cart would roll in and insist upon following close upon the band of music; so that it was a mixed procession—Generals, omnibus and four, music, cart-loads of bricks, troops, omnibus and pair, artillery, hackney-coach, &c. &c. Notwithstanding all this, they at last arrived at the City Hall, when those who were old enough heard the Declaration of Independence read for the sixty-first time; and then it was—"Begone, brave army, and don't kick up a row."

I was invited to dine with the mayor and corporation at the City Hall. We sat down in the Hall of Justice, and certainly great justice was done to the dinner, which (as the wife says to her husband after a party, where the second course follows the first with remarkable celerity) " went off remarkably well. The crackers popped outside, and the champagne popped in. The celerity of the Americans at a public dinner is very commendable; they speak only now and then; and the toasts follow so fast, that you have just time to empty your glass before you are requested to fill again. Thus the arranged toasts went off rapidly, and after them, any one might withdraw. I waited till the thirteenth toast, the last on the paper, to wit, the ladies of America; and, having previously, in a speech from the recorder, bolted Bunker's Hill and New Orleans, I thought I might as well bolt myself, as I wished to see the fireworks, which were to be very splendid.

As a set-off to this funning, we will subjoin a few serious facts.

America is a wonderful country, endowed by the Omnipotent with natural advantages which no other can boast of; and the mind can hardly calculate upon the degree of perfection and power to which, whether the States are eventually separated or not, it may in the course of two centuries arrive. At present all is energy and enterprise; everything is in a state of transition, but of rapid improvement—so rapid, indeed, that those who would describe America now would have to correct all in the short space of ten years; for ten years in America is almost equal to a century in the old continent. Now you may pass through a wild forest, where the elk browses and the panther howls. In ten years, that very forest, with its denizens, will, most likely, have disappeared, and in their place you will find towns with thousands of inhabitants; with arts, manufactures, and machinery, all in full activity.

In reviewing America, we must look upon it as showing the development of the English character under a new aspect, arising from a new state of things. If I were to draw a comparison between the English and the Americans, I should say that there is almost as much difference between the two nations at this present time, as there has long been between the English and the Dutch. The latter are considered by us as phlegmatic and slow; and we may be considered the same, compared with our energetic descendants. Time to an American is everything, and space he attempts to reduce to a mere nothing. By the steam-boats, railroads, and the wonderful facilities of water-carriage, a journey of five hundred miles is as little considered in America, as would be here a journey from London to Brighton. " *Go a-head* " is the real motto of the country; and every man does push on, to gain in advance of his neighbour. The American lives twice as long as others; for he does twice the work during the time that he lives. He begins life sooner: at fifteen he is considered a man, plunges into the stream of enterprize, floats and struggles with his fellows. In every trifle an American shows the value he puts upon time.

* * * *

Now, all this energy and activity is of English origin; and were England expanded into America, the same results would be produced. To a certain degree, the English were in former times what the Americans are now; and this it is which has raised our country so high in the scale of nations; but since we have become so closely packed—so crowded, that there is hardly room for the population, our activity has been proportionably cramped and subdued. But, in this vast and favoured country, the very associations and impressions of childhood foster and ripen the intellect, and precociously rouse the energies. The wide expanse of territory already occupied—the vast and magnificent rivers—the boundless regions yet remaining to be peopled—the rapidity of communication—the despatch with which everything is effected, are evident almost to the child. To those who have rivers many thousand miles in length, the passage across the Atlantic (of 3,500 miles) appears but a trifle; and the American ladies talk of spending the winter at Paris with as much indifference as one of our landed proprietors would of going up to London for the season.

We must always bear in mind the peculiar and wonderful advantages of *country*, when we examine America and its form of government; for the country has had more to do with upholding this democracy than people might at first imagine. Among the advantages of democracy, the greatest is, perhaps, that *all start fair*; and the boy who holds the traveller's horse, as Van Buren is said to have done, may become the president of the United States. But it is the *country*, and not the government, which has been productive of such rapid strides as have been made by America. Indeed, it is a query whether the form of government would have existed down to this day, had it not been for the advantages derived from the vast extent

> and boundless resources of the territory in which it was established. Let the American direct his career to any goal he pleases, his energies are unshackled; and, in the race, the best man must win. There is room for all, and millions more. Let him choose his profession—his career is not checked or foiled by the excess of those who have already embarked in it. In every department there is an opening for talent; and for those inclined to work, work is always to be procured. You have no complaint in this country, that every profession is so full that it is impossible to know what to do with your children. There is a vast field, and all may receive the reward due for their labour.

Captain Marryat happened to be in Canada at the breaking out of the late miserable insurrection, and he accompanied our troops to St. Eustache. The account of his short campaign is dreadful.

> On the morning of the —— the ice on the branch of the Ottawa river, which we had to cross, being considered sufficiently strong to bear the weight of the artillery, the whole force marched out, under the command of Sir John Colborne in person, to reduce the insurgents, who had fortified themselves at St. Eustache and St. Benoit, two towns of some magnitude in the district of Bois Brulé. The snow, as I before observed, lay very deep; but by the time we started, the road had been well beaten down by the multitudes which had preceded us.
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> The effect of the whole line of troops, in their fur caps and great coats, with the trains of artillery, ammunition, and baggage-wagons, as they wound along the snow-white road, was very beautiful. It is astonishing how much more numerous the force, and how much larger the men and horses appeared to be, from the strong contrast of their colours with the wide expanse of snow.
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> As we passed one of the branches of the Ottawa, one of the ammunition-wagons falling through the ice, the horses were immediately all but choaked by the drivers—a precaution which was novel to me, and a singular method of saving their lives: but such was the case: the air within them, rarified by heat, inflated their bodies like balloons, and they floated high on the water. In this state they were easily disengaged from their traces, and hauled out upon the ice; the cords which had nearly strangled them were then removed, and, in a few minutes, they recovered sufficiently to be led to the shore.
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> Let it not be supposed that I am about to write a regular dispatch. I went out with the troops, but was of about as much use as the fifth wheel of a coach; with the exception, that as I rode one of Sir John Colborne's horses, I was, perhaps, so far supplying the place of a groom who was better employed.
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> The town of St. Eustache is very prettily situated on the high banks of the river, the most remarkable object being the Catholic church, a very large massive building, raised about two hundred yards from the river side, upon a commanding situation. This church the insurgents had turned into a fortress, and perhaps, for a fortress "*d'occasion*," there never was one so well calculated for a vigorous defence, it being flanked by two long stone-built houses, and protected in the rear by several lines of high and strong palisades, running down into the river. The troops halted about three hundred yards from the town, to reconnoitre; the artillery were drawn up and opened their fire, but chiefly with a view that the enemy, by returning the fire, might demonstrate their force and position. These being ascertained, orders were given by Sir John Colborne, so that in a short time the whole town would be invested by the troops. The insurgents perceiving this, many of them escaped, some through the town, others by the frozen river. Those who crossed on the ice were chased by the volunteer dragoons, and the slipping and tumbling of the pursued and the pursuers, afforded as much merriment as interest; so true it is, that anything ludicrous will make one laugh, in opposition to the feelings of sympathy, anxiety, and fear. Some of the runaways were cut down, and many more taken prisoners.
>
> As soon as that portion of the troops which had entered the town, and marched up the main street towards the church, arrived within half-musket shot, they were received with a smart volley, which was fired from the large windows of the church, and which wounded a few of the men. The soldiers were then ordered to make their approaches under cover of the houses; and the artillery being brought up, commenced firing upon the church: but the walls of the building were much too solid for the shot to make any impression, and had the insurgents stood firm they certainly might have given a great deal of trouble, and probably have occasioned a

severe loss of men; but they became alarmed, and fired one of the houses which abutted upon and flanked the church,—this they did with the view of escaping under cover of the smoke. In a few minutes the church itself was obscured by the volumes of smoke thrown out; and at the same time that the insurgents were escaping, the troops marched up and surrounded the church. The poor wretches attempted to get away, either singly or by twos and threes; but the moment they appeared, a volley was discharged, and they fell. Every attempt was made by the officers to make prisoners, but with indifferent success; indeed, such was the exasperation of the troops at the murder of Lieut. Weir, that it was a service of danger to attempt to save the life of one of these poor deluded creatures. The fire from the house soon communicated to the church. Chenier, the leader, with ten others, the remnant of the insurgents who were in the church, rushed out; there was one tremendous volley, and all was over.

By this time many other parts of the town were on fire, and there was every prospect of the whole of it being burnt down, leaving no quarters for the soldiers to protect them during the night, The attention of everybody was therefore turned to prevent the progress of the flames. Some houses were pulled down, so as to cut off the communication with the houses in the centre of the town, and in these houses the troops were billeted off. The insurgents had removed their families, and most of their valuables and furniture, before our arrival; but in one house were the commissariat stores, consisting of the carcases of all the cattle, sheep, pigs, &c., which they had taken from the loyal farmers; there was a very large supply, and the soldiers were soon cooking in all directions. The roll was called, men mustered, and order established.

The night was bitterly cold: the sky was clear, and the moon near to her full: houses were still burning in every direction, but they were as mere satellites to the lofty church, which was now one blaze of fire, and throwing out volumes of smoke, which passed over the face of the bright moon, and gave to her a lurid reddish tinge, as if she too had assisted in these deeds of blood. The distant fires scattered over the whole landscape, which was one snow-wreath; the whirling of the smoke from the houses which were burning close to us, and which, from the melting of the snow, were surrounded by pools of water, reflecting the fierce yellow flames, mingled with the pale beams of the bright moon—this, altogether, presented a beautiful, novel, yet melancholy panorama. I thought it might represent, in miniature, the burning of Moscow.

About midnight, when all was quiet, I walked up to the church, in company with one of Sir John Colborne's aides-de-camp: the roof had fallen, and the flames had subsided for want of further aliment. As we passed by a house which had just taken fire, we heard a cry, and, on going up, found a poor wounded Canadian, utterly incapable of moving, whom the flames had just reached; in a few minutes he would have been burned alive: we dragged him out, and gave him in charge of the soldiers, who carried him to the hospital.

But what was this compared to the scene which presented itself in the church! But a few weeks back, crowds were there, kneeling in adoration and prayer; I could fancy the Catholic priests in their splendid stoles, the altar, its candlesticks and ornaments, the solemn music, the incense, and all that, by appealing to the senses, is so favourable to the cause of religion with the ignorant and uneducated; and what did I now behold?—nothing but the bare and blackened walls, the glowing beams and rafters, and the window-frames which the flames still licked and flickered through. The floor had been burnt to cinders, and upon and between the sleepers on which the floor had been laid, were scattered the remains of human creatures, injured in various degrees, or destroyed by the fire; some with merely the clothes burnt off, leaving the naked body; some burnt to a deep brown tinge; others so far consumed that the viscera were exposed; while here and there the blackened ribs and vertebra were all that the fierce flames had spared.

Not only inside of the church, but without its walls, was the same revolting spectacle. In the remains of the small building used as a receptacle for the coffins previous to interment, were several bodies heaped one upon another, and still burning, the tressels which had once supported the coffins serving as fuel; and further off were bodies still unscathed by fire, but frozen hard by the severity of the weather.

Sacred Poems. By the late Right Hon. Sir ROBERT GRANT.

Some of these Poems, the productions of the late excellent Governor of Bombay, have already appeared in print. A few are now published for the first time. They all evince an elevated christian spirit.

In a notice prefixed to the work, the author's noble brother, Lord Glenelg, observes, "Of those which are already known to the world, copies have been multiplied, but they vary so much from the original, as well as from each other, that it becomes necessary to present to the public a more correct and authentic version. In fulfilling this duty, I believe that I render an acceptable service to the lovers of poetry and religion, and it will, I am persuaded, be found that the additional poems here inserted are in no degree unworthy of those which have preceded them."

Lord Glenelg has rightly judged: every reader of proper feeling will thank his lordship for the service he has here rendered. We quote the following :—

THE BROOKLET.

SWEET brooklet, ever gliding,
Now high the mountain riding,
The lone vale now dividing,
Whither away ?
" With pilgrim course I flow,
" Or in summer's scorching glow,
" Or o'er moonless wastes of snow,
" Nor stop nor stay ;
" For O, by high behest,
" To a bright abode of rest
" In my parent Ocean's breast
" I hasten away !"

Many a dark morass,
Many a craggy mass,
Thy feeble force must pass ;
Yet, yet delay !
" Tho' the marsh be dire and deep,
" Tho' the crag be stern and steep,
" On, on, my course must sweep,
" I may not stay ;
" For O, be it east or west,
" To a home of glorious rest
" In the bright sea's boundless breast
" I hasten away !' "

The warbling bowers beside thee,
The laughing flowers that bide thee,
With soft accord they chide thee,
Sweet brooklet, stay !
" I taste of the fragrant flowers,
" I respond to the warbling bowers,
" And sweetly they charm the hours
" Of my winding way ;
" But ceaseless still, in quest
" Of that everlasting rest,
" In my parent's boundless breast,
" I hasten away !"

Know'st thou that dread abyss ?
Is it a scene of bliss ?
Ah, rather cling to this,
Sweet brooklet, stay ?
" O who shall fitly tell
" What wonders there may dwell ?—
" That world of mystery well
" Might strike dismay ;
" But I know 'tis my parent's breast—
" There held, I must needs be blest ;—
" And with joy to that promised rest
" I hasten away !"

Physic and Physicians: a Medical Sketch Book, exhibiting the Public and Private Life of the most celebrated Medical Men of former days; with Memoirs of eminent living London Physicians and Surgeons. Two Volumes.

This is as complete a specimen of bookmaking as we have seen for a long time. It looks as if, for greater despatch, it had been got up upon the division of labour principle, and the different labourers (unlike pin-makers) had had no communication with each other, nor any previous arrangement as to which of them should do the heads, and which the tails. In the first part, about the medical men of old times, there is, however, some amusing matter, taken (too often without acknowledgment) from Doctor Macmichael and a variety of other authors, new and old, which may prove acceptable to those who are unacquainted with the original and somewhat voluminous sources of information, or with the books of anecdotes, in which most of the stories are contained. We will venture to cull a few of the anecdotes, without any attention either to chronological order, or to the compiler's classification. Every body has heard of Doctor Radcliffe, who flourished in the reigns of William and Mary, Queen Anne, and the first George. He was an oddity all over, and very fond of his bottle.

Among the many singularities recorded of this eccentric man, is the following:—whilst he was one evening deeply engaged at a tavern, he was called on by a grenadier, who desired his immediate attendance on his *Colonel:* but no entreaties could prevail on the disciple of Esculapius to postpone his sacrifice to Bacchus. "Sir," quoth the soldier, "*my orders were to bring you:*" and being a very powerful man, he took him up in his arms and carried him off by force. After traversing some dirty lanes, the doctor and his escort arrived at a narrow alley—"What the d——l is all this," said Radcliffe, "your colonel don't live here?" "No," said his military friend, "no, my *colonel* does not live here—but my comrade does, and he's worth two colonels; so by ——, doctor, if you don't do your *best* for *him*, it will be the *worst* for *you*."

He was once sent for into the country to visit a gentleman ill of the quinsey. Finding that no external or internal application would be of service, he desired the lady of the house to order a hasty pudding to be made; when it was done, his own servants were to bring it up; while the pudding was preparing, he gave them instructions how they were to act. When the pudding was set on the table, the doctor said, "Come, Jack and Dick, eat as quickly as possible; you have had no breakfast this morning." Both began with their spoons, but on Jack's dipping one for Dick's twice, a quarrel arose. Spoonfuls of hot pudding were discharged on both sides; handfuls were pelted at each other. The patient was seized with a hearty fit of laughter, the quinsey burst, and the patient recovered.

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Dr. Radcliffe had a great objection to paying his bills. A pavior, after long and fruitless attempts to get his account settled, caught Dr. R. just getting out of his chariot, at his own door, in Bloomsbury Square, and demanded the liquidation of his debt. "Why, you rascal," said the doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work." "Doctor," said the pavior, "mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides. "You dog, you," said Radcliffe, "are you a wit? You must be poor—come in, and you shall be paid."

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Dr. Radcliffe, attending one of his intimates in a dangerous sickness, with an unusual strain of generosity for him, declared he would not touch a fee. One insisted, the other positively refused. When the patient's health was established, and the doctor was taking his leave, the patient said, "Sir, in this purse I have put every day's fee; nor must your goodness get the better of my gratitude." The Doctor eyed the purse, counted the number of days he had been attending, and then holding out his hand, replied, "Well, I can hold out no longer; singly I could have refused them for a twelvemonth; but altogether they are irresistible."

* * * *

"A little behind my house," says Dr. Cumming, "lies Carshalton, at which place, in days of yore, I have been informed that Dr. Radcliffe and the great Dons in his day, held an hebdomadal meeting, sacred, not to Æsculapius, but to Bacchus. To admit a young physician to one of these meetings was deemed a distinguished honour; for no one was asked, unless he seemed likely to prove conspicuous. When Dr. Mead was young, and just beginning to be talked of, he was asked to Carshalton; the object was to make him drunk, and to see the man: this design he suspected, and carefully avoided to fill a bumper when the sign was given.

"Mecum sæpe viri cum vino pellite curas:"

And he so managed as to see all the company retire under the table, except Radcliffe and himself; and the former was so far gone as to talk fast, and to show himself affected by the potations. "*Mead*," said he, "will you succeed me?" "*It is impossible*," replied the polite Mead; "*you are Alexander the Great, and no man can succeed Radcliffe: to succeed to one of his kingdoms is the utmost of my ambition.*" Radcliffe, with all his bluntness, was susceptible of flattery when delicately dressed up, and this reply won his heart. "*I will recommend you, Mead, to my patients*," said he; and the next day he did Mead the honour to visit him in town, when he found him reading Hippocrates. Radcliffe with surprise asked, "Do you read Hippocrates in the original Greek?" "Yes," answered Mead, respectfully. "*I never read it in my life*," said the great Radcliffe. "*No!*" replied Mead, "*You have no occasion, you are Hippocrates himself.*" This did the business for Mead, and it completely gained the blunt Radcliffe: and when he did not choose to attend patients, he recommended Mead, who from that moment rapidly rose in his profession. "This," says Dr. Lettsom, "I heard ten years ago from old Dr. Mounsey of Chelsea, who was one of the party; and since, Crespigny, of Camberwell, told me the anecdote of this drinking party."

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It was said of Radcliffe after his death, by some friends who were well aware that he never thought of these things when alive, that, a little before he died, he read the twentieth or thirtieth chapter of Genesis, and observed, "he found Moses a clever fellow; if he had known him a little sooner, he thought he would have read him through."

The next are about Doctor Mounsey, commonly called the Chelsea doctor.

The Doctor was intimately acquainted with Sir Robert Walpole, who knew the worth of his "Norfolk Doctor," as he called Mounsey, but neglected to reward it. The prime minister was fond of billiards, at which his friend very much excelled him. "How happens it," said Sir Robert, in his social hour, "that nobody will beat me at billiards and contradict me but Dr. Mounsey?" "They," said the Doctor, "get places; I get dinners and praise." The Duke of Grafton was mean enough to put off paying him for a long attendance on himself and family, by promising him a little place at Windsor. "I take the liberty to call on your Grace, to say the place is vacant," said the Chelsea Physician. "Ecod, (his Grace had not the most harmonious voice, and repeated this elegant word in a very peculiar manner,) Ecod, I knew it; the Chamberlain has just been here to tell me he promised it to Jack." The disconcerted and never paid physician retired, and informed the Lord Chamberlain of what had passed, who said, "Don't for the world tell his Grace; but, before he knew I had promised it, here is a letter to me, soliciting it *for a third person*."

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Dr. Mounsey was always infatuated with a fear of the insecurity of the public funds, and was frequently anxious, in his absence from his apartments, for a place of safety, in which to deposit his cash and notes. Going on a journey, during the hot weather in July, he chose the fire-place of his sitting-room for his treasury, and placed bank-notes and cash to a considerable amount in one corner, under the cinders and shavings. On his return, after a month's absence, he found his housekeeper preparing to treat some friends with a cup of tea, and, by way of showing respect to her guests, the parlour fire-place was chosen to make the kettle boil; the fire had not long been lighted when the Doctor arrived. When he entered the room, the company had scarcely began tea. Mounsey ran across the room, like a madman, saying, "Hang it, you have ruined me for ever; you have burned all my bank-notes." First went the contents of the slop basin, then the tea-pot, then he rushed to the pump in the kitchen, and brought a pail of water, which he threw partly over the fire and partly over the company, who, in the utmost consternation, got out of his way as speedily as possible. His housekeeper cried out, "For G— sake take care, Sir, or you will spoil the steel stove and fire-irons." "D—n the irons," replied the Doctor; "you have ruined me—you have burned my bank-notes." "L—, Sir," said the half-drowned woman, "who'd think of putting bank-notes in a Bath stove, where the fire is ready laid?" "And," retorted he, "who would think of making a fire in the summer time, where there has not been one for several months?" He then pulled out the coals and cinders, and, at one corner, found the remains of his bank-notes, and one quarter of them entire and legible. Next day, Dr. Mounsey called upon Lord Godolphin, the high-treasurer, and told him the story. His lordship said, "that he would go with him to the Bank the next day, and get the cash for him, through his influence. He accordingly ordered his carriage, and agreed to meet Mounsey at the room in the Bank, where some of the directors daily attended. The Doctor, being obliged to go to the Horse Guards on business, took water at Whitehall for the City. In going down the river, he pulled out his pocket-book, to see if the remains of his notes were safe, when a sudden puff of wind blew them out of his pocket-book into the river. "Put back, you scoundrel," said the doctor, "my bank-notes are overboard."

He was instantly obeyed, and the doctor took his hat and dipped it into the river, inclosing the notes and hatful of water. In this state he put it under his arm, and desired to be set ashore immediately. On landing, he walked to the Bank, and was shown into the room where Lord Godolphin had just before arrived. "What have you under your arm?" said his lordship. "The d——d notes," replied the doctor, throwing down his hat with the contents on the table, with such a force as to scatter the water into the faces of all who were standing near it. "There," said the doctor, "take the remainder of your notes, for neither fire nor water will consume them!"

The next are about Doctor Sir Richard Jebb, who is said to have died broken-hearted on account of having been turned away from his situation of court physician by George III.

It is stated that Sir Richard Jebb was very rough and harsh in his manner. He once observed to a patient to whom he had been very rude, "*Sir, it is my way.*" "Then," replied the patient, pointing to the door, "I beg you will make *that your way.*"

Sir Richard, on being called to see a patient, who fancied himself very ill, told him candidly what he thought, and declined prescribing, thinking it unnecessary. "Now you are here," said the patient, "I shall be obliged to you, Sir Richard, if you will tell me how I must live, what I may eat, and what not." "My directions as to that point," replied Sir Richard, "will be few and simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, because they are windy; but any thing else you please."

Sir Richard Jebb was the first cousin to Dr. John Jebb, who had been a dissenting minister, well known for his political opinions and writings. His Majesty George III. used sometimes to talk to Sir Richard concerning his cousin; and on one occasion more particularly spoke of his restless reforming spirit, in the church, in the university, &c. "And please your Majesty," replied Sir Richard, "if my cousin were in heaven, he would be a reformer."

Sir Richard was not distinguished for being tenacious of the language he made use of to patients. Nothing used to make him swear more than the eternal question, "What may I eat?" "Pray, Sir Richard, may I eat a muffin?" "Yes, madam, the best thing you can take." "O dear! I am glad of that. But, Sir Richard, you told me the other day, that it was the *worst* thing that I could eat!" "What would be proper for me to eat to-day?" says another lady. "Boiled turnips." "Boiled turnips?" exclaimed the patient, "you forget, Sir Richard, I told you I could never eat boiled turnips." "Then, madam, you must have a d—d vitiated appetite."

Sir John Elliot, whom George III. made a baronet, but whom he would not have for his physician, must have had some curious anecdotes to tell, as he was a great favourite with the ladies, and his female patients were always falling in love with him: but our compiler has not collected anything about him worth repeating.

The following relate to one who was the friend of Pope, and Swift, and Bolingbroke, and all that great *cotérie.*

Garth was very much embarrassed one evening whilst writing a letter at a coffee-house, by an Irish gentleman, who was rude enough to look over his shoulder all the time. The physician, however, seemed to take no notice of this impertinence until towards the close of his letter, when he humorously added by way of postscript, "I would write you more by this post, but there's a d—— tall impudent Irishman looking over my shoulder all the time." "What do you mean, sir?" said the Irishman in a great fury, "do you think I looked over your letter?" "Sir," said Sir Samuel, very gravely, "I never once opened my lips to you." "Ay, but you have put it

> down for all that." "That's impossible, sir," said Garth, "as you have never once looked over my letter."
>
> Garth, one Sunday, stumbled into a Presbyterian church, to beguile a few idle moments, and seeing the parson apparently overwhelmed by the importance of the subject, he observed to a person who stood near him, "What makes the man greet?" "By my faith, answered the other, "you would, perhaps, greet too, if you were in his place, and had as little to say." "Come along and dine with me, my good fellow," said Garth, "I perceive you are too good a fellow to be here."
>
> Garth was a general scholar, without the least tincture or affectation of pedantry. He was humane in his profession, and not more ready to visit than to relieve the necessitous. His conversation was free, his wit flowing and agreeable, and always tempered by affability and good nature.
>
> Many amusing anecdotes are recorded of this eminent poet and physician. On one occasion, when he met the members of the celebrated Kit-kat Club, he declared that he must soon be gone, having many patients to attend; but on some excellent wine being placed on the table, and the conversation becoming interesting and animated, the doctor soon forgot his professional engagements. His friend, Sir Richard Steel, however, thought it his duty to remind the doctor of his poor patients. Garth immediately pulled out his list, upon which were fifteen names. "It is no great matter whether I see them to-night or not," said he, "for nine of them have such bad constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can't save them; and the other six have such good constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."
>
> Garth, about the last three years of his life, talked in a less libertine manner, than he had been used to do. "He was rather doubtful, and fearful," says his friend Pope, "than religious." It was usual for him him to say, that if there was any such thing as religion, it was among the Roman Catholics. "He died a papist, (as I was assured by Mr. Blount, who carried the father to him in his last hours;) probably, from the greater efficacy we give the sacraments. He did not take any care of himself in his last illness; and had talked for three or four years, as one tired of living. In short, I believe he was willing to let it go."
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> * * * *
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> In a letter written by Pope, dated Dec. 12th, 1718, to a friend, he gives the following account of Garth's death, his fears of it, and his own opinion of his character.
>
> "The best natured of men, says he, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a saint or a philosopher famous. But ill tongues, and worse hearts, have branded even his last moments, as wrongfully as they did his life with irreligion. You must have heard many tales on this subject; but if ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth."

All that part of "Physic and Physicians," which pretends to give an account of the eminent living professors, is physic for the dogs—something more unpalatable than black-draught mixture. It is written in the worst of tastes, and is monstrously incorrect from beginning to end.

Pictures of the French; drawn by themselves.

This is a very good translation of a periodical work (something in the manner of our English "Heads of the People,") now in the course of publication at Paris. Both illustrations and letter-press are light and amusing, and full of character. Those who know Paris will recognise many an old acquaintance. The whole thing is essentially Parisian, and tends to convey a very correct notion of the present state of society in that extraordinary capital. The "Parisian Lady," the "Grisette," the "Grocer," the "Law Student," the "Political Lady," and the "Literary Adventurer," are all hit off to the life. We must make room for an extract from the last-named paper.

> At length, then, he was a man of letters. Like others, he had at last his work "imprinted;" but, what he had more than others, was a myriad of faults scattered through his whole work, the inevitable result of his inexperience in the matter of typographical correction; witness a passage wherein he had meant to celebrate the

devotedness of women,—but to which a very opposite meaning was given by the omission of a single letter. Apart from this little mischief, Eugène was the happiest of men; he carried thirty copies of the *Cherubin* to the post—there was one for each of the authorities, civil or administrative, of Chateau-Chinon; then he entered all the coffee-houses he knew, all the reading-rooms he could find, asking everywhere for the *Cherubin*, and not resigning it till he had slowly read over his "Article;" at night, before going to bed, he wrote several letters to himself, with the following address:—"To Monsieur Eugène Preval, Journalist and Man of Letters," in order to fix his identity well in the eyes and memory of his porter.

The *Cherubin* dead, its contributors felt an immense void in their human existence;—some deplored exceedingly having no longer at their disposal that convenient rostrum, wherein they installed themselves at their ease, to harangue the crowd, which did not give itself the trouble of listening: what others regretted still more, was the loss of a shelter and flock bed, on which they might at least sometimes depend. In short, it was unanimously resolved that a new journal should be founded; and to give solidity to its existence, it was further decreed, that the property of the said journal should be created in shares: it was then that arose the *Revue de France*, supported by a society of contributing shareholders, each engaging to pay a monthly proportion of fifteen, ten, or five francs, according to the extent of his pecuniary means; those who paid fifteen francs had the right of inserting two or three times as many papers as those who paid ten or five. It was enjoined on all the proprietors, under pain of a solemn exclusion, to demand in every public place, and that with all possible uproar, the *Revue de France*, and if by any chance some villain of a waiter should reply—"Don't know it"—the said proprietor was to turn out immediately, taking nothing but a glass of water (without sugar) and a tooth-pick—in short, consuming nothing for which he would have to pay.

Eugène, as a five-franc shareholder, joined the project, that was to be, according to the prospectus, a Literary Pyramid—that was nothing less than a twin-sister of the *Cherubin*, and that rapidly shared the same fate.

Encouraged by two successes of such excellent augury, our hero proceeded without delay to the compilation of various anonymous papers; and having heard that all men of letters in tolerable credit were more or less welcome in the reception-room of some celebrated actress, he bethought himself of making a choice, and wrote thirteen impassioned letters to the fascinating Frétillon, of the *Palais Royal*, with entreaties for instant reply: but the actress gave no reply whatever, and we do not know what would have become of our aspirant if, at the same time, and by way of consolation, one of the journals of which he was an assiduous, but ill-paid contributor, had not invited him all at once to enter the seventh heaven.

From the day of his first embarkation in literature, Eugène had felt himself devoured by an eager longing that, like the robe of the Centaur, was ever more closely involving him in its burning folds:—he would have given ten years of his life, he declared, to have the *entrée* to the green-room of a theatre: whenever he passed the door of one he gazed with longing eyes at the special entrance of the privileged and of the performers, murmuring sadly to himself—"*Open, Sesame.*" Now the journal to which we have above referred, bestowed upon him one fine morning a free admission to the *Folies Dramatiques*, appointing him to render an account of its first representations. Eugène was then living in the Rue des Mathurins St. Jacques, at the distance of a good league from the Boulevart of the Temple—the site of the theatre; but this did not prevent him from being at his post during forty consecutive nights. They were playing at that time, I know not what wild melodrama—Eugène learnt it by heart, and was not long in becoming an accomplished critic in his appreciation of the company. Every paper overflowed with concientious remonstrances, addressed to Mademoiselle Alphonsine, and recommending her to take pattern by Mademoiselle Anastacie—and to Monsieur Auguste, entreating him to be less servile in his imitation of Monsieur Adolphe.

One evening he was admitted, by special favour, behind the scenes; he was beside himself for joy—his cheeks glowed, his eyes sparkled, his heart beat almost through his waistcoat, not with fear, but with a sacred emotion; one might have compared him to a young lieutenant in his first battle. He went dreaming of unbounded delights; the said delights consisted in receiving a cloud on his head that crushed his hat—a cabin fell about his legs and tore them cruelly,—an oily moon set full on his back,—to say nothing of the blows of the scene-shifter, and the kicks of the firemen in waiting. At the instant of leaving this place of bliss, he lost his footing, and plunged headlong into the "pit of the wicked," represented by that same trap-door by which the villain of the piece had a moment before been swallowed up. That night Eugène lost an illusion, and found a sprain which confined him to his room for a fortnight;—he employed this period in fabricating a vaudeville, such as, according to the manager, we shall never see again. The introduction to the first act, among other parts, was written with prodigious force; let the following passage exemplify: "The theatre represents a forest; on the left is a tree." The managers of Paris had all, without exception, the cruelty to deprive the city of this remarkable work,—he of the Théâtre Français and all, to which last it was addressed, under the pseudonymie of "Comedy." The recipe on these occasions is very simple. You wish to make a waistcoat out of your coat,—then you cut off the skirts: in like manner Eugène pulled down the ill-built and loosely-rhymed couplets of his vaudeville, and converted it into a comedy. This check made our hero bid adieu to the theatre, and return to the journalising path, where new and brilliant successes awaited him. It was now that he felt the necessity of surrounding his name with a halo of some kind or other; and to this end wrote an anonymous letter to the editor of the *Paris Directory*, complaining loudly of the carelessness and ignorance that had presided at the compilation of the said Directory; and to prove the justice of his assertion, he cited the incredible omission therein made of the name of a distinguished Monsieur Eugène Preval, living at Paris, in the Rue Monsieur-le-Prince, No. 78, and at the house of a wine-merchant!

At this same period, Eugène desired to have some visiting-cards engraved. Making known to a friend the embarrassment he experienced at having no distinctive epithet to tag to his name—adding, besides, that he was not ambitious, but would be content with the merest nonsense of a thing, were it even the title of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour: his friend advised him to get himself elected member of the Historical Institute; and by means of six five-franc pieces, Eugène was elected accordingly. From this moment he had the right of *absenting* himself from its monthly meetings to discuss Literature and Geography; charming assemblies, nevertheless, they are,—where some three dozen of people who have nothing else to do, meet with the sole aim of telling each other little silly apologues, and reciting dear innocent fables.

Not content with these titles to the admiration of his contemporaries, Eugène, whom men began to inebriate with their vapoury incense, resolved one morning to make himself the satellite of some declared luminary. Finding Parnassus too steep for his little legs, and glory a fruit too elevated for his little arms, he adopted the resolution of hooking himself on to some person of celebrity, whose limbs were sufficiently vigorous and long to attain the one and gather the other. His choice having been determined, he wrote the following letter, bearing the impress of all the frankness and facility of which he felt himself capable:—

"SIR—The reading of your charming works has long inspired me with the wish to express to you personally all the admiration I feel for you. Accept the assurance, &c. EUGENE PREVAL, Man of Letters."

Two days after he received a reply, conceived thus—

"Come—I am entirely yours. You shall press the hand of a comrade, who offers you his friendship and excellent cigars.
"To Monsieur Eugène Preval, Man of Letters."

One observation we make by the way: most of our great men smoke. Is it, therefore, that they so often emit smoke for the benefit of their readers and publishers?

Four years have now passed since these things and many more such occurred. The wisdom of the ancients has declared, that by dint of hammering one becomes a good smith;—you will not then be surprised if I tell you, that our aspirant, after having passed successively from journals paying badly to journals paying better, and from journals paying better to journals paying well, has at length, like his neighbours, achieved something approaching to distinction. There are few Parisian printing-offices unacquainted with his handwriting. It is not, therefore, impossible, that the Publisher of the *Pictures of the French drawn by Themselves* may ask him to write a sketch—nor is it unlikely that Dantan will hasten to give him a niche in his *Eccentric Pantheon.*

The Manor of Glenmore: or, the Irish Peasant. By a MEMBER OF THE IRISH BAR.

This is an Irish story of no common power. It is intended to illustrate the present social condition of the sister island; and the reader may have some confidence in the illustration, as the author gives manifest and manifold proofs of being well acquainted with his subject, and with the character and habits of the Irish peasantry. He possesses also, in an eminent degree, the faculty of sketching character, and making the incidents of a story lively and dramatic. Many novel readers may find that the work over-abounds in politics; but alas! there is no illustrating the condition of Ireland without getting into that stormy arena. It is to be regretted, however, that the author has not kept himself more free from the virulence of party.

The grand incident of the story is a popular insurrection, and there is a deal of amusing and instructive talk about "White Boys," "Hearts of Steel," "Shanavests," "Ribbon Men," and the like.

At the end of the first and second volumes there are some well-chosen and exceedingly interesting notes. We quote what follows to do honour to Lord Headly, and to encourage other great landholders to go and do likewise.

> The estate of Glenbegh, or Glen of the Begh, or Birchen river, is situated at the entrance of the Iverah mountains, an extremely wild district, on the shores of the bay of Castlemain, and on the extreme south-western coast of Ireland. It consists of about 15,000 acres, much of which is rocky, boggy, and mountain ground. Steep and rugged mountains surround the estate, in the form of an amphitheatre, except towards the sea; along the shores of which a line of hills extends. Thus a sheltered vale is formed, through which the little river Begh takes the whole of its rapid course, from its sources in the mountain lakes to the sea.
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> This situation is romantic and picturesque, but its general aspect is wild and savage; and certainly, in the year 1807, presented as unpromising a subject for improvement as could well be imagined: and such was the character of the inhabitants for ferocity, that every traveller dreaded attack, and assumed a posture of defence, as he made his way between the river and a frowning cliff which overhangs it, then the only pass into the extensive districts to the west.
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> The glen was, at that time, supposed to be a place of safe retreat to every offender who fled from justice,—for there all pursuit terminated. The inhabitants allowed no person to be conducted through it as a prisoner, and it was their boast that none were ever punished who had taken refuge in its fastnesses.
>
> They were looked upon by the rest of the country as savage, and treated as people amongst whom there was no security but in superior force. This feeling was far from being softened on those melancholy occasions when shipwrecks occurred on the coast, during which nothing but an armed force could prevent every vestige of property being plundered by those and the neighbouring people. As to taxes, cesses, and other public dues, it may be imagined that the people lived nearly free from those imposts, for the king's heath money was abandoned, because of the difficulty attending its collection, although the officers appointed to that duty were supported by troops.
>
> The habitations of these mountaineers were the lowest order of huts, scarcely affording room to the inmates, and quite inadequate to the purpose of shelter. The people were miserably clothed and badly fed; the scanty potato-crop was often, from necessity, shared with the cows, who must have otherwise starved for want of other provisions. Murderous quarrels were not unfrequent, often arising out of partnership of tenancy, and, that none of the usual evils might be wanted, letting, by the customary mode of canting, had created enormous disproportions between the rents and the value of the lands,—some of these rents being absurdly high, and others ridiculously low. To these people the bare idea of labour was offensive, and work was considered as slavery. They were, however, a remarkably robust, active, and

enterprising race of men; hospitable and obliging to those who asked their assistance or courtesy. Many of them possessed almost chivalrous ideas of courage, of ancestry, and of adventure, and exhibited extraordinary symptoms of acuteness and intelligence, and a remarkable fondness for legal subtleties and historical tradition. Such were the people of that country, when Lord Headly, having recently come of age, for the first time visited this portion of the extensive family estate in Ireland. His lordship at once saw the deplorable state of those people was chiefly owing to a long course of neglect: he resolved, therefore, to cultivate their good qualities, without being at first very eager to punish their bad ones; these he wished to subdue by the progress of improvement, so that the culture of the people might keep pace with that of the soil; and he has succeeded in establishing, within eighteen years, a degree of improvement and civilisation, which without those efforts must have required a century.

The Irish Poor Committee in 1830 elicited the following corroborative facts:—

"In what year did your acquaintance with the district begin?"

"I think in 1807, or 1808."

"What was the character of the population?"

"They were extremely wild and savage."

"Is this district at the present moment in the condition you have described?"

"At the present moment it exhibits a very extraordinary contrast to the condition I have described; the people are now well clothed; they are extremely industrious and orderly, and I have seen them attending the chapel regularly twice a day, as well clothed, and as neat and as orderly, and as well conducted, as you see in a country village in England."

"Has the character of the houses changed?"

"The houses are very considerably changed; there are about one hundred and fifty new houses, built as neat as you will see in England."

"Has agriculture improved?"

"Agriculture has improved considerably; they have got into the habit of using sea sand, which enables them to cultivate bog (peat) and mountain to a great extent."

"Was there a greater pressure in Kerry at the time of the failure of the crop in 1821?"

"Very considerable, I think; out of a population of 230,000, in Kerry, 170,000 were reported to have been destitute of subsistence for the moment, and it ought to be remarked of the people, that not a single depredation on property took place?"

"Did the condition of the Glenbay estate at the time afford any test by which you could show that it was better than the other parts of the country?"

"It did—a most remarkable test; for, instead of suffering for want of food, they were enabled to sell food to the rest of the country."

"Having described the former state of Glenbay, and its actual condition at present, will you have the goodness to explain what means were adopted for effecting this singular improvement?"

"The means adopted were generally an attention to the character of the people, and a constant desire, on the part of the managers of the estate, to avail themselves of the disposition of those people to the improvement of the lands, and to the improvement of their habits and character generally; it was done with *very little sacrifice of rent or money*, but a constant and earnest attention to the object of improving the estate by the industry of the people; and whenever any particular instance of good management or industry, or of care to collect the land or sea-weed, or to reclaim or cultivate the land, or to build a decent house, was evinced by any of the people, they were encouraged by some little emolument or attention, or allowance, or something of the kind. I think the first system was to allow the people half value of any improvement made out of the rent; but as those rents were *considerably higher than could have been paid*, we conceived that the allowance was rather *nominal* than real."

"Then are the Committee to understand, that the improvements you have hitherto described have been effected chiefly by the people themselves, under a due system of encouragement and advice from the landlord?"

"Yes."

> "You have stated that this has been effected without any considerable sacrifice on the part of the landlord; has there been any increased value given to the estate which is proportioned to the amount of rent sacrificed by the landlord?"
>
> "If it were to be sold now, I would say it would sell for many thousands of pounds more than it would have done before; even allowing for what would have been the natural progress of the estate without these attentions and urging. In fact, seeing that the estate had been neglected for many years, and seeing the necessity of either abandoning it to a state of waste, or of doing something in the way of improvement, Lord Headly wished its improvement should be urged, and it was urged, *and his own personal attention had a great deal to do with it.*"
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> "During the disturbances that occurred, did the spirit of Whiteboyism extend itself to Glenbay?"
>
> "Not at all; on the contrary, the inhabitants had a meeting in a style rather of superiority, disavowing any participation in those feelings, and stating, that the reason they did not participate in those feelings, was, the attention that had been paid to them, and to their improvement, for so many years."

If by force of intense good wishes we could conjure up a hundred Lord Headlys, then would Ireland, in the course of a quarter of a century, be made a peaceful and happy country.

To all who take an interest in the Green Island, and in character and adventure, we recommend "The Manor of Glenmore; or, the Irish Peasant."

New General Biographical Dictionary. Projected and partly arranged by the late Rev. Hugh James Rose, B.D., Principal of King's College, London. Edited by the Rev. Henry J. Rose, B.D., Rector of Houghton Conquest, Bedfordshire; and late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

A good and comprehensive biographical dictionary has long been a desideratum in English literature. The editor of the present work is ever mild in his criticism of that old stock-book "Chalmers' General Biographical Dictionary," mentioning merely its sin of omission, while the sins of commission are numerous and palpable. That book, indeed, is shamefully inaccurate, low in spirit, and destitute of all sterling merit. It has only kept its place in libraries through the trade combinations of booksellers, and the want of something better.

The late Principal of King's College, London, originally projected this "New General Biographical Dictionary," and a considerable portion of it was executed by himself and others, when his labours were interrupted by death. The present editor pledges himself to follow out the plan originally devised, and to complete the work with the assistance of many contributors. He says, that when completed, it will most probably not exceed twelve closely printed volumes octavo (royal). The specimen part before us is neatly printed in double column; but all circumstances considered, and comparing it with other popular works in course of publication, we think it *rather* dear.

Some of the longer articles which we have read seem to be correctly and ably written, but not free from strong prejudices, either in politics or in religion. The short articles are very short indeed, some of them not exceeding one line, and therefore being useless. We have noted some inaccuracies—particularly in the modern lives—which seem to have arisen from the writers following too implicitly the *Biographie Universelle.*

Floreston; or, the New Lord of the Manor. A Tale of Humanity; comprising the History of a Rural Revolution from Vice and Misery to Virtue and Happiness. Dedicated to the Landed Proprietors of the United Kingdom.

This is an attempt to describe the actual condition of the peasantry of England, and to criticise the New Poor Law, made, by one who knows but little of the peasantry, and who has never read, or wholly misapprehended, the Poor Law Act. A certain earnestness, a seeming good intention, and sincerity, might help to render the thing mischievous; but there is good security in its dulness and long-windedness, and few or none will read the book, either for good or for evil.

We have seen of late so many things of this sort, both in prose and rhyme—we are so constantly in the habit of meeting with these social-improvement quacks, that we lose all patience, and must really speak out now and then.

The Wonders of Geology; or a Familiar Exposition of Geological Phenomena; being the Substance of a Course of Lectures delivered at Brighton. By GIDEON ALGERNON MANTELL, LL.D. F.R.S., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and of the Linnean and Geological Societies of London and Cornwall; Honorary Member of the Philomathic Society of Paris; of the Academies of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia; and of Arts and Sciences of Connecticut; of the Geological Society of Pennsylvania; of the Philosophical Institution of Boston; of the Historical Society of Quebec; and of the Philosophical Societies of York, Newcastle, &c.

This is an improved edition of a very valuable work which was acceptable to all lovers of geology, and doubly welcome to those who were acquainted with the amiable and excellent author, and with the vast collection he has formed with such wonderful perseverance, and under so many discouraging circumstances. When we first saw that remarkable collection it was at the author's house, at Lewes in Sussex, where Mr. Mantell was practising as a medical man. It was afterwards removed to Brighton, and exhibited there for some time by the "Sussex Literary Institution," an institution far too good for such a place, and which was crippled in its infancy from want of proper attention and nurture.

> "At that time," says Mr. Mantell, with natural fondness and regret, "I had every reason to believe that my collection would be permanently established in Sussex, and serve as the foundation for a county museum. In that expectation I have, however, been utterly disappointed; for although I would willingly have made any pecuniary sacrifice, to accomplish what appeared to me so desirable an object, yet after the death of my noble and lamented friend, the late Earl of Egremont, the munificent patron of the institution, the proposed measure was abandoned, and even opposed by many of its former supporters. I have, therefore, in compliance with the wishes of my scientific friends, disposed of my entire collection to the Trustees of the British Museum.
>
> "But although the main object of my labours has thus been frustrated, and that collection, which would have been of tenfold importance if located in the district from whence it was derived, and whose physical structure it was designed to illustrate, is now broken up, and will be dispersed through the cabinets of our national institution, yet the most interesting specimens are so unique, and so strikingly

distinct from any others hitherto obtained, that they may be referred to with facility, when the gallery of organic remains in the British Museum shall be finally arranged."

The additional illustrations to the present edition are numerous and important, and the whole of the text has been carefully revised, and here and there enriched with new matter.

The Collected Works of Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart., LL.D. F.R.S., Foreign Associate of the Institute of France, &c. Edited by his brother, John Davy, M.D. F.R.S. Vol. I. Memoirs of his Life.

This promises to be a well-printed, convenient, and elegant edition of the works of one of the greatest of our modern philosophers. Of the literary merits of the present volume, containing the life, written by Sir Humphrey's brother, we cannot speak altogether in such high terms as we could wish; for though it is an improvement on the memoir already published by the same author, and although Dr. John Davy's fraternal affection and enthusiasm are very commendable, he does not possess all the qualities necessary to form a good biographer, and his volumes must decidedly give place to the far abler and more regular composition of Dr. Paris. Those who are acquainted with the circumstances of Sir Humphrey Davy's life will be somewhat astonished to see how his own brother omits all mention of some of the most curious and striking of those circumstances, and slurs over others in haste, or with purposed and studied brevity. We may venture to give one specimen of the omissions, which perhaps may suggest the animus in which the rest are made. In mentioning his brother's marriage with Mrs. Appreece, he never says a word about that lady's large fortune, which produced the most important changes in the philosopher's life. We are, however, obliged to Dr. Davy for his copious extracts from Sir Humphrey's note-books and journals, as also for the specimens of his poetry, which are literary curiosities of no small value. Some of the great chemist's detached thoughts upon literature, science, morals, and politics, are striking and just; but others there are (where the chemist went far beyond his depth) that are false and heretical. The following is heresy unpardonable:—

> "Shakspeare, indeed, has entered with a power that can never be imitated into all the recesses of the human heart; has given infinite delight to all tastes and all conditions of society, and painted man, and enabled us to understand man. *But the influence of these wonderful works is limited by the pleasure that they give*; they, undoubtedly, often excite to actions of virtue, but *their impression is like that of a dream.*"

Those who best knew and most loved Sir Humphrey Davy, were fain to confess that he would sometimes talk, and write too, about things which he did not fully understand, and pride himself more upon metaphysics, criticism, philology, &c., than upon those sciences in which he was unrivalled.

The following reflection, made in the year 1816, is good, and true, and well expressed; and it were well if it were present to the minds of certain over-hasty reformers in 1839.

> "Everything good in society has arisen from gradual reform and progressive change. When the leaves of the tree are blighted, it kills the tree to pluck them off. Decaying leaves are better than no leaves at all: they should be suffered to perform their imperfect functions till they are thrown off by the vigour of the young and healthy leaves."

The Forester. A Tale of 1688. By MARY LOUISA BOYLE.

These volumes will be acceptable to the admirers of Mr. James, for they very much resemble that author's popular novels. The loves and adventures of Mistress Mary Savile and Lord Fleming are pretty and interesting; but we can scarcely imagine that the informed reader's sympathies will go along with Miss Boyle, where she attempts to elevate that contemptible tyrant and bad man, James II., into a hero and martyr, and that ignorant, common-place bigot, Mary of Este, (James's wife,) into a heroine. The great revolution of 1688 is a matter not to be trifled with, and by far too serious a subject for the writers of historical novels and romances. Miss Boyle speaks of her endeavours to adhere closely to the text of history; and says that in these particulars, which more especially concern James II. and his queen, she has taken history for her guide; but we suspect that *her* history has been of a very one-sided and very limited kind, and that she has been studying too exclusively the strange paradox recently set forth by Mr. Plumer Ward, who thought it both easy and honourable to whitewash James II., and cast dirt upon all the managers of that revolution, to which we, as Englishmen, are indebted for all the civil and religious liberty we enjoy. There are some parts of the story not exactly fitted for female study; but a glance at the diaries of Pepys and Evelyn will show that even in debauchery and profligacy James II. was little behind his brother King Charles; and the works of Mr. Fox, Mr. Hallam, and Sir James Mackintosh, will continue to prove to all reasonable beings that James was a dangerous tyrant, and the revolution of 1688—notwithstanding divers basenesses which attended it—the greatest political blessing ever bestowed on this nation.

Means and Ends; or Self-Training. By C. M. SEDGWICK, Author of "Redwood," "Hope Leslie," "Poor Rich Man," &c.

This little volume, more particularly addressed to young women, treats of education, moral training, health, cleanliness, exercise, housewifery, dress, manners, and other matters of equal importance. Like all the other works of this useful writer, it abounds in good sense and in admirable practical lessons, the results of experience. It is as applicable for England as for America, (the author's native country,) and for France or Germany, as for England. It raises the estimate of domestic economy, which is too often neglected because thought easy and vulgar, and upon which, after all, a vast deal of the comfort or happiness of the most intellectual of us mainly depends; it shows that nothing is mean or degrading that is useful, or essential to the well-being of one's household—that "whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well."

In America, says our author—and we will venture to say the same of England—"more evils than ever were fabled of Pandora's box, are sent abroad into the land by bad cooks." ..... "Lay it to your hearts, young women; none of you are too high, and none too low, to regulate the process of domestic cooking. ..... Cooking is women's work; *and it is an art that requires the constant exercise of judgment and skill.* .... There is a law among the Arabs that permits a man to divorce any of the four wives allowed him, who does not make good bread!"

The Metropolitan Pulpit; or Sketches of the most Popular Preachers in London. By the Author of "Random Recollections," "The Great Metropolis," &c.

Few authors have written more rapidly or more successfully than the author before us. As a collector of facts or matters of information, he appears to be unrivalled; and if, in his multifarious reports, errors are found, it is not, perhaps, so much a matter of surprise, as that his information should be so frequently accurate. Beginning at the Houses of Lords and Commons, the author has successively sketched "The Great Metropolis," in a 'First and Second Series,' and "Travels in Town," "The Law Courts," "The Bench and the Bar;" and in the present work "The most Popular Preachers." We cannot, perhaps, do better than allow him to state his own views in the publication of the present work, as given in the Preface.

> I trust the circumstance is not of unfavourable augury for the success of the book, that I have, within the last six months, been most earnestly solicited by ministers and others, of all denominations and from all parts of the country, to write a work on the most celebrated Preachers in London, on a plan similar to that of the two books already mentioned; the parties not being aware that I had previously determined on bringing out the present volume.
>
> Having in my last work, "Travels in Town," devoted about two hundred and forty pages to the "Religious Denominations of London," I am spared the necessity of making any special references, in these volumes, to the existing state of spiritual matters in the metropolis. The religious statistics of London will be found in the work just named, at very great length.
>
> In penning the present volumes, I can say with the utmost sincerity, that I have been actuated by an anxious desire to write with the greatest fairness and impartiality; and that I have most earnestly endeavoured to guard against anything which could by possibility be construed into an evidence of the book, or any part of it, being written in a bad spirit. I trust there is not a sentence in it of which any one can have just cause to complain. I should be sorry if there were. My object has been to dwell upon excellencies, and to touch but lightly on defects.
>
> I have, I may also state, sought to divest my mind of all prejudices and partialities regarding particular topics, and to write in so unbiassed a spirit as shall render it impossible for those before unacquainted with my views on religious subjects, to ascertain from the work now presented to the public, what these are. I am sure that no one can infer from the book, either what minister I sit under, or to what denomination of Christians I belong.
>
> If I have in some cases been minute in my descriptions, it is because I know how anxious the public are to be able to form, in their own minds, as accurate an idea as possible, of the personal appearance and peculiarities of manner, of distinguished men. I have scrupulously abstained throughout from any reference to matters of a strictly private kind. I have spoken of those whose names I have introduced into the work, only in the capacity of ministers.
>
> In order that I might avoid the invidious task of classing the ministers of the various denominations according to my views of their respective merits, I have taken them topographically, beginning with each denomination at the west-end, and proceeding to the east.
>
> There are many ministers of great and deserved distinction, whose names I was anxious to include in the present work; but the limits to which I was restricted rendered the gratification of my wishes impossible. Should, however, the book meet with a favourable reception, I will follow it up by another volume, which shall embrace all the ministers of distinction now unavoidably omitted.

To this we need scarcely add any remark, except to observe that the author has not confined himself to the living—a considerable part of the first volume being devoted to sketches of celebrated deceased ministers.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

A Vision of Death's Destruction; and other Poems. By Thomas John Ouseley.—A new edition of what we noticed some time ago with warm commendation. There are, however, some considerable additions, and among them a dirge on L. E. L.

Davenport's Historical Class Book, or Readings in Modern History.—Upon a good plan, and compiled with considerable ability. The young student will find it a useful book.

Wordsworth's Greece, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical. Part VI.—A beautiful part, containing views and descriptions of Corinth, Mistri, Bœotia, Parnassus, Mount Helicon, Platæa, and other places of immortal names.

Don Juan, Jun.; a Poem, by Byron's Ghost. Edited by G. R. Wythen Baxter.—Fudge! Change the word "christian" into "rhymester," and this Baxter has been correctly described by an old namesake.

Stories for the Fire Side; or Moral Improvement Illustrated. By Miss Rignall.—These stories, written by a lady for the amusement of a little girl, are moral and good of their kind, and would be much better were the language only a *little* simpler.

Trials of Strength. By Mrs. Barwell.—In language, and in every thing else, this is a model for juvenile story-books. What the able writer more especially demonstrates is the difference between *moral* and *physical* courage.

Agnes, and the Value of Money. By Mrs. Loudon.—Another admirable story-book for young people. Whatever Mrs. Loudon does is well done. She thinks more than she writes, whereas many book-making ladies (and gentlemen too) seem to write more than they think.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lady Chatterton's Rambles in the South of Ireland. Second Edition. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*
Blackmore's Newcastle and Carlisle Railway. 4to. 21*s.*
Twamley's Autumn Rambles by the Wye. Twenty plates. 8vo. 12*s.*
Wordsworth's Rules of Court, with Supplement. Second Edition. 12mo. 18*s.*
The Travellers' Club House. By W. H. Leeds. Imp. 4to. 18*s.*
Comte de Pambour's Theory of the Steam Engine. 8vo. 12*s.*
Malcolm's Travels in South-Eastern Asia. Woodcuts. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 16*s.*
Harding's Early Drawing-Book. New Edition. Oblong 4to. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Law of Parliamentary Elections. Part I. By Montague and Neal. 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*
Yarrell on the Growth of Salmon in Freshwater. Oblong folio. 12*s.*
Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott. Vol. IV. Second Edition. Fcap. 5*s.*
Roberts's Dictionary of Geology. Fcap. 6*s.*
Wiseman's Reply to Dr. Turton's Philalethes Cantabrigiensis. 8vo. 6*s.*
Tuckfield's Education for the People. Fcap. 8vo. 5*s.*
People's Library of Select Christian Authors. Imp. 8vo. 8*s.*
Butter's Etymological Spelling-Book. Thirty-sixth Edition. 12mo. 1*s.* 6d.
The School-room at Home. Square 16mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
The Flower-Basket, from the German of Schmidt. Fcap. 3*s.*
Lectures on the Jews, by Ministers of Glasgow. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
Hymns, translated from the Parisian Breviary. 18mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*
De Lamartine's Travels in the East. People's Edition. Royal 8vo. 3*s.* 9*d.*
Bentley's Plane Terrestrial Globe. 1 vol. 4to. 10*s.*; 2 vols. 4to. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Jackson's Devotional Year. Second Edition. 18mo. *5s.*
Wood's Bible Stories. Part II. New Edition. 18mo. *2s. 6d.*
Butter's Gradations. Twenty-first Edition. *1s. 6d.*
Eton Selectæ e Veteri Testamento. New Edition. *3s.*
Sewell's Vindiciæ Ecclesiasticæ. 8vo. *3s. 6d.*
Coghlan's Brighton and its Environs. 18mo. *1s.*
Horlock on Revels and Ungodliness. 12mo. *6d.*
An Address to the Protestant Electors of Great Britain and Ireland. 12mo. *3d.*
Great Western Railway Guide. 18mo. *4s.*
The Authors of France, an Outline of French Literature. By Achilles Albites. 24mo. *3s.*
Jay's View of Slavery. 12mo. *3s. 6d.*
John Smith's Letters, with Picters to match. 12mo. *3s. 6d.*
Hook's Five Sermons before the University of Oxford. Second Edition. 16mo. *3s.*
Ingpen's Entomologist's Guide. Second Edition. 18mo. *3s.*
Mary and Florence. Fifth Edition. 12mo. *5s.*
Parry's (Rev. J.) Discourses. 12mo. *5s.*
Nicholson's Lectures on Hezekiah. Fcap. *3s. 6d.*
Words of Wisdom for my Child. Second Edition. 32mo. *2s.*
Cheap Riches, being Choice Selections from the Writings of the Most Esteemed Divines. Super-royal 32mo. *2s.*
Antrobus's Classical Table Book. 12mo. *1s.*
The First Communion. By Francis L. Parker. 12mo. *2s.*
Wolferstan's Conversations on Early Education. 12mo. *1s. 6d.*

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Major Hort, who has been for some time stationed at Gibraltar, has just committed to the press a new work, entitled "The Rock," which is intended to illustrate the Picturesque Scenery and local peculiarities of Gibraltar. From the historical recollections and political importance attaching to this remarkable spot, there can be no doubt that the work will be one of very considerable attraction, both at home and abroad. It is, we understand, to be published in a quarto volume, and to be beautifully illustrated with drawings by Major Hart's friend, Lieutenant Lacey.

The Count de la Pasture has just transmitted from his residence abroad a new novel, now in the press, entitled "Real Pearls in a False Setting." All who are acquainted with the Count's comic vein, will know what to expect from such a title.

Miss Pigott, who has been for many years in the habit of committing to writing her observations on remarkable personages and circumstances, has just commenced the printing of a series of these lively papers. The work is to be entitled "Records of Real Life in the Palace and the Cottage," to be comprised in Three Volumes. From what we hear, we anticipate that this work will afford a near view of scenes seldom open to the public eye; we expect to have the pleasure of presenting our readers with a specimen of this talented lady's productions in our next number.

Miss Burdon has commenced the printing of a new novel, entitled "The Friends of Fontainbleau." The graphic power of this lady's pen enriches every subject she touches.

Mrs. Jameson has just corrected a new and compressed edition of her "Visits and Sketches."

The new novel recently announced from the pen of a Lady, entitled "Max Wentworth," may be expected in the course of the present month.

We have lately had the pleasure of inserting some very talented lines, signed H. P., Nova Terra; they are from the pen of Miss Prescott, daughter of the Governor of Newfoundland. As we consider her productions to be characterised by great beauty and sweetness, it affords us much gratification to state that a volume of this lady's poetry is now in the press, and intended, we believe, for publication early in October.

Mr. Reade, author of "Italy," "Cain the Wanderer," &c., has, we observe, printed his tragedy of "Catiline;" a limited number, principally for private circulation, a few only being reserved for sale to applicants.

A complete Account of the present state of all the Australian Provinces, including New Zealand, showing their various capabilities, their advantages and disadvantages as permanent settlements for European Emigrants, is now preparing for early publication, by W. Mann, Esq., a resident in those Colonies during the last six years.

An Historical and Descriptive Account of British America; comprehending Canada, Upper and Lower, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, the Bermudas, and the Fur Countries: their History from the Earliest Settlement; the Statistics and Topography of each District; their Commerce, Agriculture, and Fisheries; their Social and Political Condition; as also an Account of the Manners and Present State of the Aboriginal Tribes; to which is added, a full Detail of the Principles and best Modes of Emigration. By Hugh Murray, F.R.S.E. With Illustrations of the Natural History, by James Wilson, F.R.S.E. and M.W.S., R. K. Greville, LL.D., and Professor Traill. Forming Nos. XXV., XXVI., XXVII., of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

There have been some serious attempts to produce riot and disorder at Birmingham, but they have been happily put down. Accounts have been received of the death of Sultan Mahmoud. The state of trade generally is not, we regret to say, at present very encouraging. In some departments there have been great demands, but in others great stillness. Fears are also entertained lest the present heavy and continued rains should damage the growing crops. There appears now to be little doubt of the adoption of a cheap and uniform postage, the Bill for the purpose being, at the date at which we write, in the Commons, and under discussion. This measure, in connexion with our railways and steam-ships, may be expected to exert a mighty influence over our internal relations and dependencies. The experiment is a bold one as connected with the revenue, but one that, it is calculated, will be amply compensated by the vast increase of correspondence. By the way, our own editorial office, which, we can assure our readers, is, in this respect, no sinecure, will, we anticipate, be not a little promoted, as the law phrase is, by this measure. —Ye poets, have mercy!

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Monday, 29th of July.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 187 to 6 and a-half.—Three per Cent. reduced, 93 three-eighths to five-eighths. —Consols, for Account, 92 one-eighth.—Three and a Half per cent. Red. 99 one-fourth.—Exchequer Bills, 2*d.* and 1½*d.* 9*s.* 11*s.* prem.—India Bonds, 18*s.* 16*s.* prem.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese Five per Cent., for Account, 34 one-half—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent. 55 seven-eighths.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 103 seven-eighths.—Spanish Five per Cents., 19 one-fourth.

Money Market Report.—City, Friday Evening, July 26th.—The only transaction worthy of notice in British securities to-day was the sale of a quantity of stock by the Chancery broker, which caused Consols to decline from 92 to 91¼ for money, at which the quotation remained to the close. There were no sales of consequence of Exchequer Bills, but the market appears for the present to be fully supplied, and the premium has declined to 9. Some expectation is entertained that the Bank is about to raise the rate of discount to 6 per cent., but no notice of it has yet been given.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1839.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
June					
23	65-55	29,54-29,35	S.W.		Morn. clear, otherw. cloudy, with rain at times.
24	68-54	29,78-29,71	S.	,2	Generally clear.
25	73-56	29,87-29,83	S.W.		Generally clear, except the evening. [noon.
26	67-54	29,56-29,45	W.	,0625	Cloudy, dist. thunder accomp. with heavy rain abt.
27	67-50	29,78-29,74	S.W.	,375	Evening cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
28	60-51	29,68-29,62	S.W.	,1625	Cloudy, frequent showers of rain during the day.
29	60-48	29,97-29,82	N.W.	,1375	Cloudy, rain at times.
30	55-42	30,14-30,03	N.		General overcast.
July					
1	66-41	30,18-30,17	N.		Generally clear.
2	67-46	30,20-30,18	N.		Cloudy.
3	70-51	30,20-30,17	N.		Evening cloudy, otherwise clear.
4	73-49	30,12-30,10	N.E.		Generally clear.
5	73-50	30,11-30,04	S.		Morning overcast, otherwise clear.
6	79-54	29,96-29,87	S.W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
7	75-56	29,81-29,68	S.W.		Generally clear, except the evening. [times.
8	65-56	29,64-29,58	S.W.		Gen. clear, except the aftern. raining heavily at
9	66-51	29,75-29,65	S.	,1	Generally clear, rain at times.
10	64-47	29,90-29,88	S.W.	,025	Cloudy, rain at times.
11	75-55	29,92-29,86	S.W.		Generally clear.
12	72-59	29,88-29,76	S.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain at times.
13	74-52	30,04-29,97	W.	,025	Generally clear.
14	70-52	29,92-29,84	S.		Cloudy, rain at times.
15	72-56	30,04-29,93	W.	,05	Generally clear.
16	69-48	30,08-30,04	S.W.		Generally clear.
17	69-46	30,03-29,74	E.		Morning clear, otherwise overcast.
18	71-60	29,62-29,52	S.W.	,2125	Generally clear, except the morning.
19	68-56	29,61-29,60	S.W.		Gen. cloudy, rain at times, wind very boisterous.
20	69-55	29,74-29,65	S.W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
21	67-54	29,90-29,80	S.W.		Noon cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
22	69-54	30,02-29,97	S.W.		Gen. clear, a little rain fell during the morning.

A very violent storm of thunder and vivid lightning, in all parts of the compass, accompanied with heavy rain, from about half-past eight till about midnight of the 7th. instant.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JUNE 26, TO JULY 20, 1839, INCLUSIVE.

June 25.—H. Nelson, Watling-street, warehouseman.—S. Salomonson, Threadneedle-street, merchant.—W. Cole, Crane-court, Fleet-street, printer and publisher.—S. J. Boileau. Greville-street, Brunswick-square, dairyman.—G. C. Dawe, Regent street, Pall-mall, print-seller and publisher.—J. R. Gorst, Liverpool, coach and harness manufacturer.—P. C. Nicolle, Southampton, wine merchant.—T. Wilson, Manchester, hatters' trimmings manufacturer.—W. Jones, Newport, Monmouthshire, shopkeeper.—N. Colston, Brixham, Devonshire, draper.—R. Blyth, Lynn Regis, Norfolk, common brewer.

June 28.—J. Vaughan, Pratt-street, Lambeth, oilman.—B. R. Pemberton, Basinghall-street, wool-broker.—T. Whitby, Red Lion Wharf, Upper Thames-street, coal-merchant.—N. Currie, otherwise N. J. Currie, Regent-street, army accoutrement maker.—J. Smith, Newbury, Berkshire, baker.—T. Shipway, Stroud, Gloucestershire, clothier.

July 2.—H. Paynter, Garlick-hill, City builder.—J. Samuels, Lawrence-lane, Cheap-side, commission agent.—R. B. Roxby, Mercer's-place, Commercial-road, Limehouse, ship-owner.—C. R. Lewis, Richmond, pawnbroker.—W. Wisedell and W. Cockett, New Cut, Lambeth, ironmongers.—J. Loveridge, Bridport, cabinet-maker.—G. Harvey, Hand-acre, Staffordshire, spirit merchant.—W. Beer and H. Venn, Bristol, colour-makers.—P. M'Ardle, Liverpool, victualler.—T. Maguire, Liverpool, publican.—H. Lewis, Castle Cary, Somersetshire, plumber.—C. Graham, Liverpool, marine store dealer.—J. Taylor, Liverpool, trader.—B. Baker, Liverpool, marble mason.—J. Brown, Oldham, grocer.—J. Trenor, Bradford, merchant.—W. Lowcock, Liverpool, butcher.

July 5.—R. Adams, Greek-street, Soho, engineer.—F. Mansell, Myddleton-street, Clerkenwell, engraver.—T. Yarrol and W. Yarrol, Commercial-place, City-road, tailors.—T. W. Hall, Fen-court, Fenchurch street, drysalter.—G. W. Dalmaine, Abchurch-lane, Cannon-street, licensed victualler.—R. Jackson, Great Bolton, Lancashire, organ builder.—J. Ramsbottom, Cheetham-hill, Manchester, stage coach proprietor.—S. Sharrocks and H. Sharrocks, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Lancashire, cotton spinners.—J. Bentley and T. Brown, Manchester, merchants.—B. Hobson, Liverpool, hosier.—J. Fraser, Liverpool, commission agent.—A. M'Coy, Liverpool, marine store dealer.—J. Beckett, Liverpool, iron-founder.—T. Stephens, Liverpool, marine store dealer.—B. W. Franklin, Liverpool, merchant.—S. Bird, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, plasterer.—G. Sutton, Harlington, Derbyshire, draper.

July 9.—G. Potts, New Montague-street, Spitalfields, cabinet maker.—J. Green, City-road, nail-factor.—J. Galloway, Theobald's-road, Red Lion Square, ironmonger.—J. and C. Mould, Newgate-street, cheesemongers.—M. Hogg, Hall Arm, Aldborough, Yorkshire, wharfinger.—P. Solomon and I. Jacobs, Manchester, Manchester warehousemen.—J. and B. Trenor, Bradford, bacon-factors.—J. G. Robinson, Liverpool, broker.—J. Renwick, Liverpool, wine merchant.—G. Sutton, Hartington, Derbyshire, draper.—J. Ramsbottom, Manchester, hackney coach proprietor.—R. Smithies, Runcorn, Cheshire, tailor.—J. Lawless, Manchester, commission agent.—G. Moody, Manchester, stuff manufacturer.

July 12.—T. Robinson, Hungerford-street, Strand, tallow-chandler.—J. Root and J. W. Christie, Burdett-street, Walworth Common, brewers.—W. Ward, Leeds, cloth merchant.—W. H. Deeble, Bristol, accountant.—J. Peetman, Christchurch, Southampton, brewer.—J. Glover, Stafford, painter.—A. Atkinson, Barnard Castle, Durham, farmer.

July 16.—J. Kennedy and S. Hill, Union Iron Foundry, Monmouthshire, iron manufacturers.—L. Cooper and M. Case, Manchester, cotton manufacturers.—T. Barker and R. Ainsworth, Warrington, Lancashire, cotton-spinners.—W. Mangnall, Manchester, manufacturing chemist.—J. Thompson, Manchester, Manchester warehouseman.—S. Kent, Salford, victualler.—H. Mason, Calver, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner.—D. Worthington, Manchester, flour-dealer.—W. W. Stabbing, Manchester, grocer.—J. T. Buckley, Liverpool, provision-dealer.—W. Hobley, Warwick, grocer.—J. Fairbank, Manningham, Yorkshire, worsted spinner.—C. Jackson, Macclesfield, silk throwster.—G. Cowper, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, tea-dealer.—J. Poulton, Lane End, Staffordshire, grocer.—J. Thomas, Bridport, baker. T. Vinson, Bideford, tailor.

July 19.—J. Hancock, Welbeck-street, Cavendish Square, bath proprietor.—J. D. Moss, Liverpool, watchmaker.—I. Akers, Liverpool, tailor.—J. Trotter, Liverpool, auctioneer.—M. Rosenthall, Manchester, fustian manufacturer.—T. Walker, Hook, Snaith, Yorkshire, miller.—J. Phipps, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, cabinet maker.—C. Long, Bradford, Wiltshire, wharfinger.—J. Price, Birmingham, jeweller.—C. Pitt, sen., and C. Pitt, jun., Canterbury, druggists.—J. Eastwood and I. Woodhead, Meltham, Yorkshire, manufacturers.

NEW PATENTS.

A. Gordon, of Fludyer Street, Westminster, Engineer, for an improved machine or apparatus for employing steam, or other elastic fluid, as a motive power. May 30th, 6 months.

W. Armstrong, of Hawnes, near Ampthill, Bedfordshire, Farmer, for improvements in harrows. May 30th, 6 months.

W. Palmer, of Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, Manufacturer, for improvements in lamps and in the manufacture of candles. June 1st, 6 months.

S. Geary, of Hamilton Place, King's Cross, Architect, for certain improvements in paving or covering streets, roads, and other ways. June 1st, 6 months.

J. J. Beanier de Bligney, of the Commercial Hotel, Leicester Street, Leicester Square, for improvements in umbrellas and parasols. June 3rd, 6 months.

J. B. Furnival, of Street Ashton, Warwick, Farmer, for improvements in apparatus or material to prevent persons sinking when in the water. June 4th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of soap by the application of materials not hitherto used for that purpose. June 4th, 6 months.

W. Bates, of Leicester, Manufacturer, for improvements in the progress of finishing hosiery and other looped fabrics. June 4th, 6 months.

C. Wickels, of Guildford Street, Gentleman, and J. D. Greenwood, of the Belvidere Road, Manufacturer, both in Lambeth, for improvements in producing plain and ornamental articles and surfaces from cements or earths, separately, or combined with other materials. June 4th, 6 months.

J. P. Westhead, of Manchester, for an improvement or improvements in the manufacture or construction of stays or corsets. June 4th, 6 months.

W. Prior, of Rhoyd Street, in the Borough of Lambeth, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the carriages and axle-trees of wheel carriages. June 6th, 6 months.

A. Parsey, of the Quadrant, Regent Street, Artist, for improvements in obtaining motive power. June 6th, 6 months.

H. G. Dyar, of Regent Street, Gentleman, and J. Chisholm, of Pomeroy Street, Old Kent Road, Manufacturing Chemist, for improvements in obtaining sulphur from pyrites, or certain native sulphurets. June 6th, 6 months.

B. Henry de Bode, of Great Portland Street, Cavendish Square, for improvements in the means of rendering magnetic needles less prejudicially influenced by local attraction, which improvements are applicable to other magnetic objects for the same purpose. June 8th, 6 months.

F. Bouillon, of Princes Street, Hanover Square, for improvements in the manufacture of ornamental woven fabrics. June 8th, 6 months.

G. Gurney, of Bude, Cornwall, Esquire, and F. Rixon, of Cockspur Street, Pall Mall, for improvements in the apparatus for producing and distributing light. June 8th, 6 months.

C. A. Caldwell, of Audley Square, Esquire, for improvements in furnaces and apparatus for applying the heat of fuel. June 8th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for improvements in printing calicoes and other fabrics. June 11th, 6 months.

C. Chubb, of St. Paul's Church Yard, London, and J. Chubb, of Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell, Mechanist, for improvements in apparatus and machinery for preserving books, and other papers, documents, and articles, from fire. June 11th, 6 months.

W. Hawes, of Old Barge House, Christ Church, Soap Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of soap, part of which improvements is applicable to preparing tallow for the manufacture of candles. June 12th, 6 months.

W. Graunsell, of South Lincoln, Machine Maker, for improvements in apparatus for drilling corn, grain, pulse, and manure. June 12th, 6 months.

N. Harvey, of Hayle, Cornwall, and W. West, of St. Blazey, in the same county, Mechanist, for an improved valve for machines for raising water and other liquids. June 12th, 2 months.

W. Watson, of Temple Street, Dublin, Gentleman, for an improvement in the construction of ships, and which improvement is also applicable to all kinds of sea-going vessels, and also certain improvements in the construction of boats and other vessels intended to be used on canals and inland navigation. June 12th, 6 months.

W. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for an improved medicinal compound or ferruginous preparation, to give tone and vigour to the human system, particularly applicable in cases of weak digestion, and in the disease called "chlorosis." June 12th, 6 months.

J. Sanders, of Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire, Gentleman, for an improved lock and key. June 12th, 2 months.

Edward Loos, of Air Street, Piccadilly, Chemist, for improvements in extracting the saccharine matters from sugar-canes, and other substances of a saccharine nature, which improvements are also applicable in extracting colouring matters from wood and other matters used in dyeing. June 17th, 6 months.

A. F. Campbell, of Great Plumstead, Norfolk, Esquire, and C. White, Norwich, Mechanic, for improvements in ploughs, harrows, scarifiers, cultivators, and horse-hoes. June 17th, 6 months.

B. Beard, of Egremont Place, New Road, Gentleman, for improvents in printing calicoes and other fabrics. June 17th, 6 months.

B. T'Anson Bromwich, of Clifton-on-Tone, Worcester, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery, to be worked by the application of the expansive force of air or other elastic fluids to obtain motive power. June 17th, 6 months.

H. Zander, of North Street, Sloane Street, Gentleman, for improvements in steam-engines, steam-boilers, and condensers. June 17th, 6 months.

H. Le Messurier, of St. Peter Port, Guernsey, Master Plumber, for improvements in pumps. June 17, 6 months.

J. L. Benham, of Wigmore Street, Ironmonger, for an instrument or apparatus for correctly ascertaining the number of passengers conveyed in omnibuses and other public carriages. June 18th, 6 months.

J. Wright, of Park Place, Glasgow, for certain improvements in mixing or, alloying iron with other metals, for the purpose of increasing its strength, tenacity or cohesion, which alloys among many other uses are particularly applicable to the construction or manufacture of links for chains and rings, and certain machinery, for effecting such manufacture. June 18th, 6 months.

A. B. Johns, of Plymouth, Artist, for improvements in colouring or painting walls and other surfaces, and preparing materials used for that purpose. June 19th, 6 months.

P. Lomax, of Bolton-le-Moors, Weaver, for certain improvements in looms, for weaving. June 19th, 6 months.

J. Wertheimer, of West Street, Finsbury Circus, for certain improvements in preserving animal and vegetable substances and liquids. June 20th, 6 months.

C. W. Williams, of Liverpool, Gentleman, for certain improvements in boilers and furnaces designed to economize fuel and heat. June 22nd, 6 months.

H. Wilkinson, of Pall Mall, Gun Maker, for an improvement in fire-arms. June 22nd, 6 months.

J. Pons, of Union Crescent, New Kent Road, Gentleman, for an improved process of hardening wood and iron, and rendering wood repulsive of vermin, and proof against dry rot. June 22nd, 6 months.

M. Punshon, of Norfolk Street, Blackwall, Engineer, for an improved steam-engine, certain parts of which improved steam-engine are applicable to steam-engines on the ordinary construction. June 22nd, 6 months.

G. Calder, of Fen Court, Fenchurch Street, for certain improvements in stoves or apparatus for roasting, baking, or cooking, which he intends to denominate a Plantanum Roaster. June 22nd, 6 months.

F. Parker, of New Gravel Lane, Shadwell, for improvements in revivifying or reburning animal charcoal. June 22nd, 4 months.

W. G. Turner, of Park Village, Regent's Park, and Herbert Minton, of Langfield Cottage, Stoke-upon-Trent, Stafford, for an improved porcelain. June 22nd, 6 months.

L. Hebert, of Birmingham, Civil Engineer, for an apparatus for producing and communicating artificial light. June 22nd, 6 months.

J. A. Philip de Val Marnio, of Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, for certain improvements in the manufacture of gas, and in the apparatus employed for consuming gas for the purpose of producing light. June 22nd, 6 months.

E. Brown, of Whiterock, Glamorgan, Copper Smelter, for a new principle to be applied in the roasting and refining of copper, whereby the oxidation of the metal is reduced, and the same is rendered more pure and ductile. June 22nd, 6 months.

J. Jennings, of Bessow Bridge, Cornwall, Assay Master, for a process for obtaining metal from pyrites or mundic. June 22nd, 6 months.

W. Vickers, of Firs Hill, Sheffield Street, Manufacturer, for an improvement in the manufacture of cast-steel. June 25th, 6 months.

J. Arrowsmith, of Bilston, Stafford, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines. June 25th, 6 months.

J. Bingham, of Sheffield, Manufacturer, and J. A. Boden, of the same place, Manufacturer, for certain improved compositions which are made to resemble ivory, bone, horn, mother-of-pearl, and other substances applicable to the manufacture of handles of knives, forks, and razors, piano-forte keys, snuff-boxes, and various other articles. June 26th, 6 months.

C. Schroth, of Leicester Square, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the process, manner, or method of embossing or producing raised figures, designs, or patterns, on leather, or such like materials, and in the manner, or method of embossing or producing raised figures, designs, or patterns, or such like materials, and in the manner or means used for effecting the same; also in the making or forming of certain tools or apparatus used therein. June 26th, 6 months.

P. A. Ducôte, of Saint Martin's Lane, for certain improvements in the art of printing on paper, calicoes, silks, and other fabrics. June 26th, 6 months.

W. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of sun-dials designed to show mean time. June 27th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

House of Lords.—June 10.—The Beer Act Amendment Bill went through committee, and was reported with amendments.—The Church Discipline Bill was referred to a select committee.

June 11.—The report on the Beer Bill was brought up, and further proceedings fixed for Monday next.—Lord Brougham's Education Bill was read a first time, and the second reading postponed from Thursday to Friday next.

June 13.—The second reading of the Clerks of the Peace Bill was negatived.

June 14.—The Royal Assent was given by commission to the Copyright Designs Bill, the Staffordshire Potteries Police Bill, the Rye Harbour Bill, the South Eastern Railway Bill, and several railway and private bills.

June 17.—The Beer Bill was read a third time. The House divided, when there was a majority of 17 in its favour; but, after some further observations, it was agreed that the bill should be recommitted that day week.

June 18.—The Imprisonment for Debt Bill was read a first time.—The Bishop of Exeter laid on the table and moved the first reading of a bill entitled "An Act for apportioning the spiritual duties of Clergymen having the cure of souls in two or more parishes." The bill was then read a first time.—The Rules of Proceedings (Borough Courts) Bill went through committee.—Lord Brougham postponed the Education Bill (second reading) till Monday, and the committee on the Beer Bill till Tuesday.—The Lord Chancellor laid on the table two bills—one for the better regulation of proceedings in the Court of Common Pleas, the other relating, as was understood, to proceedings in Chancery, which were severally read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Friday.

June 19.—The Rules of Proceedings (Borough Courts' Bill) was read a third time and passed.—The Windsor Castle Stables Bill was read a second time.

June 21.—It was ordered that Mr. Burge be heard at the bar against the Jamaica Bill.—Lord Brougham postponed his Education Bill from Monday till Monday se'nnight, and the Beer Bill till Tuesday week.—The Bills of Exchange Usury Bill was read a second time.—The Windsor Stables Bill went through committee.—The Bankruptcy Court Bill and the Common Pleas Bill were severally read a second time, and committed for Monday.

June 24.—The Bills of Exchange Bill was committed.—The Protection against Bankruptcy Bill and the Common Pleas Regulation Bill went through committee without amendment.

June 25.—Nothing of importance.

June 27.—The High Sheriffs' Expenses Bill was withdrawn.—The Protection against Bankruptcy Bill was read a third time.

June 28.—The Bills of Exchange Bill was a third time and passed. Lord Brougham's Education Bill was postponed till Thursday, and his Lordship's Beer Bill till Friday. Mr. Burge and Mr. Serjeant Merewether were then heard against the Jamaica Bill till a quarter-past ten o'clock, when their lordships adjourned.

House of Commons.—June 10.—The House went into committee on the measure submitted by Ministers for the Jamaica Bill. Sir E. Sugden began the debate by proposing to omit the first clause. Mr. Labouchere answered him, and was followed by Mr. Gladstone, Sir George Grey, and Mr. Shiel, after which the House divided—for the clause, 228; against it, 194; majority, 34.—The Metropolis Police Bill afterwards went through committee.

June 11.—Mr. Mackinnon obtained leave to bring in a bill to alter and amend the laws regarding turnpike trusts, and to allow of unions of the same.

June 12.—The Rating of Tenements Bill was committed.—The House then went into committee on the Custody of Infants' Bill, and all the clauses were agreed to.—The Report of the Copyholds Enfranchisement Bill was agreed to.—The Sewers' Bill was ordered to be referred to a select committee.—The Electors' Removal Bill was considered in committee.

June 13.—The Metropolis Police Bill was considered in committee.—The House went into committee on the Imprisonment for Debt Act Amendment Bill.—The Windsor Castle Stables Bill went through committee.

June 14.—On the motion for going into Committee of Supply, where Lord John Russell was to have moved his Educational resolutions, Lord Stanley moved, by way of amendment, that an address be presented to her Majesty, praying that her Majesty would be graciously pleased to revoke the Order in Council of the 10th of April, 1839, appointing a Committee of Council to superintend the application of any sums voted by parliament for the purpose of promoting public education. An animated discussion followed, in which Lord Morpeth, Lord Ashley, Mr. Hawes, Lord Egerton, and Mr. Slaney, delivered their sentiments, after which the debate was adjourned till Wednesday next.

June 17.—Ivanoff's Naturalization Bill was read a second time.—The House was then occupied with the case of "Stockdale *v.* Hansard."—The Imprisonment for Debt Act Amendment Bill, the Copyhold Enfranchisement Bill, and the Windsor Castle Stables Bill, were read a third time and passed.

June 18. The London and Blackwall Railway Bill was passed, after some opposition, by a majority of 176 to 73.—Mr. Grote brought forward his motion for leave to bring in a bill to make provision for taking votes by way of ballot at the election of Members of Parliament, and was seconded by Lord Worsley.—After a lengthened debate the House divided, and the motion was negatived by a majority of 333 to 216.—The Sugar Duties Bill was read a second time.

June 19.—Mr. Labouchere moved that the Jamaica Bill be read a third time. After a discussion of considerable length the House divided, and the bill was carried by a majority of 10.—The debate on National Education was then renewed. Mr. Wyse began, followed by Mr. Colquhoun; Mr. C. Buller, Mr. Acland, and Dr. Lushington delivered their sentiments, after which the debate was adjourned.

June 20.—The London and Blackwall Railway Bill was read a third time and passed.—The adjourned debate on National Education was resumed with unwonted vigour after the thorough discussion which the subject had already received.—Mr. Ewart, Mr. Gibson, and Sir H. Verney spoke on the Ministerial behalf; and Mr. Plumptre, Sir George Staunton, and Mr. Gally Knight, severally spoke on the Conservative side.—Sir Robert Inglis then spoke, followed by Mr. O'Connell, who was replied to by Mr. Gladstone.—Sir James Graham spoke on the Conservative side, and Lord John Russell was the last speaker on the Ministerial side.—Sir Robert Peel concluded the debate. The House then divided: for the government plan, 280; for Lord Stanley's amendment, 275.

June 21.—The Redcar Harbour Bill was lost, on a division, by 118 to 32.—The City of London Police Bill was postponed till Wednesday.—The Prisons Bill was read a third time.—The Metropolis Police Bill having gone through committee, the House resumed, and immediately went into committee of supply. The discussion on civil contingencies occupied the attention of the committee, and the several votes were agreed to.

June 24.—The Harrow School Estate Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Ship Propeller Company's Bill was read a second time.—The House having gone into committee of supply, Lord John Russell moved that 30,000*l.* be granted to her Majesty for public education during the current year. For the motion, 275; against it, 273; majority, 2.—The Metropolitan Police Bill, (Advances out of the Consolidated Fund,) the Exchequer of Pleas Bill, the Sugar Duties Bill, the Borough Watch Rates Bill, the Custody of Infants Bill, and the Borough Courts Bill (No. 2,) were severally advanced a stage.

June 25.—Nothing of importance.

June 26.—No House.

June 27.—The Belfast Waterworks Bill was read a second time.—The House went into Committee on the Beer Bill. Mr. Pakington moved that no license should be granted to any person who was not rated at 10*l.* for the relief of the poor. —For the motion, 76; against it, 103—majority 27.—The Sugar Duties Bill was reported, and ordered to be read a third time on Friday.—The Electors Removal Bill was read a third time and passed. The Register of Births Bill was re-committed, reported with amendments, and ordered to be read a third time on Saturday.—The Exchequer of Pleas Bill went through committee, and was ordered to be read a third time on Friday.—The Fictitious Votes (Scotland) Bill, and the Registration of Electors (Scotland) Bill, were withdrawn till next session.

June 28.—The Hull Dock Bill was withdrawn.—The Bankrupts (Scotland) Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Election Petitions Bill was reconsidered in committee; the House went into committee, and the clauses, up to 19 inclusive, were disposed of.—The River Shannon Navigation Bill was read a second time.—The House went into committee on public works in Ireland, and a vote of 50,000*l.* was agreed to.—The Sugar Duties Bill was read a third time.—The Custody of Infants Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Admiralty Courts Bill was read a second time.—The Irish Railways Bill was postponed to next session.—The Borough Watch Rates Bill was read a third time and passed.

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